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EARLS GREY AND SPENCER.

The Age of Pitt and Fox. By the Author of 'Ireland and its Rulers.' London: 1845.

THE names of Lord Grey and Lord Althorp will be for ever associated with a memorable struggle and a peaceful victory. The year which is about to close has seen both these statesmen expire—the one full of years, sinking gradually into the grave; the other, in the full possession of bodily vigor and mental activity, swept away by a sudden inroad of disease. We are unwilling to allow the last scene of funeral honors to terminate without offering our chaplet in the resting-place of these honored men. Personal veneration would be enough to prompt this voluntary homage. But a duty to the public seems to render that imperative, which, in other circumstances, would be merely a grateful alleviation of sorrow. It is the interest of the country at large that its rulers should be pure and high-minded—lofty in their objects—faithful to their convictions—steady in their attachments—ready to affront with courage the proscription of a court—and to bear with

patience the revilings of the multitude. It is the interest of a country, when there are many roads to wealth, and many sources of tranquil enjoyment, that the 'great art of government,' as it has been called, should have its attractions for those who seek not their fortune in the emoluments of office, or their amusement in the exciting variety of political intrigue. The men who are qualified by talent, prepared by education, and fitted by integrity for the highest posts in Parliament and in Council, ought to be encouraged by high example, and inflamed by that love of fame

'Which the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'

But this cannot happen, unless it is clearly shown that high desert has high fortune attached to it; and that the vulgar depreciation of political pursuits cannot soil the pure mirror by which true statesmen are tested in the opinion of after ages. It was by such a consciousness that Dante describes himself to have been sustained, when he represents the spirit as bidding him despise the low calumnies of his enemies—

'Perchè s'infutura la tua vita
Vie più che'l portar delle lor injurie.'

It is for the purpose of enabling our readers to reflect for themselves on the characters and career of the two leaders of the Reform Ministry, and to retrace the measures by which that Ministry sought to purify the Constitution, and improve our Laws, that we now ask them to accompany us. Our sketch must be a mere outline, for the period of biography has not yet arrived; and we are far from wishing to anticipate it.

It is now sixty years since Charles Grey entered parliament. His first speech was greatly admired. The fire and correctness of his language, the force of his argument, the grace of his delivery, assured the House of Commons that a new champion of Whig principles had arisen, whose voice would often be heard in the battle of debate. The course he took upon the Commercial Treaty with France, was prompted by the distrust of that power which, at that time, animated Mr. Fox. We must in candor admit and lament, that those maxims of policy taught by Dr. Adam Smith, which bind nations together by the reciprocal benefits of commerce, produced less effect on the minds of the Whig leaders than on that of Mr. Pitt.

The great question, however, which was to shake England and disturb the world, did not arise till some years later. The French Revolution baffled the wisdom of the wise, and overcame the strength of the powerful. It is curious to observe the predictions of our greatest statesmen. Mr. Fox declared that the French had raised an edifice of freedom unequalled in any age or country. Mr. Burke, speaking of France, in February 1790, said, 'That France had hitherto been our first object in all considerations concerning the balance of power. That France is at this time, in a political light, to be considered as expunged out of the system of Europe. Whether she could ever appear in it again as a leading power, was not easy to determine; but at present he considered France as not politically existing; and, most assuredly, it would take up much time to restore her to her former active existence—*Gallos quoque in bellis floruisse audivimus*, might possibly be the language of the rising generation.'* Mr. Pitt, in 1792, spoke of peace for many years as the probable condition of England, and founded his financial calculations on that supposition.

Alas! for the predictions of statesmen!

The glorious edifice of freedom became, in two years, the most bloody tyranny of wild and cruel despots that the world had ever seen. The Gauls, whose military glory had departed, won victories without number, and planted their standards from Madrid to Moscow, under the conduct of the greatest Captain of modern times. The durable peace which was to bless the world, gave place to the most destructive contest in which Europe had ever been engaged; and England was placed by Mr. Pitt the foremost in that fierce conflict.

The mistakes of Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke led to no serious consequences. But the neglect and want of foresight of Mr. Pitt were the fatal forerunners of the war which ensued. When the monarchs of the Continent meditated the conquest, and even actually effected the invasion of France, Mr. Pitt and his colleagues looked quietly on, and saw, in the want of energy among the Allies, a reason for confidence and apathy.* But when the French had shaken off their invaders, and the combat was actually engaged between the friends of old institutions and the founders of the new democracy, who can wonder that the furious government of clubs and mobs should push their victory beyond the ancient frontiers, and propagate by arms the doctrine which arms had been used to overthrow? Had Mr. Pitt calculated on the unity, fervor, and military qualities of the French people; had he profited by the observation of Machiavel, that a people in the midst of internal dissensions gather, from the energy the contest inspires, the force to repel an invader; had he weighed the perils of an outburst of the French volcano upon the peaceful and enervated people of ancient Europe, he never would have allowed the invasion of the Duke of Brunswick. Had he threatened Austria and Prussia with the armed intervention of England, those powers would never have ventured upon the attempted conquest of France.

That precious time was lost. Mr. Pitt seems to have been infected, notwithstanding his own experience of 1788, with the fallacious theory, that England can behold unmoved the disorders and hostilities of the Continental powers. When, however, the phantom of French aggrandizement rose before his eyes; when treaties were violated, and Holland was threatened with the fate of Belgium—it was impossible

* Burke's Works, Vol. iii. 4to.

* See a Letter of Mr. Dundas in Burke's Correspondence.

to take any part free from peril. Mr. Pitt could not shake hands with the blood-stained anarchy of Paris. He could not, with his views, insist on the restoration of the Bourbons, and their absolute monarchy. He rushed into war, because he did not know how any longer to remain at peace. He rushed into war without a plan or an object: the powerful Minister of a great country resolved to fight bravely, but ignorant of his danger, and lost in the darkness of that mighty tempest.

Mr. Burke was indignant because the English Ministry would not at once take up the cause of the Bourbons, and fight for monarchy.

Mr. Fox, and with him Mr. Grey, took a different view. They thought, that even after the fraternizing decree of November, and the opening of the Scheldt, it was still possible to accept explanations from France, and maintain peace. Mr. Fox, whose abilities for the management of foreign affairs were unequalled, might probably have been able to accomplish so difficult an object. Mr. Pitt did not attempt it; he divided the Opposition, and nearly ruined his country.

Mr. Grey, in the midst of the alarm which inspired the higher and middle classes, accepted a bold project, and unfolded it in a manly tone. He proposed that the House of Commons should be reformed. He thought, and justly, that when the constitution was purified and reformed, the people would rally round it with such truth, zeal, and affection, that no fear of contagion from French principles need be entertained. In 1793, and again in 1797, he proposed in the House of Commons a plan of Parliamentary Reform. It was rejected. The Parliament which refused to reform the abuses in its own body, pressed upon the people with the weight of an awful senate; the safeguards of personal liberty were suspended; the crown was authorized to detain the subject in prison without proof of crime; the press was curbed; public meetings were prevented; the laws against sedition were made more and more stringent. Predictions of French ruin were falsified; English credit was shaken; the paper money of the banks received a legal sanction; the public debt was enormously increased.

This was a period to try men's souls. The cry of the landed and the mercantile and the funded interest was in favor of the Minister. The Whig party itself was broken and separated, by the discordance between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke. The

minority in the House of Commons was small in number. The opponents of the war were stigmatized as the favorers of a foreign enemy; the friends of the laws and liberties of England were denounced as the apostles of French Jacobinism. The crimes of Marat and Robespierre, the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and the progress of massacre in Paris, swelled the tide of public indignation, and exposed the advocates of peace to be swept away in the torrent.

But Mr. Fox did not quail, and Mr. Grey stood by him to encounter the storm. Mr. Burke has borne his testimony to the abilities of the Opposition. Their courage was equal to their abilities. The speeches made in those days in Parliament, and in Courts of Justice, were acts of heroism. At length Mr. Fox grew dispirited by the hopelessness of the struggle; and, retiring to St. Anne's, expressed his delight at the exchange of the turmoil of political debate for literary ease, and the leisure of his beautiful gardens.

The second revolutionary war was not marked by the same features. Napoleon had given order and despotism to France. The Whig party had not only regained Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Windham, but had acquired the alliance of Lord Grenville,—more than an equivalent for the loss of the Duke of Portland.

In 1806 the Whig leaders, upon the death of Mr. Pitt, came into power. Mr. Grey was first Lord of the Admiralty. After the death of Mr. Fox, he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The ministry failed in their attempt to make peace; their military and naval expeditions were unsuccessful; but they completely and finally abolished the slave-trade. Nor was their end inglorious. While they were willing to waive any immediate attempt to better the condition of the Roman Catholics, they refused to give a pledge not to offer advice to the King upon that subject, should their duty to the state require it. George III., who had obtained such a pledge from Mr. Pitt, instantly took measures for replacing them by the remnant of the Tory administration. The cry of No Popery was raised by Mr. Perceval, and with great success. A fanatical clamor called for the proscription of those statesmen who could harbor a wish for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities. The general election of 1807 ended in the complete discomfiture of the Whig party.

During the following years, power was more than once within reach of Lord Grey. But he never saw within his reach the means of carrying those measures of relief to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, by which that large portion of our countrymen might be placed on an equality with their Protestant brethren; and he steadily refused the bondage without the glory of office.

There is something striking in the sight of the leader of that party in the state which was most attached to popular freedom, excluded from power till he was nearly seventy years of age by popular opinion. He who had fought unsuccessfully by the side of Mr. Fox for peace abroad, fought as vainly during a long period for union at home. The principles of freedom and of justice were obnoxious, but they were not less dear to Lord Grey. In his breast was kept alive that flame which, to all outward sight, was extinguished. Ever warm in the denunciation of oppression, Lord Grey urged on a reluctant House of Lords the just claims of Ireland. He was content to relinquish power; he would not seek popularity; a reformer, when the people were averse to reform; a friend of religious liberty, when that liberty was assailed by bad laws and bad men. He stood erect, like a noble column of an ancient temple, firm on its base, and rearing its capital in the sky, after the altar had been buried in the dust, and the worship of the goddess had been forgotten.

The proposal made to Lord Grey in 1812 by Lord Moira, was rejected, upon that nobleman's insisting that members of the Household having seats in Parliament, should not lose their offices. This question was entirely different from that which arose in 1839, when Sir Robert Peel required that ladies of the Queen's Household, connected by marriage with his political opponents, should be dismissed. Lord Grey himself, who thus acted in 1812, approved of Lord Melbourne's conduct in 1839; and, with Lord Spencer, attended in the House of Lords on a day when it was stated that Lord Melbourne's resumption of office would be attacked, for the purpose of declaring their entire concurrence with the ministry in the course they had pursued.

In 1810, Lord Grey made a speech on the state of the nation, in which he declared his opinions in the most solemn manner on the great questions of Ireland and Reform. We have already stated his opinion upon Ireland; but we cannot refuse ourselves

the pleasure of quoting at large his sentiments upon Reform, delivered to an adverse audience in an inauspicious time:—

'I have hitherto spoke of financial reform, and the reduction of needless offices: in my judgment, your Lordships' duty does not stop here. You are, my Lords, in a situation wherein it is incumbent upon us to look into these defects, which, having arisen through time, have injured the frame and corrupted the practice of our constitution, and to apply to the abuse such remedy as can be effected by a gradual, temperate, and judicious reform, suited to the nature of the evil, the character of government, and the principles of the constitution. I would not have ventured to make this avowal to your Lordships, without much previous thought, and the most deliberate circumspection. The question of reform has long engaged my most serious contemplation. At an early period of my life I certainly took up strong opinions on this subject, and pursued them with all that eager hope and sanguine expectation so natural to the ardor of youth. I will not say that there may not have arisen some difference between my present sentiments and former impressions; still I beg leave to assure your Lordships, that the general opinions I have formed, I have not in my maturer age seen cause to change, and that, whatever distinction exists between my early and my present views of reform, on its great grounds that question has not been abandoned by me. That a degree of difference exists between my present and former impressions is what I freely acknowledge; he, indeed, must have either been prematurely wise, or must have learnt little by experience, who, after a lapse of twenty years, can look upon a subject of this nature in all respects precisely in the same light. But though I am disposed soberly and cautiously to estimate the principles of the constitution—though, perhaps, I do not see in the same high coloring the extent of the evil sought to be redressed, and am more doubtful as to the strength and certainty of the remedy recommended to be applied; still, after as serious and dispassionate a consideration as I can give to what I believe the most important question that can employ your Lordships' attention, it is my conscientious opinion, that much good would result from the adoption of the salutary principles of reform, gradually applied to the correction of those existing abuses to which the progress of time must have unavoidably given birth:—taking especial care that the measures of reform to be pursued should be marked out by the constitution itself, and in no case exceed its wholesome limits. With respect to any specific proposition of Reform of the other House of Parliament, I know not how to speak of it, fearful lest, even in introducing the topic, I should transgress the bounds of that respect due to an integral branch of the legislature; and most particularly as the propriety of any proposition of this nature must rest upon

the acknowledged imperfections of the branch together with the abuses which have rendered it less strong as a barrier for the people against the encroachments of power. But as nothing can be done on this subject without the concurrence of all the branches of the legislature, and as that which effects one branch concerns us all—as the question itself is of the highest importance to the nation at large—it is, my Lords, of particular consequence even to so humble an individual as myself, that my opinion on this subject should not be misrepresented. I therefore am ready to declare my determination to abide by the sentiments I have before expressed; and that I am now, as I was formerly, the advocate of a temperate, gradual, judicious correction of those defects which time has introduced, and of those abuses in the constitution of the other House of Parliament which give most scandal to the public, at the same time that they furnish designing men with a pretext for inflaming the minds of the multitude, only to mis-lead them from their true interest. To such a system I am a decided friend—wherever it shall be brought forward, from me it shall receive an anxious and sincere support. But as I never have so I never will rest my ideas of salutary reform on the grounds of theoretic perfection. While I shall ever be ready to correct, by the fixed principles of the constitution, an admitted inconvenience where that inconvenience is practically felt, I continue to disapprove of all those general and vague speculations in which some men would wish to engage.

‘It was an objection formerly urged, and which has of late by certain persons been revived, against many of the best parts of our constitution, and particularly against the powers and privileges of the respective branches of the legislature, that they are not to be found enacted in any statute, or created by any written document; but what such persons advance as an objection to the practice of the constitution, I have ever considered as one of its greatest perfections. To this conviction I have been led by all that I have learnt from the highest authorities,—authorities, alas! with whose presence and instruction we shall no more be enlightened; but whose talents, wisdom, and constitutional learning, we all acknowledge and revere. It is the folly and presumption of the present day to adopt a contrary doctrine—to decry every thing that is not defined by statute—to deny all authority to any usage growing out of the principles of the constitution, if it happens not to be expressly supported by written law. Nor is it now for the first time that such dangerous errors have been propagated in this country by mischievous or misguided men; similar objections were once before urged, though from other quarters, against the powers of Parliament, and led in their turn to the triumph of persons who were equally enemies of all powers and privileges, in which ever branch of the legislature they might be vested—persons whose ob-

jections are of a truly Radical nature, and go against the existence of all authority and control whatever, except that which their own hands have usurped. I need not remind your Lordships that these political heresies plunged the country into universal anarchy, and had well nigh subjected it for ever to an arbitrary government. Happily, by its own inherent powers, the constitution recovered itself, and gradually established and assigned to its various branches rights peculiar to each, but necessary to the preservation of all, which, in the harmony and co-operation of all its powers, have been found to give the best practical effect to its principles, and to lead directly to that system of efficient government best adapted to the spirit and happiness of a free people. If, my Lords, any consideration more than another, could confirm me in the validity of this doctrine, it would be the concurrent opinion of that great statesman by whom it is the pride of my life to have been instructed and informed in the early part of my political career—I mean Mr. Fox; whose views respecting Reform I had frequent opportunities of ascertaining in the course of many debates, and than whom there never existed one who more fully understood the principles, or more affectionately appreciated the blessings of the venerable constitution under which he lived. If, in his political creed, there was one article which he held more steadfastly than another, it was, that while a system was practically good, he would always abstain from mending it by theories. And never, my Lords, can I forget his powerful observations, when, in his place in Parliament, he stated his conviction of the absolute impossibility of providing for all the variety of human events by any previous speculative plans; for, said he, I think that if a number of the wisest, ablest, and most virtuous men that ever adorned and improved human life, were collected together, and seated round a table to devise *a priori* a constitution for a state, it is my persuasion that, notwithstanding all their ability and virtue, they would not succeed in adapting a system to the purposes required, but must necessarily leave it to be fitted by great alterations in the practice, and many deviations from the original design. And this opinion he was wont to illustrate by the familiar but apt example of building a house, which, notwithstanding all the study and consideration previously bestowed upon the plan, was never yet known to supply every want, or to provide all the accommodations which, in the subsequent occupation of it, were found to be necessary. Nay, he used to remark, that however fine to look at a regular paper plan might be, no house was so commodious, or so habitable, as one that was built from time to time, piecemeal, and without any regular design. To those principles of practical reform, so wisely enforced by that great statesman, I am determined to adhere, and the acquiescence of your Lordships it is my duty also to solicit; again repeating, that the remedy I seek shall

be limited by the existing defects—shall be marked by the constitution itself, and not launch out into any extravagance of theory, which even appearances may recommend.

‘My Lords, this is no new opinion of mine; for if your Lordships will be pleased to lend your attention to any statement respecting so humble an individual as myself, I think it is in my power to prove to your satisfaction that none other was ever entertained by me. It is necessary that I should go so far back as the year 1792,—a period when such opinions were made the subject of more political heat and contention than at any subsequent time. At that period a society was formed to promote the cause of parliamentary reform under the denomination of “friends of the people,” and of this society I had the honor to be a member. At that time the Friends of the People, both collectively and individually, were exposed to much misrepresentation. We were subjected then, as it is my fate now, to have our motives and our conduct made the objects of great and unmerited obloquy. We were then held up to obloquy by the same description of persons who now describe us as no sincere friends to reform, no real advocates for the rights of the people, because we were not prepared to support, what was then as it is now called, and most falsely called, a Radical reform. These charges were communicated to the world in two declarations, published by a society formed at the same time, for the purpose of promoting constitutional information. In consequence of these charges, and in answer to some letters addressed to us by individuals, one of which was from Major Cartwright, who took the same part then as he does now, and I believe, conscientiously, we felt it necessary to make a public declaration of the principles upon which we associated, and of the constitutional objects to which our exertions were directed. It was signed by my noble friend near me, (the Duke of Bedford,) then Lord John Russel, and, with your Lordships’ permission, I will now proceed to read it.

“May 12, 1792. We profess not to entertain a wish that the great plans of public benefit which Mr. Paine has so powerfully recommended should be carried into effect; nor to amuse our fellow-citizens with the magnificent promise of obtaining for them the rights of the people in their full extent—the indefinite language of delusion, which, by opening unbounded prospects of political adventure, tends to destroy that public opinion which is the support of all true governments, and to excite a spirit of innovation, of which no wisdom can foresee the effect, no skill divert the course. We view man as he is, the creature of habit as well as of reason. We think it therefore our bounden duty to propose no extreme changes, which, however specious in theory, can never be accomplished without violence to the settled opinions of mankind, nor attempted without endangering some of the most inestimable advantages we enjoy. We

are convinced that the people bear a fixed attachment to the happy form of our government, and to the genuine principles of our constitution; these we cherish as the objects of such attention, not from any implicit reverence or habitual superstition, but as institutions best calculated to produce the happiness of man in civil society; and it is because we are convinced that abuses are undermining and corrupting them, that we have associated for the preservation of those principles. We wish to reform the constitution, because we wish to preserve it.”

‘These were my opinions in 1792, and I at this hour continue to maintain them.’*

The disasters of the French in Russia; the victories of Wellington in Spain; the revolt of Germany against the rule of Napoleon—at length procured for England a triumphant peace. But it was long before the opinions of the Whigs obtained the sanction of the country, whose passions had been roused to such heat by war and glory, that it was long before they cooled down to the temperature of rational government and peaceable reform.

At length the arguments of true statesmen made an impression. The views of Mr. Horner on Currency prevailed over those of Mr. Vansittart. The narrow commercial policy of that Minister yielded to the Free-Trade Petition of the city of London. The favor which Lord Castlereagh had exhibited to the despotisms of the Continent was exchanged by Mr. Canning for a more enlarged and English policy. Those supposed barriers of the Church, the Test and Corporation Acts, although defended by the ministry, fell before a majority in the House of Commons. The vigorous blows of Mr. O’Connell struck down the iron gates which excluded the Roman Catholics from the inner temple of the constitution. The old Tory system tottered to its fall. The first touch of a newly elected parliament threw it to the ground.

Lord Grey had been twenty years in the House of Commons and twenty-three in the House of Lords. Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Sheridan were gone. Lord Grenville had totally retired from public affairs.

In this situation, men looked round them to scrutinize the character of the statesman of former days who came forward to preside over the councils of King William.

Lord Grey was a man of lofty integrity, of unblemished honor, the object of affectionate attachment to his friends, of respect

* Parl. Debates, 1810.

and admiration to all his countrymen. He had never swerved an instant from that line of public duty which appeared to him the most direct. Office accompanied by the desertion of a friend, or the abandonment of a principle was in his eyes infamy. For years he had confronted obloquy, and defied an adverse court.

*'Ille velut rupes magnum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis expostaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque iras perfert cœlique
marisque,
Ipsa immota manens.'*

Yet Lord Grey was by no means obnoxious to the charge of being obstinate and unyielding. With colleagues and associates in whom he confided, no man was more ready to discuss, more patient to hear, more willing to modify previous impressions. When, however, the result of discussion had settled his opinion, then, after the fairest balance of opposite reasons, he would give a firm and clear decision. He never liked that wavering course which subtracting from one side all its vigor, and from the other all its caution, left a residuum which was vapid and tasteless. His perceptions were too clear to allow him to adopt what was vague or obscure; his heart was too upright to allow him to sanction what was mean or dastardly. He could not stoop to flatter a Prince: he could not play tricks to please a rabble.

His public speaking reflected the character of the man. Openness and candor had been the characteristic virtues of Mr. Fox, and his great disciple resembled him in the possession of those qualities. He spoke neither with the impetuous energy of Mr. Fox, nor with the declamatory splendor of Mr. Pitt. His language was admirably adapted to convey his meaning, neither sinking too near the ground, nor rising out of sight—clear, genuine, unadulterated English. His arguments were forcible, arranged naturally, but still methodically; and there was visible through his transparent diction, a firm substantial public morality, and an honest attachment to the constitution of his country. A question of parliamentary right, or legal liberty, was peculiarly adapted to the exercise of his talents. Accordingly the speech he made on Lord Sidmouth's circular respecting Libels, may bear comparison, in point of matter and lucid order, with the great speech of Mr. Fox on the Westminster scrutiny.

Although no one could see Lord Grey

without marking in him a certain dignity of bearing, and high bred courtesy of manner, his ordinary life was entirely without formality or pomp. In his country-house he might be found in the morning, riding or walking with his daughters, or cutting down his young trees in his plantations; and in the evening, conversing or reading with his family around him, never so happy as when political cares were thrown aside for amusements, or rational discussion.

Lord Althorp who now became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, was eighteen years younger than Lord Grey. His father, Lord Spencer, had joined Mr. Pitt in the first revolutionary war, and held office under him. In returning to his old connexions, he had retained several of those opinions of Mr. Burke which first led to the schism. Accordingly, Lord Althorp when he first sat in the House of Commons, was not friendly to Parliamentary Reform. He worked out his free principles by constant observation and reflection, in the practical school of Parliamentary life. His diligence was indefatigable, his sagacity quick, his judgment seldom at fault. Or if ever he fell into a mistake, it was from too unsuspicious a confidence in the virtue of mankind—the error of a trusting, believing, hoping nature. He had improved his understanding by extensive reading, and was accustomed to work out by reflection all the great problems of moral and political philosophy; so that his mind was easily brought to act upon any subject which events placed before it. His views were large and comprehensive, embracing the whole compass of improvement in our laws, our commerce and our constitution. But, above all, his opinions upon questions both speculative and practical, were guided by a humble reliance on the goodness of God; and a conviction that he was bound in whatever he might think or do, —whether in following or resisting his own inclination,—to follow the law of Christ. The state of public affairs led him to take an active part in the House of Commons; and although no one was ever so free from the pharisaical profession of purity, yet the simplicity of his character soon made him understood, beloved, and trusted beyond any man in that assembly. This was the more remarkable, as his tongue was far from eloquent; and although his arguments were sound and comprehensive, he was so often wanting in words as to be obscure, and unable to convey adequately his meaning.

But the confidence of his friends, his party, and the country, supplied all deficiencies, and gave to his few and simple expressions as much influence over his audience as had ever been obtained by the most admired eloquence of our greatest orators.

He was plain in manner and in dress, but a short intercourse disclosed the scholar, the gentleman, and the statesman. For he possessed, with the entire absence of all artificial politeness, the most genuine courtesy of behavior to all who approached him. His kindness of heart shone in the most casual, as in the most cordial intercourse; and while the intimacy of his friendship was a treasure reserved for few, the equanimity of his temper and the charity of his judgments extended to all who approached him in the conduct of affairs, or were opposed to him in political enmity. He had no jealousy, no envy, and perhaps too little ambition. He often said, that he had hoped the many votes he had given in favor of motions which were supported by small minorities, would have prevented any proposal to him to accept office. But when he was told by Lord Grey that the formation of the ministry depended upon his decision, he felt that he could no longer hesitate.

Let us now observe the situation of affairs when Lord Grey became Prime Minister. During the period of sixty years, the Tory party had held the leading offices of the state. During that time they had increased the public debt from one hundred and sixty, to eight hundred millions;—that is to say, they had added about twenty-four millions sterling to the permanent taxes of the country. They had lost thirteen colonies in America. They had inflicted an immense injury on the country, by substituting a debased currency in the place of sterling money, and the restoration of a metallic circulation, when it was at length restored, had been attended by sufferings of the most severe nature. They had converted the laws for the relief of the poor into a machine for depressing the laborer, and preventing the rise of his wages. On the other hand they had added many new colonies to the Empire. They had directed the sea and land forces when the victories of St. Vincent and Camperdown, of the Nile and Trafalgar, of Salamanca, Vittoria and Waterloo, had been recorded in the annals of a nation already glorious for its ancient renown.

The moment at which the Tory leaders resigned office was one of difficulty and dismay.

The constant refusal of any, the slightest reform in the representation, and the declaration of the more than human perfection of the existing system, had roused the fury of a patient people. The indignation of the metropolis was such that the King, who had just ascended the throne, was advised not to risk the public tranquillity, by entering the city according to custom in procession. The laboring classes in the southern and western counties, driven to despair by the inadequacy of their wages, had risen in tumult, and had burnt or broken to pieces the thrashing machines, and other property of the farmers. In some places the magistrates had yielded to their demands of an increase of wages: in others the yeomanry cavalry had put down the rising by force. The example of a successful insurrection in Paris augmented the public ferment: inspired the lovers of revolution with wild hopes; and deepened the gloom of the sober part of the community. Other dangers arose on the Continent from the same memorable event. Belgium shook off the yoke of Holland, Italy was in motion, and, while a great part of the French people aspired to regain by war the limits of the Rhine and the Alps, the Emperor of Russia refused to acknowledge the chosen king of the French, and Germany was agitated with rumors of the renewal of those wars from whose bleeding wounds she had yet scarcely recovered.

Earl Grey was not a man likely to be intimidated by the forbidding aspect of affairs. His policy was summed up in a few words—'Peace, Reform, Retrenchment:' such were in his view the objects to be attained by a wise government: such, it may be added, were the ends to which the majority of the nation shaped their desires.

It has been absurdly supposed, and widely repeated, that in seeking for peace, Lord Grey meant to preserve that blessing, by what is called non-interference or non-intervention;—that is to say, by totally abstaining from interference with the affairs of other countries. Lord Grey had been too long a friend and follower of Mr. Fox, to countenance so senseless a doctrine. We are convinced, as that great statesman had over and again taught, that it is only by a vigilant attention to the affairs of the Continent that this nation can hope to secure the continuance of peace. That as it is the interest of Great Britain to maintain the independence of the various states of Europe, connection and alliance are the necessary

means to such an end. That the internal government of those states is frequently connected with their external relations. That the independence of a country, or, in other words, its existence as a separate state, may be wounded as mortally by the support of its internal factions as by an attack on its external frontier. That if it be lawful for one power to interfere for the sake of establishing a foreign supremacy, it is lawful for another to interpose for the sake of strengthening the national government.

These doctrines, so often enforced by the great statesmen among us, had received cohesion and confirmation from the modern history of Europe. The Dutch Republic, in 1688, then at the head of the cause of European independence, had lent their forces to the Prince of Orange, to bring about a revolution in England. Again, when the line of that Prince and Queen Anne failed, they engaged by treaty to support the title of the House of Hanover against the legitimate heir; and actually sent over troops to suppress the rebellion which occurred on the accession of George the First. It would be laughable folly to assert that the Dutch placed King William, or supported King George on the throne of England, with a view to establish the predominant influence of Holland in the affairs of England. They saw clearly that King James had been, and his grandson would be, the hired pensioner of France; that the cause of Europe required that the ambition of France should be resisted; and that the balance of power must be maintained by taking weight from the scale of French supremacy.

In 1786 the former case had been nearly reversed. England had become the guardian of European independence. France attempted to gain Holland by popular tumult and foreign intrigue. England and Prussia restored the Stadtholder, and put down the democratic party. Interference in this case was directed by Mr. Pitt, and hailed with applause by Mr. Fox.

Lastly, the neglect of these salutary maxims had involved England in the bloody and perilous war of 1793.

Enlightened by these examples and these warnings, Lord Grey, with the assistance of Lord Palmerston, undertook the task of preserving the peace of Europe. This course was full of perils; but by firmness and prudence they were overcome. A war party in France wished to appropriate Belgium; they were not gratified. The King of Holland attempted to bring the

northern powers in arms to his support; he was disappointed. The part of England was bold, daring, just, pacific. Her cordial agreement with France checked the spirit of the Holy Alliance, which might otherwise have revived; her moderation, and the necessity of conciliating her, tempered the views of France, and restrained her warlike ambition. The Whig ministry were violently reproached with abandoning Holland, and clinging too closely to France. The answer is, that Holland was not abandoned; the union with Belgium, which had begun in error, and which had never been cemented by affection, was dissolved, but full justice was done to the claims of Holland. Nor was the French alliance purchased by any dishonorable or impolitic concession. A friendly concert with France is at all times desirable for the interests of England, no less than for the peace of the world. Nor will it now be made matter of accusation, that the Whig ministry of 1830 maintained a cordial understanding with the King of the French.

The negotiations on the subject of Belgium lasted for several years, and required knowledge, temper, and address. The crown of Belgium was not disposed of without much discussion, and the rejection of many spurious projects. When that point was settled, the infant monarchy was nearly crushed in its cradle by the Prince of Orange; the interference of the British plenipotentiary and the near approach of the French troops averted the danger. The obstinacy of the King of Holland made it necessary to employ a fleet and an army to enforce the surrender of Antwerp. But the peace of Europe was at length secured by treaty, and a wise Prince ascended the throne with the full assent of all the great powers.

The question of Reform occupied the mind of Lord Grey from the moment of his accession to office.

The dangers of the winter of 1830; the evident state of public opinion; the profound secrecy which was observed; the chuckling of the Opposition leader at the prospect of the proposal of a trifling change—are fresh in the minds of many.

Nor will those who were present easily forget the scene which took place in the House of Commons, on the memorable first of March. The House was silent, curious, anxious, till the first elements of the plan were unfolded. Amazement succeeded. But when it was explained that fifty bor-

oughs were to be disfranchised, and fifty more were to return one member only instead of two, the Opposition took courage. They could not believe that the intention was serious. They triumphed in the anticipation of certain victory. Laughter took the place of indignation; each subsequent announcement was greeted with derision. Many of the Whigs despaired of success; the Radicals rejoiced at the development of a plan so much in accordance with their own views. Parties were at fault. The great majority of each party was mistaken. The Tories were wrong in thinking that the plan could be easily rejected; the Whigs were premature in their forebodings of failure; the Radicals deceived themselves when they supposed that so large a ruin must lead a more uniform construction. The authors of the plan were alone justified by the event.

This assertion requires explanation and proof. We must first examine what was intended; next, what was actually done; and lastly, what have been the consequences of the Reform Act.

At the period when the Reform Bill was brought forward, public opinion was excited and inflamed. The defence of the established system had been obstinate and protracted. Mr. Canning in his pointed style had said, in the name of his party, 'in disfranchising Grampound, I mean to preserve Old Sarum.' Sir Robert Peel, on behalf of the ministry of the Duke of Wellington, had opposed the addition of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham to the list of boroughs sending members to Parliament. Thus the line of defence was complete and unbroken; it included the green mounds of Old Sarum, and excluded the great marts of manufactures.

So long as the people were not dissatisfied, the House of Commons were sure to approve of the Conservative feeling. But the reliance upon majorities within, had blinded the Tory leaders to the signs of a storm which was rising without. Lord Grey had taken his observations with better skill; they led him to the following results:—In times of calm repose it is wise to make gradual, and even small alterations; they remove glaring defects, prevent incipient complaint, and prepare the way for further changes. But when great changes are called for by the spirit of the time, trifling repairs only irritate and provoke. They are willingly admitted, but not long acquiesced in. The appetite for change is

excited, not satisfied. New demands must be complied with. At length the people cease to discriminate between useful improvement and heedless innovation; institutions are attacked, not because they are bad, but because they exist; change itself becomes a popular necessity, and the best safe-guards of liberty are thrown into the same lumber-room with the most obsolete corruptions of power. Persons are in fashion no longer than their opinions; the most extreme are the most acceptable; Pym makes way for Vane, and Vergniaud takes the place of Mounier. Presently all is anarchy, or all is despotism; Cromwell or Napoleon crush liberty under the iron heel of military rule.

For such reasons, Lord Grey and the authors of the Reform Bill resolved that their measure should be large, in order that it should be final; and that it should be final, that the constitution might be preserved. But for the sake of preserving the constitution, it was necessary not only that the measure should be large, but that it should be in harmony with the essential parts of that constitution,—purified and restored indeed, but manfully upheld. An Established Protestant Church; a House of Lords deriving from the crown; an hereditary sovereignty; a responsible but powerful Executive,—such were some of the main pillars of the constitution. An assembly chosen by universal suffrage, annually elected, would have sorted ill with the *purpurei panni* of the old tapestry.

Nor was it to be forgotten that Mr. Canning, in his eloquent speech of 1821, had forcibly put this objection. Referring to the speech of Mr. Fox in 1797, he had contended that the House of Lords could only flourish by the side of an unreformed House of Commons.

In considering the construction of the House of Commons, it was observed, upon analysis, to consist of some parts which ought to be retained, but in a better shape, and of others which ought to be entirely cut away. Thus it was desirable to retain the fair influence of property in land; but not to allow it to exist in the shape of hovels, as at Gatton or St. Mawes, or of exclusive corporations, as at Bath or Scarborough. Thus, likewise, it was desirable to see in the House of Commons commercial and manufacturing capital and intelligence fairly represented; but not to have it introduced, as at Grampound or Portarlington, by the sale of seats to the highest bidder.

On the other hand, the mass of political adventurers, introduced into the market of eloquence to speak for hire, and sell their abilities for salary, might with great advantage to the public be retrenched.

Proceeding on these views, one hundred and fifty seats in the House of Commons were abolished. They were all taken from the smaller boroughs. Those which remained were thrown open, if hitherto close, to all householders whose houses, shops, warehouses, or offices were of the value of ten pounds a-year. The qualification for voting in the scot and lot, or potwalloping boroughs, was raised to that sum.

The seats thus obtained were distributed with regard to the altered circumstances of the country. The representation of England was reduced from five hundred and thirteen to five hundred. Eight additional seats were given to Scotland, and five to Ireland, whose representation had been more recently fixed. Upwards of sixty were allotted to the English and Welsh counties. Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Halifax, Rochdale, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stroud, the metropolitan districts of the Tower Hamlets, Finsbury, Marylebone, and Lambeth; other populous towns, the seats of manufactures, or the centres of accumulated property, were now, for the first time, admitted into the representation. The opposition made to a reduction in the numbers of the House of Commons in no way affected the extent of disfranchisement, but added to the number of counties and towns which sent members for the first time, or in augmented number.

No one who surveys this scheme impartially, can fail to see, that while a great blow was struck at the old system of close boroughs—having no character of popular choice in their size or constitution,—the property of the country, considered as a whole, obtained more than an equivalent.

It has been said that the declared intention was to make the Reform Bill a final measure. Such was the repeated avowal of Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, and Lord John Russell; such was the promise, on the faith of which many doubtful or apprehensive persons gave their support to the ministry. Of course, this declaration was to be understood with two conditions. The one, that amendments declared necessary by the abuse of the powers conferred in the Act, or from the obscurity of its provisions, or from the increased fitness of a large class of persons, should from time to

time be introduced. The other, that the general satisfaction which it was the object of the bill to procure, should follow its adoption. Not of course the satisfaction of the whole community, is here meant, but general acquiescence, and a prevailing indisposition to further change.

It has been already shown, that had the plan been of the moderate or trifling kind which many persons would have preferred, the question would not have been settled, and perpetual agitation must have ensued. The same evil would have been incurred had the plan been more destructive in its disfranchisement, and more democratic in its constructive clauses. The noble and the wealthy classes, rooted in the soil by prescription, and extending their branches widely by the influence of property, would have resented and resisted any scheme by which numbers alone should govern this great Empire. Or, if defeated by the force of popular enthusiasm, they should be compelled to yield to the storm, they would have taken advantage of a calmer day, and excited the aristocratic powers of combination to overthrow the fragile fabric, and scatter its unsettled foundations.

But when the landed proprietors found, that by registering voters they could make their weight be felt in the new legislature; when the merchants and manufacturers discovered, that the new men had their place amongst the highest in the senate—it was seen, that though the rotten planks were removed, and the rudder had been strengthened, the lines of the constitution had not been altered, nor stability sacrificed to buoyancy and speed. The most powerful of the Tory nobles, the most jealous *laudatores temporis acti*, began to survey their new abode; to study its advantages; to accustom themselves to the broad lights and spacious passages of the modern building; and finally, to accommodate themselves to the restored habitation:—it was found that the bees could still make honey, and had even more room in the new Hive than in the old—

‘Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus ævi
Excipiat (neque enim plus *septima* ducitur ætas).
At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos,
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.’

It is obvious, that while the authors of the Reform Act were governed by these considerations, they must have viewed with scorn the imputations so harshly cast upon

them, that they sought to secure the permanent predominance of their own party. They must have foreseen, that a plan of representation which gave great power to property, and maintained the landed interest on a high, though somewhat lowered eminence, would give the Tory party, compact and strong as that party was, as good a prospect of governing the country as any other. In fact, the French Revolution had thrown into that party many of the oldest Whig families; and the government of Mr. Pitt had brought to their aid a great portion of the mercantile community. It was impossible, without wrenching power from its natural position, to exclude such a party from the prospect of regaining the government. But as the authors of the Reform Bill never contemplated such a dislocation, so likewise they never sought for or expected such a result. Their followers might indeed imagine that a party which had become so unpopular by its resistance to reform, would not soon rise again. But the framers of the Reform Bill had calculated on the variations in the popular compass, and were not surprised at the change which occurred.

Lord Grey had promised Retrenchment. We take from a pamphlet, entitled *The Reformed Ministry and the Reformed Parliament*, published in 1833, the following statement:—

‘One of the earliest acts of Earl Grey’s government was to reduce their own salaries, those of all the great officers of state, and others whose salaries exceeded £1000 per annum. In two years, viz., 1831 and 1832, not less than 1265 offices, with salaries amounting to £220,000, were abolished, in the different establishments of the government. In the customs alone, 414 offices were reduced, and a saving of £29,000 per annum, effected. In the excise 507 were reduced, and an annual saving of £145,250 effected. Similar reductions were made in the diplomatic and consular departments. At Malta, Gibraltar, Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, Van Diemen’s Land, &c., a saving of £134,000, out of a charge of £411,000, will be the consequence of the reductions made. In Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Trinidad, British Guiana, &c., similar reductions have been made.

‘The total saving in the government established in the colonies will be £224,000, out of a charge of £573,000. The following table shows the reductions:—

	Emol'ts. in 1829.	Emol'ts. in 1833	Saving.
Treasury, Home, Foreign, and Colonial } Departments,	£ 20,900	£ 14,800	£ 6100
Admiralty,	52,828	36,100	16,728
Army,	19,940	7500	12,440
King's Household, &c.	17,876	8455	9421
Customs,	11,286	2000	9286
Excise,	64,520	18,400	46,120
Judges and Courts of Law,	14,300	7200	7100
Ireland,	52,492	38,000	14,492
Colonial Agents, &c.	49,903	32,989	16,914
Miscellaneous,	5305	1300	4005
	6298	6293
DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR OFFICES.			
Ambassadors,	55,30	45,900	9400
Envoys Extraordinary, and Min- isters Plenipotentiary,	50,300	38,900	11,400
Ministers resident abroad,	14,20	10,750	3450
Secretaries,	15,000	11,375	3625
Consuls, &c.	44,450	21,800	22,650
General Total,	494,898	295,469	199,429

The great reductions in our naval and military force made it possible to diminish the burden of taxation—

‘When the ministry came into office in 1830, they found the revenue of the country amounting to £50,056,616; of which sum about £35,000,000 was required for the payment of the debt, civil list, and other fixed charges. The estimated excess of income over expenditure was that year £700,000; but, between that period and the present, Lord Althorp has repealed the duty on coals, amounting to £900,000; on candles, to £500,000; on soap, to £600,000; on printed cottons, £550,000; assessed taxes and farming stock, to £440,000; on marine insurances, to £100,000; on slates, tiles; on advertisements; on tax-carts; small receipt stamps; on travellers, clerks, book-keepers, office-men, &c.; making a total of £3 335,000. These taxes were repealed in 1832 and 1833.

‘The same ministry, in 1834, repealed the house-tax, £1,200,000; the window tax on farm-houses; on husbandry horses, used occasionally for riding or drawing; on shepherds’ dogs; on post horses, used occasionally in husbandry; on starch, £75,000; and on almanacs; making, with the house-tax, a total of £1,581,000 repealed in 1834.

‘In addition, the annual payment of the interest on the West India compensation, viz., £750,000 has been provided for; so that the total reduction in the years 1832, 1833, and 1834, with this payment, amounts to no less than £5,700,000.

‘Every effort has been made to remove unnecessary and injurious shackles upon trade, either by reducing taxes which pressed on industry, or removing vexatious regulations or exclusive privileges. With this view, the tax upon printed cottons, amounting to £2,000,000 gross, and £600,000 net, was repealed. The cotton-tax, which was substituted for about half this amount in 1831—repealed in 1833. The duties upon upwards of 400 articles used in manufacture, of more or less importance,

many of them very considerable—either materially reduced or altogether repealed; reductions amounting to not less than £400,000. The package and scavage dues, amounting to £16,000 a-year, have been abolished; and the port dues of the City of London reduced to less than one half. The Custom-house laws have been consolidated, and made simple and easy of access.

The discussions regarding Ireland which occurred when the new Parliament met, we reserve for the conclusion of our remarks. One of the first questions to which the Reform Ministry turned their attention, was the mode in which slavery in the West Indian colonies should be treated.

There could be no doubt among liberal and enlightened men on the abstract vices of slavery. Whatever may be the evils of despotism in government, they are as a grain of sand compared to the enormous grievance of personal slavery. The spirit of the Christian religion, the laws of humanity, the rules of sound policy, alike forbid that man should be the chattel property of man—his to *force* to labor—his to corrupt—his to torture—his to kill.

Indeed, so repugnant is this institution to human nature, that it requires the most violent means to preserve it. Horses grow fond of their stable, and exult in bearing their master to the chase or the charge; dogs feed from their masters' hands, and watch with untiring affection over their masters' lives. But man, turning to him 'who made us of such large discourse, looking before and after,' cannot easily and willingly lend 'such capability and godlike reason' to the uses of bondage. His mind revolts at toil enforced by the whip for the benefit of another; his affections are outraged by the licentious violence which robs him of the bride of his bosom; his spirit looks upward to God, and prays for deliverance from the unholy compact.

It is therefore necessary, in order to maintain slavery, to degrade, as far as possible, the human nature to the brute. With this view idleness or disobedience must be followed by instant chastisement; religious or intellectual instruction must be debarred; indulgence must be given in the shape of childish amusement or physical pleasure, without any mixture of sweet companionship or moral elevation.

Such was slavery in the British West Indies during the last century. Such was the system which the government of England, of all parties, encouraged by public opinion,

fostered, promoted, and upheld. After the abolition of the slave trade by the Whig ministry of 1806, the philanthropists who had raised their batteries against that iniquitous traffic had employed the same artillery against slavery itself. The government, imbued with the Tory maxim—of leaving ill alone, had seen this movement with displeasure. Their opponents, with the remarkable exception of Mr. Brougham, had not been forward to incur the responsibility of the mighty change contemplated by the society for the abolition of slavery. Still opinion grew more and more resolute against the system. It was thought necessary to do something. The Ministry put in force a code of regulations, mitigating in appearance the evil denounced; forbidding the flogging of women, allowing certain markets for the slaves to dispose of their produce; enforcing fixed allowances of food and clothing.

Experience soon showed that these regulations were founded on wrong principles. In fact, the ground between slavery and freedom is a shifting quicksand. In slavery, the human animal has a chance of being as humanely treated as the other cattle on the owner's estate. If he is obedient, docile, industrious, he may thrive and grow fat as well as the ox and the ass, and every thing that is his. An intelligent, kind-hearted master, an honest and good-tempered overseer, may effect much in the way of mitigation by discretion. But mitigation by law is another thing. The slave learns that his master's master has interfered in his behalf. He inquires from his friends what are the securities he has obtained. He seeks to put in force his new and unaccustomed rights. But the master examines, with no less attention, and with more sagacity, the negro code. He knows that Parliament intended labor to be still compulsory, and he ascertains the means by which it is to be enforced. The negro and the planter, from bondsman and master, become plaintiff and defendant. The negro finds he has many ways of counteracting his master; the master finds he has many more ways of defeating the negro. Complaints multiply; punishments increase in proportion; the amount of work diminishes; the indulgence of the planter is at an end. Inspection, arbitration, courts of justice, only aggravate the discord which prevails; slavery is still the law and compulsory labor the recognized obligation; the sanctioned mitigations are evaded or

despised; the negro people become more and more exasperated, and are viewed with increased suspicion. Toil beyond human endurance, punishments exceeding human justice, are rigorously enforced; population rapidly diminishes, and the planter, turned tyrant, surveys, with dismay, his blood-stained produce and his perishing people.

Thus it happened in Demerara. The whole number of slaves, on estates wholly or partially cultivated in sugar, was, in 1829, 47,456. In three years, to May 1832, the deaths were 5573; and the total diminution of numbers 2745, or 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.* On some estates the mortality was larger. The increase of sugar from 1826-9 to 1829-32, was from 662,000 cwt. to 806,000 cwt. In 1829, when the slave population was 61,627, the number of punishments was 17,359; in 1831, the slave population being 98,000, the number of punishments was 21,656.

In Jamaica, where the Orders in Council had not operated, the difference in the increase of sugar, from 1823-6 to 1826-9 was only from 1,354,400 cwt. to 1,389,000 cwt., and the decrease of population was only from 334,000 to 327,000.†

Still the change proposed was of an awful nature. Statesmen, entrusted with the destinies of their fellow-subjects of all ranks and conditions, could not leap to the dogma of the religious societies, that slavery must be abolished without qualification, and the consequences left to chance. Anarchy, rebellion, and murder, were, in their eyes, evils of no less enormity than slavery itself. A safe way out of the labyrinth might be found; to fire the building for the sake of escape, would be the stratagem of desperate men, but not of a wise government.

Inquiry was the first step that was adopted. Committees of both Houses were appointed, and members of the Cabinet placed upon each. The evidence before these committees was at once appalling and satisfactory. The evils of slavery were fully proved. But it was likewise shown that many of the blacks had acquired, under benevolent masters, very considerable property; that migratory gangs worked for wages with great benefit to their employers and themselves; that Baptist and other Missionaries had taught the most intelligent among them the privileges of the Christian faith, and the duties of free subjects. In

short, it was proved, to the conviction of the Cabinet, that the experiment of emancipation did not involve either political anarchy or social annihilation.

It is not necessary, in this place, to discuss the particular merits of the plan brought forward by the government for the emancipation of the slaves. That plan was afterwards greatly modified. Instead of a loan of Fifteen Millions, to be repaid by the labor of the slaves, the magnificent sum of Twenty Millions was granted by the Commons of England, as their share of the loss to be incurred by emancipation: the period of twelve years was reduced to seven, and the seven were, in fact, no more than five.

Be the merits of the machinery what they may, no one can deny the boldness of conception by which this scheme was marked. No less than Eight Hundred Thousand human beings were, in a few years, to be raised from slavery to freedom; their children were all to be born free; a community of freemen was to be established in all the colonies of the British crown; and the vain boast of the American constitution, that all men are equal, was to become a reality for the subjects of the King of England. The nation, which had incurred eight hundred millions of debt for the sake of maintaining its independence, or its power by war, added twenty millions to that debt for the sake of humanity and conscience in peace. Pressed by no insurrection, in no penury of resources, in no failure of military force, Great Britain declared herself ready for any sacrifice of wealth, or even any hazard of diminished Empire, in order to abolish all distinction of race or color, and establish for ever the freedom of her negro subjects.

The Tory party looked on, cautiously and coldly, while this measure was making its way through Parliament. Lord Ellenborough denounced its introduction as hazardous and premature; had the West Indian interest thought itself equal to resistance, it was tolerably clear that factious aid would not have been wanting; when that interest accepted the Twenty Millions, the party reluctantly acquiesced in the emancipation of the blacks.

The discussions of this year exhibited in a strong light the debating ability of Lord Stanley. At the commencement of the session, he overpowered the Irish Repealers by his vehement invective; afterwards, he carried on at the same time the Church

* Lord Howick's Speech, May 14, 1833.

† Lord Stanley's Speech, May 14, 1833.

Temporalities Bill of Ireland, and the Slavery Abolition Bill, with unrivalled clearness of statement, readiness of reply, and facility of managing the details of complicated measures.

In the same year the Bank Charter was renewed. Lord Althorp maintained sound views on the subject of currency, in accordance with those of Mr. Horner, Mr. Huskisson, Lord Grenville, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Ricardo, and Sir Robert Peel. The details of the measure do not require any notice here.

The renewal of the Charter of the East India Company was the occasion of a greater change. The commercial character of that Company was extinguished. The trade to China was thrown open. The English merchant was free to carry on his commercial speculations with a nation of three hundred millions. The East India Company remained the sovereign of India on terms which, after some negotiation, appear to have been considered on both sides equitable and just. Thus, this great change was accomplished among the minor achievements of the government of Lord Grey.

The prominent question for Parliamentary discussion in 1834, was the Bill for the Amendment of the Poor Laws.

It is obvious that a poor man, and a pauper, are in different stations of life. A day-laborer may be poor; but so long as he lives on his earnings, he does not differ, in the character of his employment, from the lawyer, the physician, or the tradesman, who receives his yearly income from the proceeds of his industry. The pauper has no such resource. In failure of all means of support, he applies to the community for sustenance—the community thus appealed to gives him work and maintenance if he is able to labor, maintenance alone if he is unable. Such was the principle of the Poor Law of Elizabeth. Founded on wise and benevolent views, it directed that the overseers of parishes should relieve the infirm and the young, who could earn little or nothing for themselves, and should set the able-bodied to work.

In an evil hour, this law was perverted to far different purposes. It was meant for the pauper—it was applied to the laborer. When, during the war, food became dear, it occurred to some volunteer legislators that if, instead of raising wages, the laborers received support for their families from the poor rates, the purpose of enabling the laboring-classes to live would be attained

at the smallest cost to the owners and occupiers of land. This plan received the approbation of Mr. Pitt; and every obstacle which the law interposed to prevent the substitution of rates for wages was thrown down, to favor the progress of the scheme. The act of George the First, enabling the parishes to restrict relief the able-bodied to the workhouse, was repealed. Magistrates laid down rules for the distribution of public funds, and published tables for the guidance of overseers, founded on the numbers of a laborer's family, and the price of the peck of flour.

By this system, society was placed in the greatest peril. According to the natural distribution of wages and labor, a young man earning the value of his work, is obliged to calculate, before he marries, whether those earnings will enable him to support a wife, and bring up a family of children, until those children are able to earn their own subsistence. This forethought marks him for a reasonable being, and keeps up in the community of laborers to which he belongs, that power of commanding adequate food, house room, and raiment, which constitutes comfort in his own vast and important class. But when his wages are measured by the lowest amount of money on which he can live, and the provision for a married couple is made by the parish, all motive for provident forethought is taken away, and the temptation to early marriage, strong enough in itself, has no counterbalancing fear. Want cannot afflict the favorite of the law; no starving children will reproach him with exposing them to hunger and nakedness. The state offers a premium to all who marry. Thus, to quote a trite instance—two laborers were thrashing together in a barn, their day's work was the same, the value of their labor to their employer exactly the same; yet, one received only eight shillings for a week's work, the other received fifteen. The reason was, that one was single, the other married.

It is obvious that such a system must produce more laborers than could find profitable employment. This was in fact the case. Forty or fifty laborers were to be found in a parish, whom no employer wished to hire;—who lowered the general value of labor, the only commodity the poor man has to sell, and by absorbing a large sum in poor-rates, diminished the whole fund applicable to the commodity which the employer wishes to buy.

Such was the general and indirect evil. The collateral consequences were not less mischievous. The idle father of a large family, paid by the head for the number of his children, divided the painful toil of the industrious peasant, who, with a less family, received four shillings a-week less than his dissolute, lazy neighbor. The employer, breaking off the old endearing connexion between the farmer and his men-servants, turned off his laborers in hard weather, to live upon parish allowance. Gangs of men, young and old, under a timid overseer, neglected the parish road they were put to mend, and, combining together in crowds, planned a scheme of poaching and drinking for the night. Theft and housebreaking succeeded to idleness and poaching; the law lost all authority, and if any active land-owner, clergyman, or farmer, attempted to check this career, a benevolent magistrate was to be found at no great distance, who had no scruple in taxing his neighbors, to gain among the lazy and profligate the title of the poor man's friend.

Such was the evil with which the ministry of Lord Grey had to deal. Mr. Canning and Sir Robert Peel had declined or evaded that which was at once the most difficult of invidious tasks, and the most imperative of patriotic duties. The evil had gathered strength by neglect; the riots of 1830 were but a slight symptom of the disorders which must overtake the country if that duty was much longer neglected.

The first step in this, as in other instances, was to inquire—the Bishops of London and Chester, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Mr. Senior, and other gentlemen, were established Commissioners of inquiry, in order to ascertain the chief defects in the administration of the poor-law, and the mode of amending them. The Poor-Law Amendment Bill was framed on their Report. The management of relief was confided to district boards, instead of parochial vestries; the principle of local representation was maintained, but some additional influence was given to the owners of land; the law of George the I., enabling the guardians to give relief in the workhouse, was restored; a central board of commissioners, appointed by the government, was entrusted with the power of framing general rules, and of watching over the local administration, without any authority to order relief in individual cases.

The first operation of this law was salutary. Farmers expended large additional sums in wages. The rates for the relief of

the poor were reduced by the sum of two millions sterling; but it is probable that a larger sum than two millions was added to the expenditure for wages. Healthy, industrious labor for wages, took the place of idle, loitering, nominal work, paid by the parish officers under the name of relief.

The greatest question which lay before the Parliament and the people of Great Britain, after the passing of the Reform Bill, still remains to be considered. Ireland had been from the period of the union a source of dispute and of weakness; a theme for eloquence in Parliament, a theatre of bloodshed in her valleys; a name of terror to fanatical Protestants; a reality of suffering to the peasant Catholics; a great Church Establishment for a fifth or a tenth of her people; large landed proprietors totally unacquainted with the condition of their tenants; laws for punishing the people, enacted by party violence, and administered by party insolence; famine, discontent, insecurity, deeds of atrocity, wrongs undressed, justice distrusted, the demagogue powerful with the millions, the government relying on the bayonet—such were some of the features of Ireland from 1801 to 1829.

Let us shortly notice the history of Roman Catholic Emancipation, in order to understand the Irish difficulty with which Lord Grey had to deal. That measure had been proposed to George the Third by Mr. Pitt, when in office, and abandoned by him as soon as he had retired from power. It was proposed by Mr. Fox in 1805; by Mr. Grattan in subsequent years; by Mr. Plunkett, by Sir Francis Burdett, and partially by Mr. Canning. For about fifteen years it was an open question in the Cabinet. Mr. Secretary Canning supported, Mr. Secretary Peel opposed, the Roman Catholic claims.

After Mr. Canning's death the same division existed in the cabinet. Distracted councils made a distracted country. At length Mr. O'Connell procured himself to be elected member for the county of Clare;—assailed the English government and parliament in the most inflammatory language; and by means of a well-organized association brought Ireland to the verge of civil war. Then the Tory ministry relented. That which had been refused to petitions and supplications; to offers of a vote on the appointment of their Bishops; to the arguments of Mr. Fox, the inspiration of Grattan, the eloquence of Plunkett;—that which twenty-three years of rational discussion, and the authority of the greatest

of English statesmen had not obtained, was yielded to the array of embattled multitudes, and the threats of impending rebellion. Catholic Emancipation was granted; but the same want of foresight which had marked the resistance, accompanied the concession. The Roman Catholic Relief Act itself was the trophy and the triumph of popular agitation. Other questions were left unsettled; the Protestant Church was left to support itself by tithe and church cess levied upon the Roman Catholic majority. Nothing—for next to nothing—was done for Education; Roman Catholics obtained no practical boon, either in offices, diminution of burthens, or social improvement. It was as if a farmer in America had cleared his land of the trees which shut out the sun and air, but had omitted to plough or to sow, and had looked for a harvest of plenty from the spontaneous bounty of heaven. The case was even worse than this. Popular agitation; monster meetings; violent speeches, had brought about a concession of legal equality. Why not try the same means to procure a redress of remaining grievances?

This obvious corollary followed the government proposition. The Irish were too quick in intellect, and too much elated by success, not to try the experiment of further menace. The collection of tithe was a tempting topic for an orator, a sore grievance for the people. The ragged peasant forced to pay his penny to a Church, which in his eyes was heretical and reprobate, was easily moved to oppose the exaction. Passive resistance was the signal. The conflict which had been carried on for equal rights had raged in public meetings, in assemblies of men convened for the purpose of denouncing an unjust law, and petitioning for redress. The tithe agitation raged in every farm and upon every field, in the depth of the valley, upon the top of the mountain. Whenever the tithe collector appeared, accompanied perhaps by a brigade of constables, perhaps by a troop of horse, the cattle were driven away; the peasantry were summoned by signal from hill to hill; loud execrations followed the ministers of the law, and bloodshed was often the result. A miserable peasantry, thus excited in their homes, and instigated by their leaders, could not restrain their passions within the channel which had been marked out for their resistance. Fearful assaults, atrocious murders, deadly conflicts, spread over the southern counties;

the government was powerless for repression; and the agitators themselves in vain denounced the transition from sedition to bloodshed. Still the crime increased, and deeds of the most horrible atrocity were accompanied by a savage spirit of insult to the victims.

The government of Ireland, under Lord Anglesey, had been to the end of the year 1832, employed chiefly in two great measures. One of these was the Irish Reform Bill, by which the close boroughs of Ireland were opened; the right of election was extended from the sovereign and twelve, a common number even in the larger towns, to all householders of ten pounds a-year, and an additional member was given to four of the great towns.

The other important measure adopted by the Irish government was the scheme for National Education. The Board composed of Protestants and Catholics, nearly as it now exists, was established. Under their auspices a system of instruction was adopted, of which the Roman Catholic children could partake, without offence to their parents or their priests. Against this scheme was directed the cry of Bible mutilation. The Bishops in the House of Lords denounced it. But the foundation was laid for the mixed education of the people of Ireland, and the moral improvement of the rising generation.

Still, however useful these measures might be for the future, the Ministry which had carried the Reform Act found the tithe war making fearful progress, and the great problem of the government of Ireland still unsolved.

Whatever might be the measures best adapted for the permanent happiness of Ireland, it was necessary to encounter the pressing and predominant evil. Life was insecure. No enjoyment of political rights, no encouragement to peaceful industry, no removal of glaring inequalities, could succeed, while the subject could not feel secure in his field, on the road, in his bed. Lord Anglesey had conceived the largest schemes for the arrangement of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches without injury to any living individual. He had drawn an outline of measures for the future improvement of the country. But he saw that it was necessary to put down the spirit of general sedition and local outrage. He did not hesitate, therefore, to recommend what was afterwards called the Coercion Act.

The effect of this law was immediate.

The murderers and 'prædial agitators' were intimidated. Life and property were again restored to their ordinary security. It became possible to sow the seeds of improvement; for the soil which was lately covered by the waters of strife, was made fit for its reception.

A plan was devised for removing some of the more glaring deformities of the Irish Church. Church cess was altogether abolished. Ten bishoprics were suppressed, the incomes of the clergy were subjected to a graduated income-tax. This plan received the unanimous support of the Cabinet, and was carried in both houses of Parliament.

Still, the Church Establishment of Ireland remained the Church of one-eighth of her people. The religious instructors of the majority were left dependent on voluntary contribution. If Church Establishments were a good, why leave the priests of the great majority dependent on the charity of their flocks? If Church Establishments were an evil, why leave so gross an instance of pay without congregations as the Protestant Church? The opinion of some members of the Cabinet were known to be in favor of a reduction of the Establishment. Lord Wellesley, who had succeeded Lord Anglesey as lord-lieutenant, had advised, in January 1834, the issuing of a Commission to ascertain the respective numbers of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. Mr. Ward had given notice of a motion for a day in May, respecting the Irish Church. But it now became obvious that Lord Stanley, Lord Ripon, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham, would admit of no further measures respecting the ecclesiastical establishments in Ireland. Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Lord Ripon tendered their resignations. They were accepted by Lord Grey. The Duke of Richmond, who had been absent in Paris, followed the example of Lord Stanley.

The Commission advised by Lord Wellesley was now issued; and it was hoped that the administration of Lord Grey might have the glory of settling the longed vexed question of Ireland. But it was not to be so. Lord Grey wished to renew the Coercion Bill for a year longer; Lord Althorp, refusing to concur, tendered his resignation. Lord Grey sent his own with that of Lord Althorp to Windsor.

Let us now consider, in as far as a short

experience will allow us, the effect of the measures of which we have traced the outline.

The great measure of Parliamentary Reform has now been in operation for about thirteen years. The Tory predictions of destruction to the Monarchy and ruin to the Church have been signally falsified. The institutions of the country have been more secure; the consent of the people to the acts of their representatives has been more readily ascertained; the power of great men to send their nominees to Parliament has been, to say the least, greatly curtailed. The representatives of the seats of our Manufactures, have brought to the discussions of the House of Commons much practical knowledge and much enlightened argument. The House of Commons has been rendered a more adequate expression of the sense of the nation,—consisting as it does of Commercial and Manufacturing, as well as Agricultural communities.

The want of adjustment in the plan of reform adopted to any theory of representation, was supposed by many ardent Reformers, as well as by many sagacious Tories, to be a capital defect. But the one party has been disappointed, and the other surprised by the result. It is quite true, that had England never sent members to Parliament, it would have been absurd to have allotted the same number of members to Harwich and Chippenham, as to Middlesex and the West Riding of Yorkshire. But, in a country like ours, usage and prescription, which for five centuries had preserved Old Sarum, was held a good plea for many inequalities in the new system.

The language of Lord Althorp, himself a strong reformer, was well calculated to check the desire for further change. On Mr. Grote's motion for the introduction of the Ballot in 1833, he thus expressed himself—

'Since he had had the honor of a seat in that house, there had been one division on this question, on the motion of an hon. and learned gentleman opposite, (Mr. O'Connell,) in which he had voted for the adoption of the ballot, and he had since expressed himself in favor of that mode of taking votes; but he had never stated or urged it as a *sine quâ non* of good government. . . . When the question of Reform of Parliament was before the House, though there were some who wished that that measure should have gone a great deal further, there was a readiness, for the sake of the great measure of Reform, to abandon the ballot; that was, in fact, the universal feeling of

the country. If that was the case, if they, uniting with the great majority of reformers, (for those who espoused the ballot were not the majority of the reformers,)—if, uniting with them, they obtained the measure of Reform, it could not be right and proper, or just and fair, to turn round and say, “having obtained this advantage, we will make use of it in order to obtain the ballot.” It had been stated by the hon. member who brought forward this motion, that when his noble friend introduced the Reform Bill, he said that this was a question not immediately connected with that measure. But he appealed to every gentleman who was in the last Parliament, and who knew the whole proceedings while the question of Reform was going on, whether the promoter of that measure did not contend, that, as far as the representation of the people was concerned, it was considered and proposed as a final measure. He had stated that frequently to the House. It might be said, undoubtedly, that the vote he should give to-night would be inconsistent with that which he had given on the motion of the hon. and learned gentleman; but if he were now to vote for the motion of the hon. gentleman, he should be acting more inconsistently with every thing he had stated during the whole progress of the measure of Reform.*

Thus, Lord Althorp interpreted more extensively than any one has done since, the virtual engagement that the Reform Bill was to be carried as a final measure.

His declarations, those of Lord Grey, and those which have been since made, seem to have set at rest the formidable proposal of a New Reform Bill. During the last five years, no serious discussion has taken place in the House of Commons upon extension of suffrage, or the duration of Parliament. These seem to have settled down into acquiescence, more or less cordial, in the settlement of 1832. Few examples will be found in history of so great a change, accomplished with so little disturbance.

The importance of the reform effected in the representation, can only be measured in a long course of years. On the one hand, it must be admitted that the influence of a free press, and the long habits of Parliamentary discussion, mitigated the evils of a sham representation. On the other hand, the change made was of such a nature that the influence of property was rather diffused than diminished. But the intelligence and union of the new classes of voters will, in any future struggle, ensure the ascendancy of the public cause

against the cause of any court, or any class, or any individual. It is only when the people themselves are divided or indifferent, that partial interests will have a chance of success.

The abolition of Slavery will ever be one of the most remarkable events in the history of mankind. The conversion of the great majority of the inhabitants of our West India Islands from slaves into freemen—the short period in which the change was accomplished—the voluntary gift of Twenty Millions sterling for so generous a purpose—the acquiescence of a body of men who had hitherto resisted any invasion of that which they deemed their property—the peaceable, honest, Christian joy of the emancipated negro, free from scourge, free from outrage—the exchange of slavish fears and disguised hatred, for willing obedience to law and the bonds of brotherly love—these are events in the history of a nation which indeed show that peace has her victories!

Of the other great changes introduced under the administration of Lord Grey and Lord Althorp, we have scarcely room to speak. The retrenchment of useless offices—the reduction of salaries—the opening of the China trade—the renewal of the Bank Charter—the restoration and amendment of the Poor Laws—the mitigation of the Criminal Law—the improvements in other departments of law and administration—will have their place in the history of these times. When compared with the doings of any Tory administration, during any four years, or any forty years of their rule previously to the Reform Act, the measures introduced and carried by a Whig government, between November 1830 and November 1834, appear truly astonishing.

But, for our imperfect and limited sketch, it is more appropriate to notice the spirit in which these measures were proposed, than to portray, with correctness, their separate details. That spirit was the spirit of English freedom, for which Hampden and Sydney laid down their lives; for the sake of which a faithless King was banished, and the power of France successfully defied. It was that spirit which roused Chatham to oppose the oppression of America, and Fox to vindicate the outraged constitution of his country. Lord Grey learned from Fox, as Fox had learned from Burke, the task of defending and improving the laws of England; the limits to which popular rights should be carried; and the bounds within which popular license should be restrained.

* *Hansard*, third series, Vol. xvii. p. 657.

It was neither for democracy nor aristocracy, nor for the liberty of ancient republics, nor for the perfection of an ideal commonwealth, that Lord Grey and Lord Spencer administered the affairs of England. It was to purify and to maintain the English constitution that they gave their lives to labor, and exposed their names to the reproach of the prejudiced, the timid, and the interested.

We have said, at the commencement of this article, that the time has not arrived for biography. When that time shall come we have no fears that the reputation of the statesmen, who have lately been removed from among us, will be diminished by the more intimate knowledge of their lives. The publication of the Diaries and Memoranda of Sir Samuel Romilly, by his sons, has tended to throw a fuller light upon the pure integrity, the scorn of baseness, the love of truth, and the enlightened opinions which distinguished that excellent man. The records of the early studies, and mature efforts, of Mr. Horner, have preserved, for lasting memory, the example of an understanding almost mathematical in the strictness and severity of its political reasoning, combined with a soul the most lofty in its aspirations, the most indignant in its hatred of oppression, and the most disinterested in the pursuit of the people's welfare. Neither of these men belonged, by any hereditary tie, to the Whig party; they joined it from sympathy in a public cause, and were faithful to that party, and that cause, to the last moment of their lives. Earl Grey and Earl Spencer were Whigs from their first arriving at an age to take an interest in political questions. But their mature convictions did not belie their early impressions. When Lord Grey, at sixty-six years of age, undertook a difficult and responsible office; and when Earl Spencer, relinquishing the calm tenor of his private life, gave up his beloved pursuits for a great duty, and a manifest peril—they relied on the patriotism and zeal of the Whig party. Men may differ about the wisdom of their parliamentary measures, or the ability of their civil administration; but the noble, exalted, stainless spirit of these two men, must always be venerated as long as public virtue is admired, and the name of England has its place in history.

From the North British Review.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL—BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By Thomas Carlyle. 2d Edition. 5 vols. small 8vo. London, 1845.

Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship. By Thomas Carlyle. 2d Edition. Crown 8vo. London, 1845.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

As this is the first opportunity, in the course of our critical labors, that we have been led to notice the very remarkable author of the prefixed works, our readers will easily pardon us, if we introduce our notice of his last publication by some general remarks upon his writings. An author of his established reputation is, no doubt, above being dependent on contemporary criticism as a certificate for public influence or favor. No sentence of ours can make or unmake him as a literary star of the first magnitude—one of those lights by which men steer their way through many deep and dark passages of mental life. Whatever our verdict upon him, he will continue to lead or mislead, to enlighten or to dazzle, a large class of reflective readers. But although we can scarcely regard him as a candidate trembling before us for our approving nod, criticism may be as well and usefully bestowed upon him, as if he were a neophyte stepping with doubtful tread over the first confines of authorship; for our public duty is at least as much concerned with the performances of those within the circle as in guarding its approaches. When an author has overpassed the clouds and mists of his dawn, and reached his meridian, he has attained the summit of influence for good or evil; and although the critic's lash may fall ineffectually enough for any purpose of correction on one whose habits are indurated by age and fame, it is not less our duty to endeavor to direct, and, if needs be, to qualify, the tendencies on public taste and opinion, which such popularity promotes.

An original and vigorous thinker like Mr. Carlyle, with his scorn of antiquated opinion, and liberty and even license in thought as in language, especially when combined with a picturesque imagination, and a quaint raciness of conception, is, in this age, the master of a very powerful weapon. The courage to think on all subjects with un-

fettered freedom, and to delineate these thoughts, fresh and unrestrained as they spring, with a touch of unrivalled boldness on his canvas, is sure, in the hands of a man of mental genius and power, to raise him to the station of a thought-compeller—not a guide merely, but a suggester of habits of thinking, and modes of acting, among those over whom his influence extends. We know many greater writers in every sense, than Mr. Carlyle is; but perhaps there is no living English author—if he can properly be called so—who has a stronger and deeper hold on the minds of the English community. One cannot read his works and then cast them aside. The rich display of thought which they contain indicates still unexhausted veins in the mind from which it is obtained; and the reader shuts the volume, or pauses half way, to follow out some dimly suggested train of deepest and profoundest meaning. Thus, while other authors may be, in a looser sense, more popular, and more rapidly and eagerly read, we doubt if there is any one, whose works have gone more deeply to the springs of character and action, especially throughout the middle classes. Before, therefore, drawing the attention of our readers to the last publication in the prefixed list—which yields nothing in singularity or in interest to its predecessors—we think a few pages may be profitably, and we hope agreeably, spent in endeavoring to form some just estimate of Mr. Carlyle's merits as a philosophical writer, and as a guide to public thought and opinion.

In some respects, such an analysis presents little difficulty; his merits, as well as his faults, are sufficiently on the surface. No one can read two pages of any of his works without perceiving that his author is a man of powerful and inventive reflection, with a clear eye, in general, for the reality of things, and a very deep disdain for the robes and trappings of antiquity and prejudice. The reader finds bold thoughts, portrayed in language at least as bold, but conveying, sensibly and strikingly to the mind, the ideal picture which shot across the author's imagination; and usually presenting, in unwonted vividness, some very ordinary truth, the importance of which was never before so strongly perceived. On the other hand, his utter disregard of rule, and perverse rebellion against the ordinary laws of composition, as well as all the conventional propriety of language or belief, would make an unaccustomed reader regard him

with something of the feelings with which the loyal Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London might have seen and heard the astounding presumption of Wat Tyler, or Jack Cade.

All this is plain enough; and if Mr. Carlyle were a young recruit, we should be inclined to be very kind to his genius, and as blind as we could to his defects. But such is not our present mood. We and the public have enough of experience of Mr. Carlyle to know, that he is the last man that requires to be informed of his own merits, and that his lamp of light is in no danger of expiring under unencouraged diffidence. Of reputation, and deference and flattery, he has had his fill—too much, perhaps, for the eradication of those large spreading weeds which deform his luxuriant verdure. Our purpose rather is, to warn from the danger, than to prompt to the imitation of his example. He is a meteor in the literary sky, not altogether of benign or prosperous portent, attaining, in his erratic course, some periods of dangerous and ominous conjunction. It may not be uninteresting to show how in some respects this energetic and masterly writer exercises a pernicious influence over the taste and thoughts of his time; and his real powers are so great, and his genius so brilliant and uncommon, that it is all the more our part, as watchful guardians of the public, to point out and condemn his eccentricities when hurtful or absurd.

Carlyle's faults, as an author, then, seem to resolve themselves into two great deadly sins, quite heinous enough of themselves, and committed with sufficient perseverance and deliberation to have utterly overwhelmed any ordinary man; one is a fault of manner, the other of substance, and both of infinitely pernicious tendency on the vast multitude of his readers.

The character of Carlyle's manner is eminently eccentric—at least such is the mild term by which some would characterize it. The strange involution of his sentences—the unlicensed word-coining of his language, have passed, in a too indulgent age, as peculiarity or oddness. But we venture to give it a more just, if not a more civil epithet. The vice of his writings is the crying evil of the day—the unpardonable offence of affectation.

Mere quaintness or peculiarity of style is not always a fault—and sometimes gives point and raciness to an author. There are men who cannot think but in a singular id-

iom of their own, and their language borrows the eccentricity of their thoughts. One would not wish old Burton to speak otherwise in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim* would lose half its charm done into smoother English. But the true secret of their manner consists in the very quality in which Mr. Carlyle is so eminently deficient—simplicity. These authors travelled by a path of their own; but they did not, of set purpose, desert the highway, and seek out the roughest rocks and rudest briars to scramble through.—They are quaint, but they do not strive after quaintness. In writing, they only transfer their thoughts, speaking their own vernacular tongue, such as it is; and without the endeavor—the wretched endeavor—to write a jargon, unlike the speech of any civilized race. The difference between them and our author, is simply this, that he is extravagant by design, and they are quaint by nature—the grand distinction, in every sphere of life, between simplicity and affectation. To find a man perpetually making a manner, and thinking great things of his own peculiarities in address, is as insufferable in authorship as in society—and as it is a proof of want of breeding in the one case, so it is sure evidence of undignified vanity in the other.

If our author really, by nature, could only write, speak, or think, in this most artificial compost, of which the English language bears but an unworthy proportion to the other elements, one might forget his style in the startling nature of his matter, and admire and applaud the glowing conception, vigor of intellect, and the eloquence, sometimes reaching the sublime, which have given character and fame to his writings. But the peculiarity is not of nature, but of depraved and vitiated taste, and misdirected conceit. His earlier efforts, which we find in his collected *Essays*, were good, vigorous, English compositions, perfectly simple, and perfectly intelligible, marked by an agreeable and graphic power of description, and a vein of manly humor—sometimes even of wit. They want, perhaps, the boldness, as well as the finish of maturer authorship, but they have merit enough to indicate, not only the powers of an original and comprehensive mind, but also complete command over the language. It is not the want of power, but the want of will to write purely, which has betrayed him into his present wilderness of words. Tracing his progress from his first contributions to the *Edin-*

burgh Review, down to the last work upon our list, the cloud of affectation visibly thickens upon him, until, at last, while his genius, perhaps, is burning brighter than ever, its rays come struggling, distorted, unnatural, and dim, through the marvellous medium of words—it cannot be called language—in which he chooses to be enveloped.

To the students of Carlyle, for whom we write, to give instances is quite unnecessary. They know it—and many of his zealous admirers, think it, as he does, his greatest and chiefest pride. But just to show our less informed readers what the unhalloved jargon is, in which he pleases—we had almost said, presumes—to speak to English ears, let us instance the following passage from his *Introduction to Cromwell's Letters* :—

“But alas! exclaims he elsewhere, getting his eye on the real nodus of the matter, what is it, all this Rushworthian, inarticulate rubbish continued, in its ghastly dim twilight, with its haggard wrecks and pale shadows; what is it but the common kingdom of death?—This is what we call death, this mouldering dumb wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanescence of formed human things; they had form, but they are changing into sheer formlessness; ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse—the etiolation of human features into mouldy blank; dissolution; progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous ever-deepening dusk of gods and men!—Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps, and Tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed dog? Some destiny drives him? It is his sins, I suppose,—perhaps it is his love, strong as that of Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue”!!

This frantic congregation of words may have a meaning, as every thing he writes has; but for all practical purposes it might as well have none. Unless the encumbered sense is searched for with more diligence than any author is entitled to exact from his readers, they might as usefully study the incoherent ramblings of a lunatic. It is mere impertinence in composition to keep the public groping and struggling after the writer's train of thought, through a mass of language, thrown disjointedly together, where, if it be worth expressing at all, there can be no difficulty in expressing it intelligibly and simply.

We have the less tolerance or patience

for this wretched vice of style, that it is a defect far too prevalent among writers of the present day, and not only debases and deforms genius, otherwise great, but threatens to injure, seriously and permanently, the purity of our language. Mere mannerism is, perhaps, a fault into which practice leads all men. Each has his own style of touch—his own hand-writing. But that mannerism, which has affectation for its development, and vanity for its source—which glories in, and strives after the peculiarities, to avoid which is the object and endeavor of the finished artist, is the great curse of our modern literature. Bentham, for instance, was a mannerist to such an extent, that his French translator is far more intelligible than the English original. But his mannerism was not affectation, but sprung directly from the habits of his mind. His object, unlike our author's, was really and honestly to express, in words which he thought the simplest and clearest, the principle or position he wished to enforce. He failed in this, chiefly because his logic was too close for his command of language. Rabelais rioted in words with as little restraint as Carlyle, but in the hearty laughter-loving enjoyment which tinges every page of his works, there is not a vestige of affectation; his grotesque style being used on all occasions to assist and give point to his meaning. But the *affecters* of mannerism love it for its own sake; and in modern times many a brilliant genius, besides our author, has sacrificed his powers to this unfortunate weakness. The simplicity of Wordsworth—the mysticism of Coleridge—were mere affectation; and what exuberant power and inborn melody of soul, did it not in their case fetter and confine! There could not be a better illustration of the fault than Wordsworth. With poetical powers perhaps more genuine and pure than any of his contemporaries, and capable of reaching any height of allowed freedom and expansion, he was the absolute slave of affected simplicity. *Real* simplicity he had none. On the contrary, his warmest admirers must admit that he was, of all poets, the most studiously artificial in his manner and the structure of his verse. But that simplicity which he had not, he strove after—attaining, as he thought, a quality, which, like the plumes of a butterfly, was destroyed by the effort to snatch it. Another eminent writer, with powers of a very remarkable order, is, we are sorry to see, sinking below his naturally high level by

the same fault. We mean Mr. Dickens. His *Pickwick Papers*, like Carlyle's early works, although colored by a ground-tint of humor, were good racy English. But the demon of affectation seems now to have taken undisputed possession of his style; and unless he make a vigorous and determined effort, and that speedily, against the obtrusive fiend, he will end in mediocrity a literary career, begun more brightly and advanced more rapidly than that of any writer of the day.

We may be told that Carlyle's style is not really affected—that it is only Germanized—that much study of the German has not made him mad exactly, but so impressed the form and manner of German authorship on his mind, that he cannot, if he would, either think or write otherwise. But—to write after the fashion of lawyers—this plea of intoxication—of having drunk too deeply at Teutonic springs, only aggravates the offence; and we are glad of an opportunity of speaking our mind on a subject which has never, we think, received sufficient consideration in English criticism.

It must strike every one, that if the affectation of peculiarity is a crime against pure composition, the affectation of the peculiarities of another is infinitely more reprehensible and unworthy. Imitators of all degrees are more or less a servile race; and we cannot but consider it a disgrace and degradation to any author to prefer making his style a translation from a foreign language, to forming it on the pure model of his own. Such a writer may think powerfully, and his style may be striking and his thoughts original; but he who endeavors to write one language in the idiom of another, necessarily produces a monster. The human head on the horse's neck was not a more wanton exercise of the artist's license—

“Credite Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species.”

No doubt Mr. Carlyle views this matter differently. He perhaps believes that he is capable of remodelling the English language on his German standard; and it is probably this rather complacent belief that has induced a man of his native power to renounce so completely all pretensions to purity or scientific correctness in composition. This, however, is, we need not say, a consummation which, however desirable, is beyond Mr. Carlyle's power, and which,

were it ever so practicable, would be the deepest misfortune our literature could sustain.

Independently of the scientific offence of which Mr. Carlyle is so conspicuously guilty, in clothing German thoughts and words in an English dress, there are more immediate practical errors involved in the principles of his style. We, of course, do not and cannot depreciate that noble language, the powers and capabilities of which were too long unknown to Europe, and even imperfectly developed among the Germans themselves. Nor, if it be brought to a scientific comparison, are we at all disposed to deny that it is a more copious, more methodical, and more elastic language than our own. Its grammar is undoubtedly more complete than that of any language now spoken in Europe, and it has, therefore, very great facilities for expressing shades and distinctions, whether material or intellectual. As to the authors of Germany, although perhaps we should not place Goethe and Schiller in the altitude absolutely celestial, in which our author regards them, we grant them cheerfully their exalted rank among the lights of the world, and demigods of fame. Nor has the literature of Germany been without a wholesome influence on our own; as it has purified it from French frippery, and tended much to recall, if it has not inspired, its vigor—for unquestionably the genius of German literature is far more genuine and healthy than that of France ever was. All these considerations have justly brought the language within the ordinary range of education, and have made it the worthy subject of research and study among men of letters. For ourselves, we most cheerfully render it our humble tribute of gratitude and admiration.

But when, not satisfied with this, the ardent apostle of German literature will insist on engrafting it on our own, and with its idioms, its peculiarities of thought, we not only demur but recalcitrate. He forgets that the literature of a country is always peculiarly adapted to the people who speak its language, and that it is not only better understood, but often differently understood by those for whom it is written than by foreigners. The high-flown epithets of oriental conversation sound extravagant and ridiculous in our ears; yet they have no such effect on the mind of the native, because they really do not import the literal idea they express. Now, rightly

to understand the full meaning and effect of German literature, it is necessary to be imbued, to a certain extent, with the national character of the country, for that which may be truly forcible, touching, witty, to German ears, may be weak, laughable, or dull in those of England.

As an illustration, we take an example which has often struck us. There is a marked distinction between the British and the German sense of the ridiculous. The German student will expire with diversion over what we should consider the most miserable conceits, and *jeux de mots* of the most stupid and far-fetched description. We never read or heard a really witty saying of a German, and a Joe Miller in that language would, to our humble sense, be an emporium of dulness. Yet, to the German mind, it would be quite as funny, as if it affected us with laughter, and not with sleep. Now, Mr. Carlyle, who, as we formerly said, has a good manly vein of British humor, and can say a smart thing very well if he chooses, condescends to stuff his writings full of those German conceits which no English reader can regard with any thing but contempt. For instance, here is a truly German witticism:—

“The apotheosis of Beau Brummel has marred many a pretty youth; landed him not at any *goal* where oak garlands, earned by faithful labor, carry men to the immortal gods; but, by a fatal inversion, at the King’s Bench *gaol*,” &c.

The most wretched punster, laboring through a dinner party, never said any thing more stupid. Again, in another of his essays, he speaks of the time when *kenning* and *can-ing* were the same; the precise meaning of which good saying we have never been able to discover. Then, if he once gets hold of one of these commonplace *mots*, he never gives it rest. On Thurtell’s trial, one of the witnesses said that he considered him respectable because he kept a gig; and accordingly mankind has been divided into noblemen, gentlemen, and giggers; a thing pardonable enough to say once; but not very brilliant, even when first produced. Now, Carlyle drives this gig through all his writings; it is always certain to turn suddenly on us, round some unexpected corner. To enumerate the different occasions on which he dresses up the stale conceit would be impossible; we counted it six several times in one of his little volumes of essays; and so firmly were

we satisfied that it was too vivid and fresh in Mr. Carlyle's mind to be allowed to escape, that we were on the look-out, when turning over the leaves of "Oliver Cromwell," watching for the well-known vehicle. Nor were we mistaken. On it came, like a phantom chariot, before we had travelled through eighty pages, with no less an occupant than the Infanta of Spain, of whom he says, that she had come "*riding in such a gig of respectability as never was seen since Phacton's sun-chariot took the road*,"—no honest English soul would have any thing to do with her."—(Int. p. 73.)

Now, these specimens illustrate, on a small scale, the general error into which Mr. Carlyle has fallen. The *goal* and the *gaol*—*kenning* and *can-ing*, and the gig of respectability itself may have in them qualities well suited to delight and exhilarate the German mind; but they are not suited for our latitude or temperament, and produce no effect on us, but weariness or disgust. To a far greater degree does this operate in the general tone of sentiment, or rather sentimental expression, which runs through Mr. Carlyle's works. The Germans are a peculiar people in the turn and cast of their thoughts. They are gentle, dreamy, and transcendental, fond of minute distinctions and abstruse abstractions, and it is the habit of their mind to conceive of them, and apprehend them easily and readily. Thus it is delight and not labor to them to follow through their peculiarities of style the true meaning and intent of their authors, which is not obscured but lightened by the figures and ideal personages and entities which start up to illustrate it. But the genius of the English mind is more simple, and, as we think it, more solid and real. With the world of metaphysical subtleties in which the German delights to dwell, our countrymen have little sympathy; and, therefore, it is unrequiting toil to the English reader to spell through these long paragraphs, disjointed images, abrupt apostrophes, little words with large letters, and all the rest of the German armory. The incongruity is just as great as if a man were gravely to sit down at an English dinner table, and to converse in the precise phrases, duly rendered into English, of a Chinese mandarin.

Herein, then, do we think lies the essential faultiness, the error in philosophy, as well as in taste, of the writers of Germanized English. They forget how completely the peculiarities and modes of national literature

are consonant to the national mind; and how completely they may be dissonant to the mind of another nation. This is not the true use to which foreign learning—the knowledge of the literature of other lands—should be turned. What a chaos would the republic of letters be,—what a Babel of unintelligible sounds, if each, like our author, were to speak in the tongue of the other—Germans borrowing the idiom of the French, and France arraying her gay and sparkling language in the sombre dress of England? What a contrast do our truly learned authors present to this affectation of a foreign dialect! Look at Gibbon—formal rather, and florid in his style—yet he, to whom the resources of all ages seemed to lie open, was not unambitious of the praise of a great master in English composition. Or look at Bolingbroke, the greatest and purest writer, perhaps, by whom the language was ever used; yet a man whose prodigious memory and thorough knowledge of literature, men and manners, is, without disparagement, far above any to which Mr. Carlyle can pretend. But his erudition serves not to corrupt but to embellish his style. He infuses not the outer rind but the inner spirit of his reading into his works; and is all the more thoroughly master of his own language, that he is so conversant with those of Europe and the ancients. While, therefore, we think like Englishmen, let our authors write English. Carlyle himself places Shakspeare in a niche somewhat higher than Goethe. Yet Shakspeare wrote his own vernacular English, unwitting, probably, of the existence even of the mighty engine which Goethe afterwards wielded. But what would Shakspeare have been, if, scorning the native strength and melody of the language which he had heard on the banks of the Avon from his youth, he had wasted his strong and manly powers on a half-intelligible jargon—a hybrid between England and the Continent. Nay, would Goethe himself, or any great man, however enthusiastic his admiration for a foreign language, ever debase his genius to such mongrel composition as is the delight and disgrace of Mr. Carlyle? In his case the offence is all the worse, that his mind is not by nature cast in a German mould; he has much more of Saxon rough simplicity than of German sentiment about him; he thinks closely, reasons logically, and can write nervously—hates pretence, and loves to strip the mask from delusion and hypocrisy. If he would only discard

the vanity of writing like a German, he might write better than most Englishmen.

In expressing our opinion thus plainly of Mr. Carlyle's style, we must not be understood to be insensible to its merits, or to undervalue the qualities for effect, which it undoubtedly possesses. But we do not think it at all incumbent on us to pronounce any eulogium on it, even where it might seem to deserve it, and that for two very sufficient reasons. First, because it is radically false in taste, and vicious in system, and we could no more conscientiously hold it up to admiration for its partial merits, than a judge, in passing sentence, would praise a highwayman for his bravery or honor. By giving it the sanction of his high name and undoubted genius, he has led away many from the "well of English undefiled" in search of what they are induced to believe a more elevated and expressive style. And secondly, because we fear he is becoming more and more hardened in his offences. Some of his works show him capable of better things. But his last publication on Cromwell, is so utterly and scandalously vicious, as entirely to upset any relentings of nature towards him. We had fondly hoped that "aiblins," "he wad tak a thocht and mend." But alas! what can be expected or hoped from him, who ends his book, on so great a theme, thus—

"The genius of England no longer soars sunward, world-defiant, like an eagle through the storms, 'renewing her mighty youth,' as John Milton saw her do; the genius of England, much liker a greedy ostrich intent on provender, and a whole skin mainly, stands with its other extremity sunward, with its ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush of old church-tippets, king-cloaks, or what other 'sheltering fallacy' there may be, and so awaits the issue. The issue has been slow, but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into fallacies, but will be awakened one day in a terrible *a-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise. Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake," &c.!

The case is hopeless. He is a beacon to be placed like buoys upon the Goodwin Sands; a warning to all who navigate these seas. If in any measure we may have assisted to prevent future shipwrecks on the same shoals, we shall consider our time and indignation not thrown away.

So much for Mr. Carlyle's faults of manner. We said there was another offence

chargeable against him, and that not of manner merely, but of substance also. This is a more serious subject, and one to be more gravely treated; for the charge we mean to bring is one we should be sorry to make against any one on slight grounds, and yet one in which the public are most especially concerned. It is to the religious tendency of his writings that we allude.

No man, we believe, would recoil with more unfeigned horror from the charge of want of, or hostility to, religion, than Mr. Carlyle himself. In some respects justly. He is a man subject by nature to a strong access or impulse of the religious feeling. Phrenologists would say that veneration, or adoration, was strongly developed in his character. Few writers evince more strongly the influence of the natural religious emotions; and it is a subject on which he rather has pleasure in dwelling and expatiating. Not only so, but these emotions themselves have so strong a tendency, at times, in the right direction, that it is not without repugnance that we bring ourselves to speak as strongly on the subject as it clearly calls for. For instance, the following passage from his *Essays*, goes at once home to our sympathies:—

"Honor to all the brave and true; everlasting honor to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! That, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, 'let the people be taught;' this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, 'let men know that they are men, created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity.' It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these; no, in nowise born slaves, neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites: but men! This great message Knox did deliver, with a man's voice and strength, and found a people to believe him."—*Essays*, vol. v. p. 255.

Now, this, as far as it goes, is heartfelt and earnest. Still more, in his "Sketches of Knox and Luther, in his Hero-Worship," and in "The Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," does the same spirit break out and expand; indeed, to such a degree does he seem to enter into the great religious movements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and so thoroughly to appreciate the

power of godliness as a real, active, inducing, engrossing element of conduct, that our foregone conclusion stood half-disarmed; and we inwardly thought, as well as hoped, that our criticisms concerned his writings more than their author.

Still, we should be eminently wanting in our duty, were we to omit, in this estimate of his merits as a public instructor, the religious tendency of his writings—the more especially as that is a character which he chiefly affects. It is much his habit and mood to preach, *ex cathedra*, on the highest and most sacred destinies of man. There is no exertion he so much loves as to penetrate, or try to penetrate, the recesses of man's desires, affections, and pursuits; and he sneers at their emptiness or falseness, and declaims against their errors, with the authority and air of an acknowledged monitor. Shall we not, then, inquire if the oracle be well inspired?

To speak honestly, Carlyle would be a far less dangerous writer to the cause of religion, if he omitted the subject altogether. The sneers of an acknowledged skeptic carry their own antidote with them—the rattle of the snake forewarns us of his fang. One may read with comparative impunity the labored incredulity of Gibbon; for the "believe nothing" principle of the author betrays itself throughout. But not so with Carlyle. His religious emotions not only play round the head, but would seem, at least, to warm his heart. He stirs up, with much warmth and glowing honesty, the devotional affection in the mind of the reader; and then, after all, when he has shown, in his own way, that all is vanity, and derided, with quiet sneer, the ambition, money-making, and gig-respectability of the world—what, after all, is his chief end of man? what the object with which he would fill the void, aching, restless heart? Why, nothing better than a sort of intellectual pantheism. No higher—scarce, indeed, so high, as the ancients reached; below the immortal musings of Cicero, or the choral inspirations of Greek tragedy. His religion is truly a man-worship—a homage rendered to the godlike principles of our nature; and with him the power by which a strong mind ascends over the weak, is in that man the power of a god. Hence his *hero-worship*, an enthusiasm extravagantly and profanely exalted into a system and a creed, in which end all his speculations on man's destiny—all his admonitions—all his ironical warnings. Let him speak for himself.

"There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson,—a cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted, and still wants such, that living wisdom is quite infinitely precious to man—is the symbol of the godlike to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that loyalty, discipleship, all that was ever meant by hero-worship, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive.

"Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blesseddest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these seemingly so disobedient times, it remains a blessed fact, so cunningly has nature ordered it, that *whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey*. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship. So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of 'hero-worship' was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and tertiary, *and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind*; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence unchangeable; *whereon politics, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests, have been, and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures*. Such is hero-worship—so much lies in that, our inborn, sincere love of great men!"—*Essays*, vol. v., p. 232.

"Worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a great man. I say, great men are still admirable; *I say, there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable!*"—*On Hero-Worship*, p. 17.

"We all love great men; love, venerate, and bow down submissive before great men: *nay, can we honestly bow down to any thing else?*"—P. 23.

"*The most precious gift that Heaven can give to the earth, a man of genius, as we call it—the soul of a man actually sent down from the skies with a god's message to us.*"—P. 67.

"*No fact that ever dwelt honestly as true in the heart of man, but was an honest insight into God's truth on man's part, and has an essential truth in it, which endures through all changes, an everlasting possession for us all.*"—P. 188.

"At first view, it might seem as if Protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call hero-worship, and represent as the *basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind.*"—P. 194.

These scattered sentences indicate the general opinion inculcated by him on this head.

We have done our best, in our study of our author, to come at the precise idea in-

volved in this *hero-worship* theory, not, we fairly own, with very satisfactory success; for, as he announces it, we doubt if it be very susceptible of precision. He would probably say, that the true knowledge of it can only be known to, and perceived by, the refined eye that can gaze like the eagle's on the unclouded sun; and that we ordinary mortals pass and repass daily the great treasure of life, without having the privilege to discern it. This, and much rhapsody of the same kind, is more easily said than reduced within the just limits of sense or reason. As one of the multitude—one of the vast family for whom, assuredly, religion was intended—we wish to know exactly what God or what worship he preaches; by what course of logic he, professing Christianity, deduces from the inspired Word the doctrine he loves to propound, by so strange a name, and in so unaccustomed a dress.

If all our author means by *hero-worship*—which he exalts, in such glowing phrase, as the prime end and object of our being—were merely to express, in rather hyperbolic phrase, our natural reverence for the noble and the good, he would, after all, but grovel at the bottom of the ladder, and see no farther, and feel no surer, with all his imagined light, than the most darkened of Pagan inquirers after truth. For if man, in the ruder ages, deified the grosser and coarser qualities, and worshipped those who excelled in them as gods, it needed not the light of revelation, or any addition to the educated sense, to perceive the folly and absurdity of such *hero-culture*, nor to point out, more or less dimly, the diviner spark which resided within the corrupted clay. The ancient philosophers could discern and reverence those purer aspirations of the soul, and recognize them also as emanations from a heavenly source. So that, if this be all that is implied in Mr. Carlyle's religion, it may be sufficiently true as far as it goes, but it did not require so many emphatic words to announce it to the world. But this is far short of our author's idea. He means to tell us, if we rightly understand his language, that not only are there qualities in man which are venerable or admirable in themselves, but that these qualities in the man are worthy objects of adoration, and that the man himself is so, in respect of the quality residing within him; not that his worship is the vulgar one of setting up idols in a temple, and offering vain oblations, but he thinks that the

religious principle in man finds fitting and sufficient exercise and fulfilment in the contemplation of what is great and magnificent in his fellow-man. The God whom he would adore is the abstract sense or impersonation of such qualities; and the homage paid by the weaker to the stronger mind, is essentially, as he thinks, the religious obedience of the soul. In Christianity he sees nothing but a perfect model of the man worthy of adoration; and he divides his homage among all in whom the adorable quality may seem to reside.

To say nothing for the moment of higher views, this new Pantheon is truly one at which the heathen philosophers would have looked with contempt. They saw what was noble in man; but they saw also how man had debased, degraded, quenched it. So far from seeing, as our author says, that "Nature had so willed it, that whatever man ought to obey, man must obey," they saw the very reverse—that the law which they could not but reverence, they could not obey; that the diviner spirit within them kept up an unequal warfare with the affections and corruptions of the flesh. "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," was the true and just language of the ancient philosophy of Greece and Rome. This did not, and could not, lead them to man or *hero-worship*; on the contrary, it led them to reject, as empty fables, the established congregation of divinities; for they were keenly alive to the contradiction of giving homage or obedience of soul to imperfection or impurity. "What, then," was the natural inquiry, "are there no gods?" "*Plerique deos esse dixerunt,—dubitare se Protagoras: nullos esse omnino Diagoras Melius et Theodorus Cyrenaicus putaverunt*—(Cic. de Nat. Deor. I.) Then, darkly resolving the existence of a Deity and a future state, from the imperfection of our nature and the inequality of our condition, the Platonist goes on to search out the attributes of the one, and the nature and requisites of the other, until his stream of thought is absorbed in the sands of bewilderment, and he "finds no end, in devious mazes lost."

But with what scorn would such a sage have heard our author propound, that the power of one man's mind over another's was that of a divinity—a *hero*—to be worshipped!—when he saw, in the world around, how the recklessness of the strong mind daily triumphed over the uneasy conscience of the weak—and still more, how

the fierce contending passions hourly trampled down the ineffectual pleading of conscience within the soul, making the ascendancy of the mind of man over his fellows more that of a demon than of a god; and even, where the purer sense had acquired a purer sway, how uncertain, how wavering, how corrupt, how ungodlike, how insufficient for that heavenly light, by the undying and unobscured refulgence of which even the unenlightened soul feels that its pathway should be guided!

Were we therefore to take this hero-worship to task on no higher grounds, we think it offensive to natural, as well as adverse to revealed religion. An Augustus sits on the world's throne, and poets sing the advent of Saturnian days, and paint him quaffing nectar with purple-lips among the gods; while all the while the object of their flattery is stained by every crime that can degrade man below the brutes. The people shout at the inauguration of Herod, and the worms seize their newly proclaimed god, ere their plaudits have died upon his ear. Were it not even better, one might think, to bestow man's reverence on some consecrated image, that might at least body forth and enshadow the qualities to which the devout mind turns with adoration, than to cast it away on the degraded and sin-defaced image of our Maker, which in spirit and in body attests how far it has fallen short of divinity?

It may be said we take this too literally. It is not the hero properly who is to be worshipped, but the heroic principle—the divinity within the man. But, alas, what is the heroic principle, and where does it reside? A vivid fancy will invest a conqueror with all the attributes of generosity, courage, clemency, and the far-seeing eye of government, and year after year may have fixed its admiration on this exalted subject of idolatry, when a trifle, light as air, may tumble this *hero-god* from his pedestal, and reduce him to a mere earthly mortal. No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet—a true saying, which Mr. Carlyle may well take note of. “No,” he says, “the valet does not know the hero when he sees him.” Not so. The valet sees him to be no hero. The proverb is eminently expressive of the frailty, and weakness, and inconsistency of humanity, which an intimate acquaintance with the best and greatest is sure to expose. The man is a hero to the world, who only see him on his pedestal, in his robes of state, but the close observer

discerns all the failings of a common nature—

“—’tis true, this god did shake:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl.”

As a mere enthusiasm, we think all this speculation false; but its direct tendency as a practical system of belief is very dangerous. The mischief is not so much that our author exalts the admiration of heroes to the rank of religion, as that he brings religion down to nothing but the worship of man, or of God as displayed in man. He very carefully avoids, in his work on Hero-Worship, saying a syllable offensive on the subject of Christianity; but it would be a very easy task to demonstrate from his opinions that all religions are alike true, and that the true religion is simply the aggregate of all. Whatever a man thinks *honestly*—is God's revealed will in him—Odin—Mahomet—are as much God's messengers—proclaimers of truth—as Isaiah or John the Baptist—nay, as our Saviour himself. Not in the same degree, he admits, but of the same kind—an emanation from the same holiness. But, dress it in what vividness and kindliness of language he will, what a false and unstable position. What a man thinks *honestly*!—Why, Paul of Tarsus, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter, thought he did God good service—thought it as *honestly*—with as much *hero-sincerity* as ever Luther or Knox battled for the truth. And Mr. Carlyle, speaking correctly and devoutly of religion, would have us to hold that the persecution, as much as the preaching, was a light sent from heaven. If sincerity, that is, the simple belief in its truth, be all that is required to make any religion true, then truly never was religion false. Mormonism in the West, Buddhism in the East, the human sacrifices of the Druids, the Suttee and the car of Juggernaut, were just, true, heroic inspirations from the great Author of good. Take for instance the example of Mahomet. Carlyle says he was a true prophet. He will not be convinced that so many millions for so many centuries have believed a lie; and one is beginning to think that our author is truly a victim to Mahometan delusion. No such thing. His sketch of Mahomet is very vigorous,

and, as we think, in great measure just. He regards him as an honest, earnest man in the main, subject to some delusions, but preaching down idolatry, and setting up the one God, in short establishing a sort of pseudo-Christianity. Before he is done with him, we find him exclaiming—"Alas, poor Mahomet, all that he was conscious of was a mere error, a futility and triviality, as indeed such error is!" Yet this is his true prophet—his hero—to be worshipped! So that his conception of a true prophet is, after all, nothing but an able, earnest man, working out with honest sincerity, though with many errors, futilities, and trivialities, what he believes to be true. He admits that the Koran, in so far as not a transcript of the Scriptures, is a falsehood,—that it is no inspiration of God, as Mahomet said it was, but a very dull, stupid, human book. Yet it seems no objection to his hero-God that he promulgated a lie; nor any calamity, or of any dangerous issue to the multitude of his followers, that they have for centuries believed a lie. It was preached and believed in sincerity, and, according to his creed, no more can be required.

It really needs no words to show any truly religious man how destructive all these vain philosophizings are to Evangelical reality—to the doctrine of the corruption of our nature—the renewal of the heart by grace—the redemption of our fallen race by the sacrifice for sin, and justification through faith. By our author's theory, there is no reality in them but the earnestness with which they are believed, and other doctrines, held as honestly, are just as true as they.

We have no leisure to pursue this farther, but we thought that we could not, in any fidelity, pass by in our notice of our author this delusive tendency of his writings, which is rendered doubly dangerous by the great amount of truth with which it is illustrated, and the glowing kindliness and social warmth with which it is expounded by him. We do not think Mr. Carlyle had any thought of undermining religion; but quite the reverse. He has, however, allowed himself to be carried out of his depth by a mere German fantasy—an exhalation from the fens of neology, which has led him much farther than he himself is aware. The school of Goethe is a very bad theological institute—we know none worse; for with a certain show of belief, it truly abrogates Christianity altogether, and Mr. Carlyle has a harder task than he can

perform to keep his transcendental theory in any unison with his manifest personal impressions.

On a lower stage, and in a less ambitious mood, his analysis of the love of heroes has much that is natural, beautiful, and true; and we own that we never read a book with more interest than his six lectures on Hero-worship, or found more in a book worth reading. The sketches of Mahomet, Dante, and Luther, are very masterly, and if only divorced from his theory, which adds nothing to the ornament, and only detracts from the moral, they deserve to rank very high in tone, expression, and execution.

Having now relieved ourselves of Mr. Carlyle's great cardinal sins, of manner and substance, we have no intention of parting with him in ill humor. He is no common writer, in merit or in influence, or we should not have thought his offences so important to the public. In discharging our duty of censure, we feel as one might do who has told his friend some disagreeable truth long withheld, and now that it is over, we cannot pass to the review of Cromwell's Letters, without a parting word of esteem and admiration.

Carlyle has fine, manly, poetic spirit. When he writes simply, his words breathe poetry, and even in his most overlaid writing the fine imagination will burst forth. Take for instance this passage on the death of Goethe:

"And yet, when the inanimate, material sun has sunk and disappeared, it will happen that we stand to gaze into the still glowing west, and there rise great pale motionless clouds, like coulisses or curtains, to close the flame-theatre within; and then, in that death-pause of the day, an unspeakable feeling will come over us; it is as if the poor sounds of time, those hammerings of tired labor on his anvils, those voices of simple men had become awful and supernatural; as if in listening, we could hear them 'mingle with the ever-pealing tone of old eternity.' In such moments the secrets of life lie opener to us; mysterious things flit over the soul; life itself seems holier, wonderful, and fearful. How much more when our sunset was of a living sun, and its bright countenance and shining return to us, not on the morrow, but 'no more again, at all, for ever.'"—*Essays*, vol. iv. p. 116.

This is finely conceived, and expressed both with power and music.

We might easily add to the instances, as, indeed, every page of his writings teems with them. But his great—his greatest praise

—the crowning redeeming point of his writings is the fearless, kindly honesty which pervades all his works. He has a warm heart to his fellow-men, and a warm wish for their happiness; and whether the object be always discreetly or wisely pursued, it is pursued in the main with fervor and singleness. There is no meanness or subserviency about himself, and no toleration for them in others; but, on the contrary, all that is truly noble, real, and majestic, in man's affections or acts, finds an enthusiastic welcome in his pages. There is a glow of health about his tone of reflection, and a manliness and independent vigor in the whole cast of his mind, which leave behind on his reader a feeling of friendliness and respect for the author, and a conviction that he is a man who has the courage to think fearlessly and honestly, and who is not ashamed of his thoughts.

Of his works, that on the French Revolution, is the most ambitious, and is, perhaps, the most striking and the best. It contains some very graphic painting, and, in conception and originality, is of very singular merit. But we are compelled to pass over this, and many other topics, in order to complete the task we have set ourselves. If we shall appear, in this general analysis of our author, to have blamed too indiscriminately, and praised too sparingly, our readers may rest assured that we have not done so from any want of hearty admiration of his genius, but from the sense that the faults we censure are all the more dangerous, from the very brilliancy by which they are gilded and adorned.

And now, after this lengthened preamble, which resembles a long avenue to an inconsiderable domain, we come to speak, more shortly and cursorily than the subject deserves, of Mr. Carlyle's last publication—the Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell—a very curious, able, and characteristic work.

Our author seems to have had floating in his head, and not yet to have discarded, a design of writing the life of Oliver Cromwell. This, however, is not intended as a biography, but rather as prefatory to an undertaking of this nature. His design is simply to place before the public, in as pure and natural a dress as possible, the words, written and spoken by Cromwell, as far as these have been preserved—what he calls the “authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself.” These Letters and Speeches, he explains that he has gathered from far

and near, cleared them from masses of superincumbent rubbish, and professes no more in these volumes, than to have set before the reader Cromwell's authentic words, with only as much of annotation as might be necessary to make them intelligible. He has merely, he says, “washed them into legibility.” But out of these documents themselves, and his running commentary on them, and contemporaneous events, he has in effect woven a most speaking and vivid history; a narrative that transports one to the times of which he writes, and makes the reader dwell familiarly with the men who played their part upon the scene. We doubt if he has left over much that is essential or interesting in his hero, for a more professed biography.

It was an endeavor of our author, deserving well of his country, and most opportunely timed, to resuscitate the memory of our great commoner. While other men are raising from their graves the skeletons of ancient falsehood and error, and conjuring up the shades of departed delusions—in these days, when the Reformation is again stigmatized as a crime, and Laud is canonized as a saint—it was fitting and timely that one should evoke once more the mighty spirit of the Puritan, before whose frown they trembled and vanished. Blind Royalist revenge disturbed the bones of the regicide in their quiet grave, and scattered them all vainly to the winds. The present work is a sort of retributive moral exhumation; an attempt to dig away the mass of prejudice, falsehood, and forgetfulness, under which Cromwell's memory has for two centuries been buried, and to embalm it to all posterity. The conception, at least, is worthy and magnificent, whatever praise or blame the execution may challenge.

After what we have said already, we cannot trust ourselves, and it is needless, to speak of the style, language, and composition of this work. It is a caricature of the author's exaggerations; a mass of affectation, bad taste, and vulgarisms, which have stirred our bile to such a degree that we can hardly command sufficient coolness to consider the substance of the book as it deserves. “Flunkeyism”—“Torpedo Diletantism”—“Hide-bound Pedantry,” and such un-English and frightful figures of speech dance like goblins through his pages. He tells us that the execution of Charles the First “*did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in the world;*” and in

another passage, of the Royalists shedding tears enough "*to salt the whole herring fishery.*" Nor is he contented with making ordinary use of these wretched cant words and phrases; but he repeats them over and over again, as if they ran in his head like the fag end of a tune, which he is perpetually humming to himself. There is hardly a sentence of simply written English in his portion of these twelve hundred pages of print, and hardly one which does not inspire any reader of ordinary taste with offence and disgust. We shall say no more of this, although our words and our indignation on the subject are far from being exhausted.

The work is, farther, replete with the most transparent vanity. The self-complacency of the author shines out conspicuous, even under the sober garment of truth and reality which he professes to wear. *He* is the only gifted seer of the age. *He* alone can discern the hidden meaning of past heroisms, to which an age of flunkies and dilettantis is blind. He alone can conceive the power of religious truth, as a real life-giving principle. He, in short, has the exclusive privilege of all these mysteries, and of his good condescension he communicates what pleases him to his readers. Then all prior histories and historians are covered with utter contumely and contempt, and even writers of the days of the Commonwealth, speaking of things that passed under their own eye, are set down as fabricators or blockheads, if their notions of fact differ with our author's. The biographers of Cromwell, or historians of his time, with the exception of Forster and Guizot, whose merits are scantily acknowledged, are one and all dismissed, some as lying knaves, others as somnolent dreamers, others as very weak, well-meaning, helpless men; none being admitted even to hold their poor farthing candles to light our author on his way. He speaks of "Wooden Ludlow,"—"dull, fat Bulstrode."—"Historical John" (Rushworth),—"Pudding-headed Hodgson,"—"Carrion Heath,"—"Dusky, tough St. John." So that the result is, that there are no voices at all worth listening to on this matter, excepting those of Oliver himself, and of another hero, not less worshipped, whom we need not name. Mr. Mark Noble, who wrote a life of Cromwell in 1782, is a theme of constant sneer and banter. On one occasion, when Mr. Noble hints that Cromwell appears, from a particular document, to be "far gone in religious en-

thusiasm;" Mr. Carlyle makes this rather uncereceremonious retort on his unconscious opponent,—

"Yes, my reverend imbecile friend, he is clearly one of those singular Christian enthusiasts who believe that they have a soul to be saved, *even as you do, my reverend imbecile friend, that you have a stomach to be satisfied; and who, likewise, astonishing to say, actually take some trouble about that. Far gone indeed, my reverend imbecile friend.*" !!!

The muse of history, if she has any self-respect, should really look after this most un-very votary.

But our candor compels us to say, notwithstanding these egregious defects, this is a very notable performance—a book of a high class, and to be followed by great results. In spite of his faults of style, Mr. Carlyle has a singular realizing power; a pictorial conception, which gives to his descriptions a wonderful charm, in transporting his reader to the scene which he describes. In these two volumes, we live, speak, correspond with Cromwell; wander with him along the slow waters of the Ouse, contemplative, deep, and troubled; follow him, an anxious inquiring man, to the confines of that eddy of public life which was never to release him; sweep along with him, reflective, resolute, collected, in his wonderful career of arms, from the day he first drew sword for his country at Edgehill, to that on which he returned it, at Worcester, in crowning victory for ever to its sheath. Thence we pass to the uneasy pillow and public triumphs of the Protectorate, even to that solitary voice of prayer which was heard amid the howlings of the tempest, on the very eve of his dissolution. Throughout all we have the very man in bodily and mental presence before us—the man, the hour, and the place,—so that when we close the volume we conceive almost as vividly of the occurrences it speaks of, as if we ourselves had known the hero, and had acted on the ever-changing stage on which he played his eventful part.

This admirable talent, which would give life and truth-resemblance even to mere fiction, has been here used by Mr. Carlyle for a worthy object, and with the happiest result, namely, to paint a faithful picture of the great man of those times, and to show us in what were truly the aspirations which filled, and the emotions which commanded his mind, and impelled him to deeds so great and remarkable. We expect a loud outcry against our author from some quar-

ters. John Milton, while he annihilated the literary glory of Salmasius, did not finally lay his spirit. To the worshippers of kingcraft and priestcraft—the resurrectionists of exploded heresies—this book will be as bitter as wormwood. They will not endure to look at the great Puritan leader who overset their dynasty, in any but the fanatico-hypocritical light in which the succeeding Royalists have painted him. The attempt to represent him otherwise will undoubtedly call down much of the old Salmasian indignation on Mr. Carlyle's devoted head. But he can afford to stand the shock of all this noise and clamor, which will but break, like the waves of ocean, against the indisputable truth and fidelity of his portrait. He has one strong guarantee for credit with his readers, that in giving us access to these letters and speeches, he has laid open to us not results only, but the means of arriving at them, and we may judge as well as he whether his inference be true. On ourselves the effect of our perusal has been to give us, if not a new, at least a far more consistent view of the character of that remarkable man, and we shall endeavor in the space which remains, to lay before our readers a general sketch of the more prominent lineaments of this truly national painting.

It is not at all surprising that the character of Cromwell should have hitherto met with very partial justice in history. For the twenty-eight years which succeeded his death, the restored Stuarts were of course flattered by having reproach and contumely heaped on their great adversary. They could not allow even his worn-out frame to rest in its narrow bed; and it was not to be expected that his character would be dealt with more mercifully. During this period, most of his contemporaries, men who had known and understood him, had died out, and before it was safe to write honestly of him, many of the materials for doing so were lost. How ready his former adulators were to forget his past greatness, and worship the rising sun, may be well illustrated by the first volume of Dryden's *Miscellaneous Works*, in which his "Heroic stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell," a panegyric of ambitious flight, stands just before "*Astræa Redux*, a poem on the restoration of King Charles II." Even at the Revolution, there seemed a tacit consent to pass his memory in silence. The savor of a usurper is never sweet in the nostrils of sovereignty, and the staunchest of the

Puritans could not forgive the arbitrary sway of the Protectorate, or the injuries of the outraged constitution. It can therefore surprise no one that it continued fashionable rather to disparage than to eulogize the character of Cromwell. Even in later times, when the wonderful genius of the man, and the public glories of his government shone too brightly in the eyes of the nation for prejudice to obscure, an impression unfavorable to his personal reputation had settled down on the minds of his countrymen. An age of cold formality and open skepticism shuddered with well-bred horror at one who had the likeness of a kingly sceptre in one hand, and his Bible in the other—who spoke of his duty to God as the paramount motive of public conduct, and mingled the language of State with that of Scripture. The speculation started by the infidel Hume, whether Cromwell were more fanatic or hypocrite—in other words, more fool or knave—came to be the standard criterion of his character. Fanatic or hypocrite he must have seemed to Hume, in whose eyes all religion was fanaticism or hypocrisy; and so he was written down, in an age partaking too much of the spirit, and too subservient to the influence of the doctrines of the French Academy.

This work of Mr. Carlyle's has, we think, once for all fairly extinguished this theory. Whatever may be thought of his claims to veneration as a constitutional leader or governor, the man's character, shining transparent through the "authentic utterances" now furnished to us, can no longer be matter of doubt or debate.

These letters, then, bear strongly marked upon them the impress of complete sincerity from first to last; and unless the profession of religion be in itself hypocrisy, we are unable to discover any hypocritical tinge throughout any part of the correspondence. In every crisis—on every subject—in public despatches, and in his most confidential letters—in his familiar billets to his own family, as well as in his letters from the Protector's throne to Blake and Mazarin, the strain is still the same—his own unworthiness—the littleness of time—the duty of doing all for God. Here we have public and private documents—some meant to meet the public eye—some which the writer never thought to pass beyond the hand they were addressed to. Some written while as yet no streak of dawning greatness, or even opportunity, could be descried in the horizon—others in the meridian of his

triumphs. We are satisfied—as every one who reads dispassionately must be—that in a correspondence spread over a whole lifetime, and disclosing the secrets of the man's inmost heart, such coincidence could not be found without complete sincerity. The mask must at one time or other have slipped off and disclosed the real features, if the whole life were played behind it. We think he comes out in his correspondence free from all suspicion of indirect dealing or duplicity—without a tint of vanity or vaingloriousness—but a deep-flowing, resolute, thoughtful, practical vein, breathes in every line. Whatever may be thought of his Parliamentary eloquence, this certainly is the character of his letters.

What, then, was Cromwell's real character? A very simple and intelligible one, as we think, and one very clearly elucidated in the book before us. From his early youth he was deeply visited by a sense of his spiritual dangers, and of his responsibilities to God. Born of an ancient and wealthy family, (a fact which Mr. Carlyle puts beyond dispute,) and recalled from the University, by the early death of his father, while yet a youth, to the head of his mother's house, he had remained, from the age of nineteen until past forty years of age, before a trumpet had sounded in his ear, or even a whisper of glory had warmed his heart. A grave, melancholy, soul-disturbed man, cultivating his native acres in the Fens of Huntingdon, and only bent beyond, on securing his everlasting peace—he might, but for the inevitable call of the times, have so passed away his days, no man imagining he was aught but anxious, honest, and fiery as he seemed, and all “guiltless of his country's blood.” When as member for his native borough, he found himself first involved in the public crisis of 1640, the motive which actuated him, far above any feeling of constitutional liberty, was zeal for the truth of God, and for the acknowledgment of evangelical religion, and he showed his sincerity no less than his sagacity, when, in order to oppose the high-blood of the cavaliers, he levied his Ironsides from God-fearing men. This one feeling—this engrossing thought, followed him throughout his whole career, even to the very threshold of the throne. We are not to say, that in a course so eventful and so triumphant, promptings of human ambition, and visions of temporal glory, found no place in his heart, or failed to influence his conduct. He would have had more than hu-

man self-command, if he had been deaf entirely to the voice of kingly grandeur by which he was so loudly assailed; but it is fair to say that the correspondence now before us discloses little of such weakness, and represents him as a man striving with great singleness of heart for the establishment of what he believed to be a government according to God's will. As an example of the grounds from which these conclusions are derived, we shall lay before our readers one or two extracts from the Letters before us, written at different periods in his career. We commence with the first letter of Cromwell which is preserved. It is a letter written before he had taken any part whatever in public life, and is in favor of a lectureship which had been established in his neighborhood in the country. It speaks sufficiently for itself.

“To my very loving friend Mr. Storie, at the sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange, London: Deliver these.

“St. Ives, 11th January, 1635.

“MR. STORIE,—Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, That they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious. Such a work as this was your erecting the Lecture in our Country; in the which you placed Dr. Wells, a man of goodness and industry, and ability to do good every way; not short of any I know in England: and I am persuaded that, sithence his coming, the Lord hath by him wrought much good among us.

“It only remains now that He who first moved you to this, put you forward in the continuance thereof: it was the Lord; and therefore to Him lift we up our hearts that He would perfect it. And surely, Mr. Storie, it were a piteous thing to see a Lecture fall, in the hands of so many able and godly men, as I am persuaded the founders of this are; in these times wherein we see they are suppressed, with too much haste and violence by the enemies of God's Truth. Far be it that so much guilt should stick to your hands, who live in a City so renowned for the clear shining light of the Gospel. You know, Mr. Storie, to withdraw the pay is to let fall the Lecture; for who goeth to warfare at his own cost? I beseech you therefore in the bowels of Jesus Christ, put it forward, and let the good man have his pay. The souls of God's children will bless you for it: and so shall I; and ever rest your loving Friend in the Lord,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Commend my hearty love to Mr. Busse, Mr. Beadly, and my other good friends. I would have written to Mr. Busse; but I was loath to trouble him with a long letter, and I feared I should not receive an answer from him: from you I expect one so soon as conveniently you may. *Vale.*"

If this be cant, it was cant for no conceivable object. At this time, at least, Oliver, in his wildest dreams, could hardly have figured to himself military honors or public power. He was an undistinguished man, living at St. Ives, and farming his grazing lands,

"on the Estate of Slepe Hall, and farmed the same for a space of some five years. How he lived at St. Ives: how he saluted men on the streets; read Bibles; sold cattle; and walked, with heavy footfall and many thoughts, through the Market Green, or old narrow lanes in St. Ives, by the shore of the black Ouse River—shall be left to the reader's imagination. There is in this man talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse River, thoughts that go beyond Eternity—and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to *think.*"

Our second instance finds him on the field of Marston Moor, and is written from the scene of bloodshed and of victory. It is a letter which strikes us to breathe a tone of tenderness and delicacy which we could never have expected from the rough and stern Puritan soldier. It is addressed to Colonel Walton; and his object is to inform him of the death of his son in the conflict; and we do not know that with all the thought the most considerate friend could have given, the news could have been broken to the bereaved father in a more gentle or consolatory manner.

"5th July 1644.

"It's our duty to sympathise in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together."

Having thus given warning of some calamity to be announced, he goes on in the next paragraph to describe the victory, and then proceeds,—

"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest Son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials in this way: but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child

full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, 'It was so great above his pain.'—This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable."

* * * * *

"Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious Saint in Heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays your truly faithful and loving Brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"My love to your Daughter, and my Cousin Perceval, Sister Desbrow and all friends with you."

Our third instance is to us the most remarkable letter in the whole collection, as showing not only the cool intrepidity of the man, but also exhibiting, under circumstances in which its sincerity could not be doubted, his strong faith in help and protection from above. It is written from the battle-field of Dunbar. The wily tactics of Leslie had detained the General of the Commonwealth hovering in vain for weeks round the rugged outskirts of Edinburgh. Inaccessibly posted on the Calton Hill, in a position too strong for attack, his cautious opponent could not be allured either by challenge or stratagem, to try the fortune of the field. Meanwhile, privations and disease were rapidly thinning his ranks, and at last nothing remained for it but retreat. He made the best of his way to his ships, which lay at the harbour of Dunbar, his dispirited and toil-worn troops hotly pursued by the Scottish army, now flushed with success and the hope of complete victory. If he cannot reach his ships his career is run. On the ground between what is now the village of Belhaven and Dunbar, the tents of Cromwell were pitched on that dismal night. The rain poured in torrents, and the spirit of the tempest shrieked over a strange shore and an unknown sea, from Traprain Law to the Bass, as if in fierce elegy for those who were to fall on the morrow, far from their homes. Hear how

the calm voice of the unmoved and sustained soul rises above the tumult of the elements and the storms of fortune.

"To Sir Arthur Heselrig, Governor of Newcastle: These.

Dunbar, 2d September, 1650.

"DEAR SIR,—We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

"I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, *whatever becomes of us*, it will be well for you to get what forces you can get together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our Spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

"Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. *I would not make it public lest danger should accrue thereby.* You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest, your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

So he wrote, in the full expectation that the morrow might terminate his victories and his life. It was the next morning, at the first charge of the cavalry, that as the clouds rolled away, and the sun shone out, "I heard Noll say, says Hodgson, 'Let God arise,—let his enemies be scattered!'" A more sublime and yet more simple war-cry than even the celebrated watchword of Napoleon from the foot of the Pyramids.

Our last instance finds him a mighty potentate, and a heart-broken, care-destroyed man. It is addressed to General Blake, at sea, and not much more than a year before the hero closed his course.

"To General Blake, at sea.

Whitehall, 10th June, 1657.

"SIR,—I have received yours of — 'April last;' and thereby the account of the good success it hath pleased God to give you at the Canaries, in your attempt upon the King of Spain's ships in the Bay of Santa Cruz.

"The mercy therein, to us and this Commonwealth, is very signal; both in the loss the enemy hath received, and also in the preserva-

tion of our 'own' ships and men;—which indeed was very wonderful; and according to the goodness and lovingkindness of the Lord, wherewith His good people hath been followed in all these late revolutions; and doth call on our part, that we should fear before Him, and still hope in his mercy.

"We cannot but take notice also how eminently it hath pleased God to make use of you in this service; assisting you with wisdom in the conduct, and courage in the execution 'thereof;'—and have sent you a small jewel, as a testimony of our own and the Parliament's good acceptance of your carriage in this action. We are also informed that the officers of the fleet, and the seamen, carried themselves with much honesty and courage; and we are considering of a way to show our acceptance thereof. In the meantime, we desire you to return our hearty thanks and acknowledgments to them.

"Thus, beseeching the Lord to continue His presence with you, I remain your very affectionate friend,

"OLIVER P."

We know not what effect these quotations may have upon our readers; but for ourselves, we think it might be well if all in power, in the camp or the Cabinet, both wrote and acted under similar impressions.

The conclusion, therefore, that we draw is, that Cromwell's religious feelings were not only sincere, but formed the great prevailing motive of his conduct in life. It was for this at the first that he took up arms; and in this feeling, under different modifications, the secret will be found of all the great passages in his life. Thus his assumption of the power of the Protectorate, is not, as we think, to be explained on the mere hypothesis of personal ambition. We think that at that period he believed himself called to be the instrument of a great work. He saw, the Parliament wasting their strength, and endangering the security of the nation, in vain disputations, while royalist intrigue was rapidly undermining their stability. He saw, on the other part, that he had the power in his own hand, and perhaps the sole power, of averting these calamities; and therefore seeing no other deliverance, he seems to have felt impelled not to cast away the opportunity which Providence seemed to have put within his grasp. There may have been in this a greater or less degree of enthusiasm, or self-delusion; nor, perhaps, was he unwilling to regard that as a duty to which his ambition or inclination prompted. But even in his most private letters, written during the period of the Protectorate,

there is a deep cast of pain and care, as if he would fain throw off his harness, and be free and at rest once more, if his duty to the State did not require his continued exertions; and we find nothing in any of his correspondence like complacency or even comfort in his wonderful elevation.

In this book of Carlyle's, however, Cromwell is of course a hero, in whom his very faults are merits, and only thought to be faults, because the dull world and he are at issue on the subject. The worst feature in the work is, that he not only passes over, without a word of disapprobation, but rather seems to extol and admire the radical defect in Cromwell's character, namely, his disregard of the principles of liberty: which comes out quite as clearly in this correspondence, as does his religious sincerity. It was zeal for Protestant truth, and not for constitutional right, which impelled him to join in the wars of the commonwealth; and never, throughout his whole career, does he seem to have had any sound appreciation of the principles of popular government. Thus the Protectorate, commenced in military usurpation, continued a system of unmingled arbitrary power, swayed, indeed, by a strong hand, with justice and clemency, but still owing what liberty it possessed only to the good pleasure of the ruler. Undoubtedly it is a singular proof of the vigor and clear sight of the man, that though his power was usurped and arbitrary, his rule in all the three kingdoms was beneficent and salutary. Even in Scotland, we appear to have been surprised with the spectacle of impartial justice in the administration of the law, and to have set it down, in those days of clanship, to the circumstance that the judges of the usurper were a set of "kinless loons."

All this, however, did not atone in the eyes of the lovers of liberty in those days, who had spent blood and treasure for its preservation, for the utter subversion of constitutional government which accompanied the power of the Protector; and it is not without a feeling approaching to indignation, that we find Mr. Carlyle deliberately treating those who would blame the despotism of his reign as "hide-bound pedants," still enveloped in the mists of prejudice, and unable to discern that all the hero did was, and must have been, rightly done. No doubt Oliver had ticklish materials to deal with, and he cut the knot with his sword, as a soldier might be expected to do; but al-

though it might not be unnatural that he should resort to a course so unencumbered, such a plea is only that which might be raised for the destruction of the liberties of man by any tyrant who ever ruled.

In short, Cromwell's original desire was evidently to frame what Carlyle calls a theocracy—to establish a Government in which the fear of God should be openly acknowledged as a paramount rule of action. He either felt, or persuaded himself that he felt, this prevalent motive throughout. He cashiered the Rump Parliament, avowedly on the ground of their irreligious and dissolute lives. He assumed the Protectorate because he found, that amid the vain harangues of Parliament, the reign of the "malignant" Stuarts would recommence, and even his coquettings with the name of King, may have been justified to his own mind, by the more sacred nature of the office.

Of Cromwell's Speeches we have no space or leisure to speak. Independently of any intention to mystify, he was plainly a man whose words did not come readily in public, and who laboured painfully to express even the simplest sentiment. He possessed the peculiarity, not uncommon, of writing with great care and precision, while his public speaking was singularly confused and unintelligible—a characteristic which is, to a certain extent, shared by the great General of our own times, whose oratory is far from equalling the lucid distinctness of his military dispatches. We must here take occasion to remark, that nothing could possibly be in worse taste than the interjectional ejaculations of Mr. Carlyle, which he throws in to assist the sturdy confusion of Oliver himself. If he had any regard for the unity of the picture, he would hardly have introduced such a dance of satyrs in a grave historical painting. The reader might have derived some advantage in following the meaning of the speaker from Mr. Carlyle's editorial assistance, if he had conveyed it in intelligible language in the form of notes, but as it is, the contrast between his hero and himself is too great, either for gravity or temper.

The blackest portion of Cromwell's life, and the deepest stain upon his character, is treated by Mr. Carlyle in a strain of unbecoming levity and indifference. Cromwell was a merciful, rather than a cruel man. He had no delight in bloodshed; and there are many traits of considerate humanity which occur in the history of his campaigns.

But the story of the massacres of Drogheda and Wexford is one over which no sophistry or hero-idolatry can throw a veil. The indiscriminate slaughter which, by command of Cromwell, took place at the storming of these towns, is enough, even in the account which he himself gives of it, to make the blood run cold. Yet Mr. Carlyle not only palliates, but defends the proceeding, and calls those who would have the victorious General listen to the voice of humanity, "rose-water surgeons." Perhaps in some respects religious bigotry justified to Cromwell himself the wanton slaughter of the monks. But his main and real object manifestly was to strike terror into the country, by a spectacle of fearful retribution, and thus not only to save years of bloodshed, but to finish the campaign, and enable him to return to scenes in which his presence was required. Nor was his cold-blooded policy ineffectual. The awful example paralyzed the heart of the nation, and one citadel after the other yielded to the arms of the Commonwealth. But the cry of vengeance for her murdered sons has resounded from Ireland from that day to this, and its memory still lives in the emphatic "Curse of Cromwell."

Our limits compel us to close this hasty sketch. We honestly commend the book to our readers, as one they cannot read without amusement and instruction. And for the hero of the tale, whatever were the faults which clouded his greatness, and how bitter soever the upbraidings over his cold ashes, he was a man such as seldom has appeared on the page of history. Unused to arms—bred neither in court nor in camp—he started on his military career, and first wooed Fortune at that age

When she her best-loved Pompey did discard ;"

and unlike most conquerors or usurpers, he not only won, but wore her favors to the last. His skill as a General was evinced by his unbroken success—and that success not the result of happy circumstances, but of sagacious, unceasing energy, equally undaunted by reverses, and unelated by victory. But he possessed also the rare gift of preserving in peace what he won at the point of the sword ; and though the stage on which he played his part was more limited than that of the mighty Corsican, he shines out to our eyes a hero of truer lustre, as of equal genius in action, and far calmer and more truly great in the

policy of peace. If he swayed an arbitrary, it was a brilliant sceptre, under which Royalists and Fifth Monarchy men quailed alike, and to which all Europe, even the haughty Mazarin, did homage. It matters little to his countrymen whether his memory be honored by monumental marble, or even that the poet's promise, that "his ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest," should have remained unfulfilled. The record of his fame is engraven in our history, and all our subsequent glory does it involuntary homage. The annals of legitimate monarchy show few who so well deserved to be remembered ; and beside the imbecile James, the perfidy of the first, and the profligacy of the second Charles, he shines like the orb of day among the lesser fires. Peace, we say, to his memory ! The concluding lines of Dryden's funeral stanzas, already alluded to, were not altogether empty panygeric.

"His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blest
Where piety and valor jointly go."

From the North British Review.

ECCLESIASTICAL MIRACLES.

An Essay on the Miracles recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages. By John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford, 1843. 1 vol. 8vo.

Lives of the English Saints. London, 1844-45. 14 Nos. 18mo.

WE do not envy the feelings with which a sincere and intelligent Roman Catholic enters upon an explanation of the miracles recorded and believed in his Church. Every thing human has its weak points ; and the Christian beholds with sorrow the strifes and divisions, and other cankering sores, which mar even the fair face of the religion of love. In his contest with external enemies, he naturally seeks to avoid a theme so ungrateful ; and he must be weak indeed, or nobly strong, who would set them in the first front of battle. But a harder task awaits the champion of the "Legends of the Saints." It is his, not to palliate, defend, or explain, but to glorify corruptions ; to treat them, not as abuses, or excrescences, but as the characteristics of his Church ; and to appeal to them in the most solemn

manner as direct interpositions of the Almighty hand of God, in proof of his presence and favor. It must be the very gall of bitterness for a noble and devout nature to be driven to such necessity. We need not wonder, therefore, that the more enlightened in the Church of Rome either altogether avoid, or, when that is impossible, hesitate, qualify, and, with some sweeping commendation of faith, turn shrinkingly away from the bare enunciation of her miracles. Even the least scrupulous controversialists appeal to them for the most part generally, and in the gross; and the image bows its head, and the relic works its charm only to the eyes of the faithful.

In their case there is much to mourn over, and something to pardon. The credulous, the timid, and the ignorant, almost unconsciously acquiesce in practices and opinions familiar to them from infancy, recommended by general consent, hallowed by religion, and enforced and protected by penalties the most severe. The more reflecting "wink hard," or take refuge in infidelity, or make what shift they can with the arrow in their sides. The Essay of Mr. Newman is an attempt to induce Protestants voluntarily to place themselves in this most painful and unhappy condition; and by way of encouragement, he has put the yoke on his own neck.

There is perhaps nothing in profane antiquity which lays such strong hold on the higher sympathies of our nature, as the story of the Roman wife, who drew the dagger reeking from her own bosom, and gave it to her husband, saying, "It is not painful, Pætus!" Overpowered by the evidence of such surpassing affection, it requires a painful effort to pass judgment on her splendid crime. Yet though it may seem a harder thing for a sincere Protestant minister to believe in the miracles of Benedict of Nursia, or St. Simeon of the Pillar, than to lay down his life for a dear friend, the effect on the world is altogether different: and ere men listen to the assurance, and follow the example of Mr. Newman, he must not be surprised should they look into the matter for themselves, and resolve thereupon to throw the dagger away;—nay, should even tell him, that the only danger lay in using it.

Nor is Mr. Newman so borne away by his own enthusiasm as to be unprepared for such an emergency. The traveller on his way to Rome cannot avoid the supernatural narratives of the early ages; and if he can

overcome the difficulties of the fourth and fifth centuries, the rest of his path is comparatively easy. These difficulties, however, are so formidable, that according to Mr. Newman's own showing, it is inconsiderate, and even wanton, to venture amongst them without a guide.

"It will naturally suggest itself to him to form some judgment upon them, and a perplexity, perhaps a painful perplexity, may ensue from the difficulty of doing so. This being the case, it is inconsiderate and almost wanton to bring such subjects before him, without making at least the attempt to assist him in disposing of them."—P. 12.

The attempt is accordingly made in his Essay on Miracles, prefixed to the first volume of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, where such supernatural narratives abound;—in many cases judiciously improved, and ingeniously altered from their original and authentic form, yet still perplexing enough to the modern reader.

It is a grave question whether the power of working miracles extended beyond the Apostolic age; or rather whether the evidence for any miracle, not recorded in Scripture, has sufficient weight to enforce from the Christian a complete and reasonable belief. All that is most precious to him—his consolations in time, his hopes for eternity, depend for their existence on the Scripture miracles. "If," says the Apostle, "Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."—1 Cor. xv. 14. The evidence for their truth, therefore, must needs be powerful: and, as derived from the origin, increase, and reception of Christianity, and the lives, deaths, characters, and writings of the first disciples and their followers, it is most certainly powerful and overwhelming. It is needless to state that there is no such evidence for the miracles which are said to have followed them, and which Mr. Newman happily terms "the Ecclesiastical Miracles." There is indeed a heaven-wide distinction between the two, in their nature, in their objects, and in the evidence by which they are respectively supported; and this is so admirably illustrated by Mr. Newman, that we shall quote his account of it at length.

"The miracles wrought in times subsequent to the Apostles are of a very different character, viewed as a whole, from those of Scripture viewed as a whole; so much so, that some writers have not scrupled to say, that if

they really took place, *they must be considered as forming another dispensation*;* and, at least, they are in some sense supplementary to the Apostolic. This will be evident both on a survey of some of them, and by referring to the language used by the Fathers of the Church concerning them.

"The Scripture miracles are for the most part evidence of a Divine revelation, and that for the sake of those who have not yet been instructed in it, and in order to the instruction of multitudes; but the miracles which follow have sometimes no discoverable or direct object, or but a slight object; they happen for the sake of individuals, and of those who are already Christians, or for purposes already effected, as far as we can judge, by the miracles of Scripture. The Scripture miracles are wrought by persons consciously exercising under Divine guidance a power committed to them for definite ends, professing to be immediate messengers from heaven, and to be evidencing their mission by their miracles: whereas Ecclesiastical miracles are not so much wrought as displayed, being effected by Divine power without any visible media of operation at all, or by inanimate or material media, as relics and shrines, or by instruments who did not know at the time what they were effecting, or, if they were hoping and praying for such supernatural blessing, at least did not know when they were to be used as instruments, when not. We find the gift often committed, in the words of Middleton, 'not to the successors of the Apostles, to the Bishops, the Martyrs, or the principal champions of the Christian cause, but to boys, to women, and above all to private and obscure laymen, not only of an inferior, but sometimes also of a bad character.'[†] The miracles of Scripture are, as a whole, grave, simple, and majestic: those of Ecclesiastical history often partake of what may not unfitly be called a romantic character, and of that wildness and inequality which enters into the notion of romance. The miracles of Scripture are undeniably of a supernatural character: those of Ecclesiastical history are often scarcely more than extraordinary accidents or coincidences, or events which seem to betray exaggerations or errors in the statement. The miracles of Scripture are definite and whole transactions, drawn out and carried through from first to last, with beginning and ending, clear, complete, and compact in the narrative, separated from extraneous matter, and consigned to authentic statements: whereas the Ecclesiastical for the most part are not contained in any authoritative form or original document; at best they need to be extracted from merely historical works, and often are only floating rumors, popular traditions, vague, various, inconsistent in detail, tales which only *happen* to have

survived, or which in the course of years obtained a permanent place in local usages or in particular rites or in certain spots, recorded at a distance from the time and country when and where they profess to have occurred, and brought into shape only by the juxtaposition of distinct informants. Moreover, in Ecclesiastical history true and false miracles are mixed: whereas in Scripture, inspiration has selected the true to the exclusion of all others."—Pp. 24, 25.

In connection with this statement, he adds, (p. 62.)—

"Should any one urge, as was stated in a former place, that the Ecclesiastical miracles virtually form a new dispensation, we need not deny it in the sense in which the Prophetic miracles are distinct from the Mosaic."

And, to make the matter perfectly clear, he goes on to assert that the Ecclesiastical miracles "seem but parallel, as they are contemporaneous, to the development, additions, and *changes in dogmatic statements*, which have occurred between the apostolic and the present age." Now, there is in these two statements a very material apparent discrepancy between the nature of these miracles, and the agency assigned to them; but there is something far more remarkable than any discrepancy, in the deliberate assertion, that a new dispensation, with a change of dogmatic statements, has been introduced by Ecclesiastical miracles since the apostolic age. Can Mr. Newman have forgotten the solemn and emphatic language of St. Paul? "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." If there be those who have really committed this sin,—if there be any Church, which has brought in, or received the "new dispensation," assuredly such is the sentence recorded against her in the archives of heaven.

Proceeding to examine the *internal character* of the Ecclesiastical miracles, we find the whole of them, as a class, inferior to the Scripture miracles; some dissimilar in object; some directly contrary; and some having no assignable object whatever (p. 46). Such a state of things is no doubt "painfully perplexing;" and, so far as we are aware, Mr. Newman is the first who has endeavored to fling a bridge over this chaos—that is, to promulgate a *theory* which shall bring the whole into harmony and order. He is a grave man, and writes on

* *Vid.* MIDDLETON'S *Inquiry*, p. 24 et al. CAMPBELL on *Miracles*, p. 121.

† Page 25. Edit. 1749.

grave subjects, and we cannot suspect him of any leaning towards the burlesque; nevertheless, his theory of Ecclesiastical miracles is nothing other than a caricature of the argument from analogy. It is Bishop Butler travestied. We present the substance of it to our readers in his own words:—

“To take for instance, the case of animal nature, let us consider the effect produced upon the mind on seeing, for the first time, the many tribes of the animal world, as we find them brought together for the purposes of science or exhibition in our own country. We are accustomed, indeed, to see wild beasts more or less, from our youth, or at least to read of them; but even with this partial preparation, many persons will be moved in a very singular way on going for the first time, or after some interval, to a menagerie.”—P. 47.

“First, the endless number of wild animals, their independence of man and uselessness to him; then their exhaustless variety; then their strangeness in shape, color, size, motions, and countenance; not to enlarge on the still more mysterious phenomena of their natural propensities and passions; all these things throng upon us, and are in danger of overpowering us, tempting us to view the Physical Cause of all as disconnected from the Moral, and that, from the impression borne in upon us, that nothing we see in this vast assemblage is *religious*, in our sense of the word religious. We see full evidence there of an Author—of power, wisdom, goodness; but not of a Principle or Agent correlative to our idea of religion. But without pushing this remark to an extreme point, or dwelling on it further than our present purpose requires, let two qualities of the works of nature be observed before leaving the subject, which (whatever explanation is to be given of them, and certainly some explanation is not beyond even our limited powers) are at first sight very perplexing. One is that principle of *deformity*, whether hideousness or mere homeliness, which exists in the animal world; and the other (if the word may be used with due soberness) is the *ludicrous*;—that is, judging of things, as we are here judging of them, by their impression upon our minds.

“It is obvious to apply what has been said to the case of the miracles of the Church, as compared with those in Scripture. Scripture is to us a garden of Eden, and its creations are beautiful as well as ‘very good;’ but when we pass from the Apostolic to the following ages, it is as if we left the choicest valleys of the earth, the quietest and most harmonious scenery, and the most cultivated soil, for the luxuriant wildernesses of Africa or Asia, the *natural home or kingdom of brute nature, uninfluenced by man*. Or rather, it is a great injustice to the times of the Church, to represent the contrast as so vast a one; and Adam might much more justly have been startled at the various forms of life which were brought

before him to be named, than we may presume at once to decide that certain alleged miracles in the Church are not really such, because they are unlike those to which our eyes have been accustomed in Scripture. There is far greater difference between the appearance of a horse or an eagle, and a monkey, or a lion and a mouse, as they meet our eye, than between the most august of the Divine manifestations in Scripture, and the meanest and most fanciful of those legends which we are accustomed without further examination to cast aside.”—Pp. 48, 49.

It must be acknowledged that Mr Newman's vein is not happy, in striving to do honor to the miracles of Rome and the early ages. He allows that many of them were false, and many of doubtful authority; and those which are, or may be true, he characterizes as rude and brutelike in nature, uncouth, aimless, ludicrous, or deformed. Reserving the question of the truth or falsehood of the miracles, the epithets, by which he describes them, are at once apposite, and admirably chosen. A Tractarian theory is the very counterpart of the legendary labyrinth: those who lose themselves perish; and for all that enter, the only possible fortunate issue is to return, after much waste of time and labor, to the place from which they set out at first; and Mr. Newman is true to his school.

“An inquirer, then,” says he, p. 104, “should not enter upon the subject of the miracles reported or alledged in ecclesiastical history, without being prepared for *fiction and exaggeration* in the narrative, to an indefinite extent. This cannot be insisted on too often: nothing but the gift of inspiration could have hindered it. Nay, he must not expect that more than a few can be exhibited with evidence of so cogent and complete a character as to demand his acceptance.”

Yet why should not an honest man be able to tell the truth, although he laid no claim to inspiration? If the Fathers were holy and honest men, they may reasonably be expected to narrate facts, which they profess in many cases to have seen with their own eyes, without any very considerable amount of lying. Here, however, and here only, in Mr. Newman's opinion, the Scripture appears to have a considerable advantage: for it is an authentic document; while the Church unfortunately has never catalogued her miracles, and hence, such of them as are known to be true, afford only an indefinite presumption in favor of the others.

The next step is to prove, as well as he

can, (pp. 106-109,) that Leslie's tests can only be applied to a very few of the Mosaic miracles, and not at all to those of the New Testament; that Paley proves but the bare fact of the Resurrection; that Lyttleton, Douglas, and others, fail in most instances in making out their case, and that Douglas especially (p. 109) leads us to infer, that the whole of the New Testament miracles lie under the suspicion of falsehood. Nay, as there are men who object to the Ecclesiastical Miracles as fanciful, trifling, extravagant, or evidently false, he meets such arguments thus:—

“As they are used to serve the purpose of those who would disparage saints, it is necessary to show that they can be turned by unbelievers as plausibly, but as sophistically, against apostles.”—P. 90.

We will not outrage the feelings, and insult the good sense of our readers, by following Mr. Newman in this disgraceful attempt. The Tractarians teach that the Canon and the Creed, the Bible and the doctrines of Christianity, have no other proof, no other foundation, than the voice of the fourth and fifth centuries; “they know no other, they require no other.” They teach that, “If the Fathers contradict each other in words, so do passages of Scripture contradict each other,” (*Tract 85*, p. 80); that a certain miracle of our Lord's would, if met with any where else, be spoken of “as an evident fiction,” (p. 92); that His interpretation of “I am the God of Abraham,” would “startle and offend reasoning men,” (p. 110); that were we not *used* to read many of the Scripture narratives, we should scoff at them, (p. 88); that the prophets gathered certain of their doctrines from Babylon, others from the heathen; and that, if we reject the authority of the Fathers, because we find contradictions, absurdities, and falsehoods in their writings, (as is most undeniably the case,) we are bound, on the very same grounds, to reject the authority of the Scriptures. In like manner is continued for 115 pages, a deliberate, laborious, and systematic attempt to undermine and depreciate the inspired Word of God, to barb the arrows of the infidel, to collect every accusation, to insinuate every topic, which tends to shake our confidence in Scripture; and all this for what? merely that men may be driven elsewhere for a system which is not to be found in it. Nor is the attempt made in ignorance of its dangerous and

mischievous nature; for it is distinctly and emphatically announced, at the commencement of *Tract 85*, as “a kill or cure remedy.”

It may reasonably be asked, were it possible to drag down Scripture to the level of the Fathers, and to show that it contained contradictions, errors, and untruths,—where would be the gain to the Tractarians? Their answer is, that if we have faith in the Church, though our religion were “as unsafe as the sea,” yet He “who could make St. Peter walk the waves, could make even a corrupt or defective Creed, truth to us.”—*Tract 85*, p. 85. Not now for the first time has Christ been “wounded in the house of his friends.” When the Priests and Pharisees of old, in spite of Levitical succession, and asceticism, and traditional lore, saw fishermen and peasants chosen and approved as ministers of the gospel, and publicans and sinners pressing into the kingdom of God before them, they hated and spoke against the teaching of Jesus ever the more bitterly, as it went forth, with increasing clearness, the opposite and the antagonist of their own.

But leaving these men, and their unhappy and chaotic theories, where falsehood cannot be separated from truth, and superstition and infidelity struggle for the mastery, there remains still, in all its perplexity, the unresolved problem of Ecclesiastical Miracles. As a preliminary to further inquiry, we unhesitatingly reject from the list every miracle said to have been wrought by pretended saints, heretics, or demons, and every narrative found in anonymous, obscure, or apocryphal works; in short, all which the Church of Rome scruples or declines to receive. Still further, we shall consider only such miracles as are vouched for by the very chief of the Fathers in acknowledged genuine treatises, or by the authority of a General Council, or by the authentic acts of saints canonized by the Church of Rome, and inserted in her Breviary. Few perhaps are aware of the extreme severity of the Romish ordeal. The following account of it is taken from “*Milner's End of Controversy*,” p. 253, as published at Derby in 1843.

“In the first place, then, a juridical examination of each reported miracle must be made in the place where it is said to have happened, and the depositions of the several witnesses must be given upon oath; this examination is generally repeated two or three different times at intervals. In the next place, the examiners

at Rome are unquestionably men of character, talents, and learning, who, nevertheless, are not permitted to pronounce upon any cure or other effect in nature, till they have received a regular report of physicians and naturalists upon it. So far from being precipitate, it employs them whole years to come to a decision on a few cases, respecting each saint; this is printed and handed about among indifferent persons, previously to its being laid before the Pope. In short, so strict is the examination, that, according to an Italian proverb, *It is next to a miracle to get a miracle proved at Rome.* It is reported, by F. Daubenton, that an English Protestant gentleman, meeting, in that city, with a printed process of forty miracles, which had been laid before the Congregation of Rites, to which the examination of them belonged, was so well satisfied with the respective proofs of them as to express a wish that Rome would never allow of any miracles but such as were as strongly proved as these appeared to be, when, to his great surprise, he was informed that every one of these had been rejected by Rome as not sufficiently proved."—P. 253.

To these classes, no doubt, Mr. Newman refers, when he speaks of the miracles which are "known to be such," and which lend their sanction to innumerable others, made use of, but not catalogued, in the Romish Church. That, then, which has for evidence whatever is wisest and holiest among the Fathers, or the authority of the General Council, or the searching scrutiny of the Congregation of Rites, sanctioned by the Breviary, with the "imprimatur" of the Council of Trent and the Popes, may safely be looked upon as an authentic specimen of an ecclesiastical miracle. "That Palladius," says Mr. Newman, "has put in writing a report of an hyena's asking pardon of a solitary for killing a sheep, and of a female turned by magic into a mare, will appear no reason, except to vexed and heated minds, for accusing the holy Ambrose of imposture, or the keen, practised, and experienced intellect of Augustine, of abject credulity."

We shall, therefore, in illustrating the nature of the ecclesiastical miracles, select, not from Palladius and Theodoret, or Vincentius Belluacensis and Jacobus de Voragine, but from Ambrose and Augustine, Jerome and Chrysostom, Gregory of Nissa and Sulpicius Severus, Gregory the Great and St. Bernard, the Second Council of Nice, and the Breviary of the Church of Rome.

Remarkable it is that Romanists and Tractarians alike content themselves with

tracing upwards their distinguishing doctrines, and their distinguishing miracles, not to the Apostolic age, but to the church of Ambrose and Augustine, of Chrysostom and Athanasius. Then, indeed, she had princely bishops, and magnificent basilics, and gold and silver vessels, and precious shrines, and gorgeous ceremonies, and the power and the will to trample her enemies under her feet. Her prelates held their own with emperors; the deserts of Egypt swarmed with her monks; every shrine had its miracles; and her virgins were in the first freshness of their glory. Yet there appears to be no sufficient reason, why we should seek for the primitive type of Christianity in an age four hundred years distant from the time of its Founder. About four hundred years ago, Bedford and Talbot were warring with La Hire and Dunois, and Joan of Arc was judicially murdered by the sentence of a French bishop, confirmed by the University of Paris, at the command of the English. Four hundred years ago, Constantinople was a Christian capital, the Cape of Good Hope was not discovered, and the Council of Basle was propounding to the Church the immaculate conception of the Virgin. Four hundred years ago, a Roman Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury denounced the translation of the Bible as "pernicious," and the Roman Catholic Church of England was engaged in condemning the Lollards. Little enough do we know of the spirit or religion of the men of England in those days, when the war of the Roses was preparing. But if we interpose four hundred years of greater darkness, as were the first four centuries of the Christian era, when printing was unknown, and civil wars, continual revolutions, and barbarian swarms swept away almost every trace of literature, how is it possible, not to prove, but even to suppose, that the Church of Christ and his Apostles could be identical, or alike with the Church of Ambrose and Chrysostom?

Nevertheless, though the Patristic Church did, in verity, so differ from the Apostolic, as to form, in Mr. Newman's estimation, "a new dispensation," there is, on that account, but the more reason to listen patiently to the miracles which she has to allege. Waiving all abstract arguments, it is her right to require credence for every miracle which she can satisfactorily substantiate; while on the other hand, if she fails in proving the miracles, the doctrines or practices which she founds on them

cannot be sustained. Failure may even have more serious consequences: for, "lying miracles" and "doctrines of demons," that is, of dead men, are distinguishing marks of the great apostacy.

Theodorus, afterwards called Gregory, and surnamed "the Wonder Worker," was bishop of Neo Cæsarea, in Pontus, towards the middle of the third century. His life has been written by Gregory of Nyssa, who was the brother of Basil the Great, and whose reputation for learning and virtue gained for him the title of Father of the Fathers. His record of the miracles of his name-sake is corroborated by Basil and Jerome, is received as authentic by Mr. Newman, and is to be found in Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, which was republished by authority, in 1836, as "an Historical Supplement to the Old and New Testaments."

Gregory Thaumaturgus wrought many wonderful works, and he has left behind two very wonderful writings, both of which deserve notice. The first is very short indeed: it is a letter to the devil. The second is not very long: it is a creed, which was dictated to him by the Apostle John and the Virgin Mary. The history of the first is gravely narrated by the Nyssene bishop, and as gravely repeated by Mr. Newman. We translate, slightly abridging, from the Paris edition of 1638.

"As Gregory was returning from his solitude to the city, being overtaken by evening, and a heavy shower of rain, he entered with his attendants into a certain temple. Now, this temple was famous, because in it there was a familiar intercourse between the demons who were worshipped and the attendant priests, oracular responses being uttered by them. As soon as he had entered the temple with his followers, immediately he frightened away the demons by the invocation of the name of Christ; and having purified, by the sign of the cross, the air polluted with the fumes of sacrifices, he spent the whole night, as was his wont, sleepless, and engaged in prayer and the singing of hymns. Early in the morning he proceeded on his journey. But when the priest was offering the customary morning worship to the demons, it is reported, that the demons appearing to him, said that the place was inaccessible to them, on account of him who had remained in it during the night. The priest, therefore, (*after fruitless endeavors to induce them to return*,) full of rage and fury, hastening after that great one, as soon as he overtook him, broke out into the fiercest threats, of denouncing him to the magistrates, of laying violent hands upon him, of complaining to the emperor, that he, a

Christian and an enemy to the gods, had dared to enter into their temples, so that miraculous power was no longer put forth there, nor oracles emitted. But Gregory (undismayed) answered, that he had such confidence in Him who fought for him, that he was able to drive out the demons, or to bring them in again, wherever and whenever it pleased him. (The priest, amazed, asked him for a proof.) Whereupon that great, one tearing off a small fragment from a book, and writing upon it his command to the demons, gave it to the priest: now, these were the words of the letter,—GREGORY TO SATAN, ENTER! And the priest having laid this letter on the altar, on performing the customary rites, again saw what he had been accustomed to see, ere the demons had been driven from their temple."—*Greg. Nyss. Opera*. tom. iii., pp. 548, 549.

From this miracle it appears to follow, that, in the eyes of the Fathers and of the Church of Rome, there is nothing iniquitous, or unworthy of a Christian bishop, in restoring devil worship, and giving power to Satan by oracles, and miracles, to lead captive and destroy human souls. It may be urged in extenuation, that the priest was afterwards converted. Unfortunately, however, this did not take place, until the bishop, at the priest's request, had made a huge rock move from one place to another, as if it had been "a living creature." Then the priest acknowledged the incarnation of Christ, and was baptized, (p. 550).

The second production is not less remarkable. On a very dark night, as Gregory lay awake in great distress of mind about a sermon which he had to preach on the Trinity, he was suddenly aware of a venerable old man who stood by his bedside. His mysterious visitor pointed with his fingers in a certain direction, and Gregory, involuntarily glancing thitherwards, beheld a third party added to their conference. It was a woman of more than human aspect and majesty. Light was diffused around them, brighter than the splendor of a torch. Nor was Gregory left in doubt as to the names of his celestial visitors. For the woman, addressing John by name, requested him to explain the mystery to the youth before them: and John answered, "that he was prepared in this matter to gratify the mother of the Lord." As soon as the Apostle had ended his explanation, the two vanished; and Gregory, immediately committing it to writing, has bequeathed this divinely inspired (*divinitus datam*) document to posterity. We subjoin a literal translation:

"One God the Father of the living Word, of subsisting essential wisdom and power, and of figure, or likeness (*χαράκτῆρος*) eternal; perfect, the begetter of the perfect; Father of the only begotten Son. One Lord, *solus ex solo*, God of God; the express form and image of the Godhead, the efficacious Word, the Wisdom comprehensive of the constitution of all things, and the Power which formed the whole creation; the true Son of the true Father; invisible of the invisible; incorruptible of the incorruptible; immortal of the immortal; and eternal of the eternal. And one Holy Spirit, having existence from God; who has been made manifest through the Son, namely to men; the image of the Son, perfect of the perfect; Life, the cause (of life) to the living; the holy fountain, Holiness; the Leader (or Minister) of sanctification; by whom is manifested God the Father, who is over all things, and in all things, and God the Son, who is through (permeates) all things; a perfect Trinity, in glory, eternity, and dominion, neither divided, nor differing (alienated) from each other."—P. 546.

Now, says Nyssen, may we not justly compare this with the tables of the law given to Moses. "Instead of the sensible Sinai, there was the height of desire for the truth; instead of the darkness that covered the mountain, there was a vision unseen by others; instead of tables of stone, a human mind; instead of writing, the voice of his visitors." (P. 574.) The balance here appearing to decline decidedly against Moses, the considerate bishop is willing to afford him another chance. Accordingly, he relates a story of two brothers disputing concerning their respective rights to a certain lake. Gregory decided the dispute by drying it up. Now, Moses divided the Red Sea, and Joshua, the river Jordan; but, as Nyssen observes, they merely parted the waters while the host was passing, whereas Gregory dried the lake up altogether. So much for the greatness of the miracle; and if the wisdom of the decision be considered, the celebrated judgment of Solomon, in the matter of the contending mothers, cannot for a moment be compared with it. Pp. 555, 557. Add to these, that, during a remarkable inundation of the river Lycus, he stuck his stick into the ground, at a point from which the river retired, and never rose so far again for a hundred years, and the stick became a tree: which, (Mr. Newman writes, p. 130,) "some may think approaches to fulfil Leslie's celebrated criterion of a miracle."* Again, when a cour-

tezan publicly asked him for money, which she said he had promised her, he paid her the money, but the devil immediately entered into her. Finally, when a Jew pretended to be dead, and his companion asked for something to bury him in, Gregory threw his cloak over the supposed dead man, upon removing which, he was found to be dead indeed; and now, the catalogue of nearly all the miracles particularly detailed by Nyssen is complete. On turning to the Romish Breviary, it will be found that these miracles of Gregory Thaumaturgus form the subject of the 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th lessons for the 17th day of November; the drying up of the lake, the staff on the banks of the Lycus, the removal of a rock, the driving demons from the temple, being all particularly mentioned, and the others included in a general affirmation of the many miracles which he performed. Such as it is, the narrative was gathered from tradition alone, was written one hundred and twenty years after the events, and need not detain us from passing on to the two following centuries.

The fourth and fifth centuries were emphatically the age of ecclesiastical miracles and "inventions." Irenæus, indeed, makes mention of the "gift of tongues," and of men raised from the dead in his time: but his adoption, in all its absurdity, of the legendary gossip of Papias, and the absence of all details as to name, date, and place, prove nothing but his own credulity. Cyprian was no miracle-monger; and the few which he ventures to repeat, concerning the consecrated bread turned into cinders, and such like, are best left in obscurity. It is far otherwise when we come to men, who have ever been looked on as the lights of the Church, and who report what they profess to have seen with their own eyes. Supposing that these eminent men wrote in good faith and with due caution, much will be found in these narratives

the melting of the snow on the Himalaya range, many of the Indian rivers rise with alarming rapidity, and subside as rapidly. Not many years ago, one of the feeders of the Ganges threatened to overtop its dams, and injure the surrounding crops. A Roman Catholic priest hastened to the point where the danger was greatest, and laid down a consecrated medal in order to stop the flood; but the waters covered it. He then lifted the medal, and placed it somewhat farther back, and with the same result: but, on the third trial, he appeared to be successful; for the river rose no higher. Now, this very natural occurrence he always looked upon as a miracle. And why should it not be as good a miracle as Gregory's?

* The following twin ecclesiastical miracle is consistent with our personal knowledge. After

which cannot now be considered as miraculous. The shrine of a popular Christian saint and the temple of a popular heathen god resembled each other so closely, as inevitably to suggest certain suspicions as to the family likeness of their interior working. Each had its holy salted water, its altar at the east end, its sanctuary for criminals, its multitude of worshippers, its treasure-room stored with gorgeous robes, embroidered veils, candelabra, chalices, and vases of gold, silver, or brass, and ornaments often sparkling with gems. During the day, the sick pressed in to be healed; during the night, crowds slept in the porches, waiting to be informed, by dream or vision, of their stray cattle, or lost spoons, or whatever else lay nearest their hearts for the moment. Each, too, had its golden models of arms and legs, of feet and eyes, its pictures of remarkable escapes, and its numerous scrolls, with duly attested cases of miraculous cures, and prodigies, all effected by the interposition of the presiding genius. So far the balance of evidence stands even between the heathen Esculapius of Egæ, and the Christian Theodorus of Pontus. With the help of Salverte and Baptista Porta, and the Hindu jugglers, one of whose seats was to sit unsupported in the air, and with the pipes and wires of an Isis in Pompeii, or an image of Our Lady in an English monastery as they lie in the page of history before us, much can be accounted for, even should the blood of St. Januarius melt in vain for four hundred years,* or St. Francis raise himself in the air to rebuke our incredulity. The greater portion, however, belong to the class of "tentative miracles" or cures, more or less complete, and accompanied by numerous failures. The ordinary average of escapes from war and shipwreck, and recoveries from disease, with the astonishing influence of the mind upon the body, as shown in the effects produced by Mesmer, or at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, must often, as Mr. Newman allows, have been honestly mistaken for miracles. Yet all this is but slightly applicable to the ecclesiastical miracles, which form the staple of the narratives of the fourth and fifth century Fathers, and in the main, leaves them all but untouched. Miraculous power had then passed from the living to the relics of the dead. A bone, a rag, a chip of wood, a filing of rusty iron,

or a fragment of corrupted blood formed into paste, wrought wonders far beyond apostolic example. A little virtue still lingered in the living; but it was confined to the exorcists, and a few of the hermits, or monks in the desert. As a fair specimen of the latter, we offer one or two extracts from Jerome, the ablest, the most ingenious, and the most learned of the Latin Fathers. We translate from the Aldine edition of his works, published at Rome in 1676. He is narrating the journey of the great Antony, now ninety years old, to visit the hermit Paul, who was in his one hundred and thirteenth year:

"He beheld a creature, half man and half horse, which the poets have termed a Hippocentaur. On seeing it, he arms his forehead with the sign of the Cross, and says, 'Ho, thou! in what part here does the servant of God dwell?' But the other, grinding forth some barbarous sounds, and breaking, rather than uttering words, moved by the terrified countenance of the old man, sought for a gentler mode of intercourse, and, stretching forth its right arm, indicates the desired path; then, rushing over the fields, swift as the flight of a bird, vanished from his wondering eyes. But, whether the devil assumed this appearance to frighten him, or whether the desert, as usual, fertile in monsters, produces such a beast, we hold to be uncertain. Antony, therefore, lost in astonishment, and reflecting within himself on what he had seen, goes forward: immediately he sees within a rocky valley a little mannikin, with a forehead roughened with horns, and with the feet of a goat. Undismayed by this sight, Antony laid hold on the shield of faith, and the breastplate of hope, like a tried warrior: nevertheless the creature of whom we have spoken, offered him some dates for his refreshment, as if as hostages for peace. Whereupon Antony stopped, and asking what it was, received this answer: 'I am mortal, and one of the inhabitants of the desert, whom the heathens, deluded by various errors, worship, calling us Fauns, Satyrs, and Incubi. I come now as an ambassador from my race. We beseech you to pray to our common God for us, whom we know to have come for the salvation of the world, and whose sound has gone forth throughout all the earth.'"—*Hieronymi Opera*, tom. i. p. 153.

The remainder of the life of Paul contains an account of his interview with Antony, his death, the arrival of two lions, who wept over him, dug his grave, asked and received the blessing of Antony, and went away. Another short extract from Jerome's life of Hilarion will surely be sufficient:

* This disgraceful juggle was first introduced about A. D. 1450.

"Hilarion, angry with himself, (on account of certain carnal thoughts,) and striking his breast, as if he could drive out thoughts by striking with his hands, says, (to his body,) 'Ho, ho, you little donkey, I shall keep you from kicking; (*Ego, aselle, faciam, ut non calcitres*;) you shall have straw instead of barley: I shall vex you with thirst and hunger: I shall load you with heavy burdens; and, through scorching heat and freezing cold, I shall strive to make you think rather of food than of wantonness.'—Once upon a time he was praying with his head on the ground, and, as is natural to man, his mind, wandering from his prayer, thought of something else: instantly the ready rider leaped upon his back, and kicking his sides with his heels, and lashing his back with a scourge, calls out, 'Holla, why are you sleeping?' Then, grinning over him, when he was tired, asked if he would take a little barley. (*Cachinansque desuper, cum defecisset, an hordeum rellet accipere, sciscitabatur.*")—Tom. i. p. 556-57.

This holy hermit built a hut for himself, four feet wide, five feet high, and a little more than his own length. He lived chiefly on herbs and raw roots; he lay on the ground, and for clothing he wore only a piece of sackcloth, which he never changed or washed, till it dropped off in pieces, saying it was superfluous to look for niceness in sackcloth. Mr. Newman assures us, (p. 32,) that ten months after his death, his body was found entire, and sent forth a most exquisite fragrance! The life of Antony by Athanasius is stuffed with similar stories, and can scarcely be called traditional; for though Paul and Antony more properly belong to the third century, the latter was personally known to Athanasius. He who can believe that to live like a beast in the desert is to fulfil his duty to his God and his fellow-men, may perhaps believe these miracles; scripturally and rationally, though affirmed by a thousand Jeromes, from their very nature, to believe them is impossible. The miracles of Paul, including the digging of his grave by the lions, are attested by the Breviary on January 15th; Antony's on January 17th; and Hilarion's on the 21st of October.

Omitting, as extraneous, all abstract speculations as to the nature of exorcism and possession, there remains a very plain and practical way of dealing with the subject. We have to deal with it, simply as we find it in the fourth century, when the exorcist, with his Energumeni, held the same relation to relic-finding, that the assayer holds to the gold in the mint.

Feelings of the deepest sorrow and despondency must arise in every right-thinking mind, when directed to the history of relics, or more properly the worship of dead men. Beginning in that instinctive and touching affection with which man treasures every memorial of the loved and valued whom he can see no more, it sprung up at once, in those semi-pagan times, into a formidable system of shameless imposture and groveling superstition,—the bane and curse of Christendom, from Ambrose of Milan down to Arnoldi of Treves. A spike from the crown of thorns, a drop of the virgin's milk, the paring of a nail, a nameless rag, an unknown bone, things vile, contemptible, and rotten, have been venerated in civilized Europe for nearly two thousand years. Ambrose, Gregory, and Bernard, Fénelon and Bossuet, Bellarmine and Borromeo, have seen with acquiescence the Saviour practically dethroned for things like these, and the millions of Rome, age after age, kneeling at the shrines of men and women, with names often the offspring of accident or invention. Yet Mr. Newman, with these facts before him, which it is impossible either to extenuate or to deny, dares to talk of the charging home this self-evident connivance in imposture upon the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, as "an impiety too daring, too frightful, too provocative of even an immediate judgment, for any but the most callous hearts and the most reckless consciences to conceive."—(P. 169.)

Let it be remembered, that in the fourth and fifth centuries the most extravagant value was attached to relics, and that they were generally believed to be possessed of inestimable virtues. Relics cured the sick, raised the dead, drove back the barbarians, confounded the Arians, and obtained the pardon of sin. The Emperor Constantine fortified Nisibis with the relics of St. James; the relics of Theodorus repulsed the Scythians; and Leo and Philippicus sought to borrow from Antioch the remains of Simeon of the Pillar. Relics obtained for the fortunate discoverer fame, honor, advancement, and MONEY! The gifts offered at a popular shrine were truly astonishing. Constantine endowed a single baptistry in one of the Roman churches with a yearly income of more than £10,000 (which must be multiplied considerably to find its value in our days); and plate, precious stones, and other valuables were accumulated in the churches in profusion. The whole was at the uncontrolled disposal of the bishop,

who rendered no account, and used it in any way he saw fit. Hence, relics flourished; more and more were ever and anon discovered; and the Sarabaites (a class of vagabond monks) gained a profitable livelihood by hawking them about. St. Augustine, in his treatise on the duties of monks, upbraids them sharply for this very practice. or, as he expresses it, for "carrying relics about (if they be relics) and making advantage thereby." The 'if' here is sufficiently significant.

The "invention" of relics was a process so uniform in all its details, that an account of any one may serve for the whole in a body. An obscure priest, in an obscure village—Lucian, for instance, of Caphargamala, a small place near Jerusalem—has a dream, or vision, or revelation; during which Gamaliel, the teacher of St. Paul, appears to him, in a white robe edged with gold plates, and covered with crosses. Gamaliel tells him where to find his grave; in which lay also Nicodemus, Stephen the Protomartyr, and Abibas, the son of Gamaliel. He appears again with four emblematic baskets: two with white roses, for Nicodemus and himself; one with red roses, for Stephen; and one with saffron, for Abibas. Lucian tells his bishop. Bishop John of Jerusalem is overjoyed. They dig, but in vain; until Gamaliel gives the monk Migetius better directions, and four coffins are found. They were proved by the Energumeni, and by seventy-three miraculous cures; and the mere sight of a little of the dust of St. Stephen, carried thither by Orosius, converted 540 Jews in Minorca. This story is attested, not only by Evodius, but by the great Augustine; and it was part of these very relics that wrought the miracles recorded in his "City of God."* To explain the part of the Energumeni in this exhibition, (for the evil spirits within them always made them roar, and threw them into convulsions when brought near the genuine relics of a martyr,) it is simply necessary to state that the Energumeni were paid, and employed in the menial work of the Church; and that the chief duty of the exorcist was to lay his hands upon them, and feed them every day! Such a state of things could not always continue. The bishops were obliged to take the work of exorcism into their own hands. And what was the result? The Energumeni ceased to be found.

* For this invention, see August 3d in the Breviary. It has the honor of a service for itself.

How generally and how shamelessly the (well-named) invention of relics prevailed, may be judged of from the 14th canon of a Council held at Carthage, which is also the 50th canon of the African Council, and the 83d of the African Code. We translate literally from Harduins' edition of the "Concilia Sacro-sancta Labbei et Cossartii," printed at Paris in 1715:

"We also ordain that the altars, which, every where through the country, and by the way-sides, are set up as memorials of the martyrs, but in which no body or genuine relics of martyrs can be proved to be enshrined, be pulled down by the bishops who preside in such places, *if the thing can be done*. But if, through popular tumults, this may not be done, let the people be admonished not to frequent such altars, that those who are well disposed be not detained there by mere superstition.—And never let any memorial of a martyr be accepted as *probable*, except there be a body, or some relics found, or a faithful tradition that such an one dwelt, or had possessions, or suffered there. For the altars which are *everywhere* set up, through dreams and inane so-called revelations of all sorts of men, are in every way to be reprehended."—*Acta Conciliorum*, tom. i., p. 907.

This instructive canon not only shows what sort of relics were "every where" to be found; but it also shows how very little was required to make relics "probable."

Of the countless ecclesiastical miracles belonging to this class, but one is put forward with pretension. It is the finding of the relics of Gervasius and Protasius (two names probably chosen for the rhyme) by St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, and the accompanying restoration to sight of Severus, the butcher, who immediately afterwards was taken into the pay of the Church. The evidences of fraud brought forward in this case, in Mr. Taylor's "Ancient Christianity," are so conclusive, that we may be excused from further adverting to it. But, as it might seem harsh and uncharitable to bring so serious a charge against a name so illustrious, on the weight of a single incident, it is our painful duty to show, that the conduct of Ambrose at other times was, at the least, exceedingly questionable.

When elected by popular acclamation to the See of Milan, in order to prove the sincerity of his "Nolo Episcopari," he had recourse to the following expedients:—Being at that time Consular of Liguria, he ordered several of the criminals to be taken from prison, and to be publicly and cruelly tortured, that he might seem to the people

to be of a merciless and unchristian disposition. But failing in this, he had women from the stews brought into his palace, where they remained all night.

The next startling fact is, that the new bishop-elect was not only totally unprepared, by previous study and training, for the ministry, but was yet unbaptized? Nevertheless, contrary to the so-called apostolical canons, contrary to the decisions of General Councils, contrary to all ecclesiastical order, he was first baptized, and, eight days after, consecrated bishop.

He commenced his spiritual labors (as he himself tells us) "by teaching what he had not yet learned," and he continued them by publishing, as his own, the works of others. He borrows in the most barefaced manner from Basil, especially in his Hexameron, and his Homilies on the Psalms; he borrows from Clement of Alexandria, borrows from Origen and Athanasius, borrows largely from Didymus: and Jerome declares that his book on the Spirit is a mere compilation; adding, with his usual biting satire, that he had made a wretched Latin book out of several good Greek books. It was, when dictating to Paulinus his exposition of the 43d Psalm, that the shield of fire, which so astonished that worthy secretary, covered his face, and entered into his mouth. One can scarce help smiling at the very strong probability, that he was then plagiarizing from Athanasius or Basil.

Though neither a cruel man nor a bigot, he took an active part in the persecution of Jovinian, who for heresies, such as affirming that the married might be as good Christians as the single, that there was no extraordinary merit in fasting, that the Virgin Mary was not the gate of heaven, and that she and Joseph lived as man and wife after the birth of our Saviour, was condemned by Pope Siricius and Ambrose, handed over to the Emperor Honorius, cruelly scourged with thongs loaded with leaden bullets, and then banished to an island on the coast of Dalmatia. These, and other doings of a like character, somewhat forcibly suggest, that, notwithstanding the many eminent and commanding qualities of that remarkable man, his testimony can go but a very short way in favor of a miracle which won him the victory over the Empress Justina and the Arians.

Such, indeed, was the general tone of the theological morality of the Fathers — They looked upon the falsehood and artifices of Jacob as commendable, being sanc-

tified by the end.* They represent the contention between Peter and Paul as not real, but got up between them for effect; and even the grosser crimes of the patriarchs, they receive, not as sins, but as mysteries. While others, more timid, indolently suffered, sanctioned, and countenanced miracles, which so well served their cause, it suited the bold and decided character of Ambrose, not to trust to subordinates, but in a matter of so much importance, to take the direction of the machinery into his own hands. It is true, (*valeat quantum*,) that the Fathers were, for the most part, persuaded that their cause was the cause of God; but not one jot or tittle does this add to the argument for the ecclesiastical miracles.

In spite of so much that is suspicious or impossible, it may seem a bold thing to assert, as we do most unhesitatingly, that not even one ecclesiastical miracle of any kind or degree was truly wrought in the fourth and fifth centuries. But what is more, this can be proved by contemporaneous authority, the most express and unexceptionable. No one can doubt, that of all the Fathers, Chrysostom in the east, and Augustine in the west, hold the undisputed principality. Jerome had more learning, and Ambrose more political influence; Origen's vein was more novel and ingenious; but the unanimous verdict of posterity has awarded to Augustine and Chrysostom the palm of wisdom, soundness in the faith, eloquence, usefulness, and devotion. In Chrysostom, especially, rare, and apparently contradictory excellences were combined. For, while his popular discourses glow with the fervid genius of the east and the rhetorical splendor of oratory, his commentaries are remarkable for strength and sobriety of intellect, classic simplicity of style, and a sustained tone of practical scriptural Christianity.

This truly great and amiable man, though unhappily not without reproach in the matter of relics, has borne testimony, not once, but repeatedly, and at great length, to the fact that no miracles were performed in his time, and that none were reasonably to be expected.

Thus, in his "Treatises on Contrition," (as quoted in his life by Neander, vol. i. p. 64, of the English translation,) blaming the Christians of his own days for being so

* "Even Chrysostom," says Neander, "defends the principle, that a falsehood or deception is permitted for a good object."—*Life of Chrysostom*, vol. i. p. 22.

inferior to Peter, and Paul, and John, he writes,—

"But ye say, these men were largely endowed with the divine grace. That excuse might avail, were it required of us to raise the dead, to open the eyes of the blind, to cleanse the lepers, to make the lame walk, to cast out devils, and to heal other similar diseases by miracles. Therefore, that this gift of grace no longer is bestowed on man," &c.

Again, in his Homily on the 12th chapter of Matthew's Gospel—

"But in these present times we no longer stand in need of sensible manifestations, faith sufficing to us in the place of all things, for signs are not for believers, but for unbelievers."—*Neander*, p. 358.

Again :

"How long shall we make the absence of miracles in our days an excuse for indifference?"—*Ibid.* p. 358.

Again, in his Homily on the 24th chapter of John's Gospel—

"To require signs of the Lord, is now, as in former days, to tempt him; for even at this present time there are those who seek for miracles, and say, wherefore are these signs no longer?"—*Ibid.* p. 361.

Finally, for it is obviously useless to multiply quotations, he ends an argument for their discontinuance thus, "for this reason, miracles are not done now."—*Library of the Fathers*. Oxford, iv. 71.

The testimony of Augustine is not less explicit—

"The sick were healed, the lepers cleansed, the lame were made to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear. The men of that age (the Apostolic,) saw water turned into wine, five thousand satisfied with five loaves, the sea walked on, and the dead rising again. Why, sayest thou, are not these things done now? Because they could not influence, unless they were miraculous; but if they became ordinary, they would no longer be miraculous."—*August. de Utilitate Credendi*, tom. viii. p. 68.

It is not less strange than true, that Augustine afterwards draws back from his own admission. In his celebrated *Retractions*, referring to this very passage, he writes—

"In another place I have said, 'why, sayest thou, are not these things done now?' And I have answered, 'because they could not influence,' &c. But I said this, because nei-

ther so great, nor all these miracles are done now, not because none are done even in our days."—*Retract.*, lib. i., cap. xiv. 5.

And again, in his *City of God*—

"And for miracles, there are some wrought yet, partly by the Sacrament, partly by the memories (oratories) and prayers of the saints, but they are not so famous, nor so glorious, as the others."—*Ib.* lib. xxii. cap. 8.

This new position, therefore, can only consist with the former, (if their consistency be a thing possible at all,) by supposing with St. Augustine and Mr. Newman, that the ecclesiastical miracles were few, inferior, and comparatively scarcely worthy of notice. But alas, for this supposition! Mr. Newman himself mercilessly cuts it down. "The question," says he, (p. 55) "has hitherto been argued on the admission, that a distinct line can be drawn in point of character and circumstances, between the miracles of Scripture and of Church History, but this is by no means the case!" If we turn to St. Augustine himself we find recorded, in the 8th chapter of the 22d Book of his *City of God*, no less than five instances of individuals raised from the dead within his own knowledge, by cloths that had touched the shrines of the martyrs, and a little oil from the lamp of the "Caphargamala," St. Stephen's shrine. Without inflicting on our readers the details of miraculous cures, of devils cast out, of the paralytic made to walk, which may be read to satiety in the chapter cited, it is sufficient to state that in his own town of Hippo, at the shrine of St. Stephen alone, seventy miracles are recorded, each in its own roll, besides others known to him, but not committed to writing. Calama furnished a far greater number; and Uzales, near Utica, very many; all within the space of two years—all by the marvellous energy of the relics of Stephen alone, now parted from his three brethren of Caphargamala.

Now, 150 miracles at least, including resurrections from the dead, vouched for by Augustine and recorded in public monuments, as the yearly quota of three obscure African towns, with a corresponding allowance for all the shrines throughout the whole eastern and western empires, and for the equally prolific energy of the Thaumaturgist monks, exorcists, and hermits, form a cluster, a very galaxy of miracles, unparalleled in lustre and magnitude,

which no man could pass over, and to which no eye could be blind. Shall we believe, then, the Fathers asserting, or the very same Fathers denying? Shall we except, on the same identical authority, miracles by the million, or not one at all?

The solution of this riddle seems to be, that the wiser and honester of the Fathers believed in many of the ecclesiastical miracles, as they believed in the miracles of the Arians and the Heathens, and as men in later times believed in witchcraft; but that, knowing well how largely fraud and superstition mingled in them as a class, they feared to lay weight on them, or to claim for them any intrinsic authority, though willing enough to take advantage of them for ecclesiastical purposes. Else how could men, who argue with so much force and clearness for the truth and the consequences of the apostolic miracles, fail to plead as strongly for their own? It is no doubt true, that this solution, the most favorable that seems possible for his reputation, exposes "the keen and practiced intellect of Augustine," to the charge of "abject credulity." This formidable charge, however, it is but too easy to substantiate. He not only believed in the disgraceful forgery of the Sibylline acrostic and prophecies, but he believed the Sibyl to have been a Christian by anticipation. He believed in the invention of St. Stephen's relics, in the invention of the Holy Cross and the *three* nails, of which one was lost, and the remaining *thirteen* are shown in the Church of Rome until this day! He believed, as may be seen in the chapter already quoted, in evil spirits, who maimed cattle, and wounded farm-servants, but were expelled by a little earth from the Holy Sepulchre; in others, in the shape of curly-headed negro boys, who stamped upon a poor man's toes to keep him from baptism, but never troubled him afterwards; and in another devil, who, being driven out by a relic of Gervasius and Protasius, pulled out the eye of the possessed, turning the black part white, and leaving it hanging by a little string; yet the eye was restored whole again. And, as quoted by Middleton, he narrates in the third volume of his works, pp. 819, 820, that the Apostle John was not dead, but sleeping in the grave at Ephesus; and that the earth, under which he lay, might be seen to heave up and down with his breathing!

These are painful and melancholy proofs, that in this world, sin, error, and imper-

fection will cleave to the wisest and holiest of Christian men.

We had marked many absurd but elegantly written legends in the *Life of St. Martin and Tours*, by Sulpicius Severus, a work exceedingly popular, and indeed a sort of manual in the earlier ages. But the following brief extract must suffice:—"I am shocked," says his friend to him, in his own dialogues, "to tell you what I have lately heard; but an unhappy man has asserted that you tell many lies in your book." Our own opinion coincides so entirely with that of the "unhappy man," that we shall pass it over without further notice. We pass over the miracles of Epiphanius, Paulinus, Theodoret, Palladius, and others of the Fathers. They are unnecessary for our purpose. For their own sakes, this motto should be written over their miraculous narratives—

"Non ragionam di loro, ma guarda e passa."

We have chosen the most distinguished and the most eminent of the Fathers. Rome can produce no such authorities in later years. She can ask for no more trustworthy witnesses. They stand with her, as they have ever stood, first in reputation, and first in weight and influence, of all Christian uninspired men. Is their testimony sufficient? The answer is easy. As evidence, it has not sufficient intrinsic weight to substantiate a common historical fact; on testimony so worthless and contradictory, no impartial jury would convict, no judge pass sentence. As the sole foundation for the truth of innumerable supernatural interpositions, designed to bring in, if not a new dispensation, doctrines new, strange, and hitherto alien to Christianity, it will not stand a moment's sifting. Of nearly all the witnesses by whom it is delivered, it is avowed by themselves that they thought it no sin to deceive for a good end, that is, in support of their own opinions. Of the narratives which it upholds, many are utterly incredible; many evidently false; all suspicious; not one proven. Passing on, therefore, in search of the true, to later times, we select him who, according to Alban Butler, "for his illustrious actions and extraordinary virtues, was surnamed St. Gregory the Great." He was elected Pope towards the end of the sixth century, and is favorably associated in the minds of Englishmen with the celebrated mission of St. Augustin to our shores. Combining the qualities of a pope and

saint, and being besides an eminent and historical character, we shall select copiously, and once for all, from the narratives which he has recorded. Whatever their nature may be, the Church of Rome is bound to them; for they present a fair and impartial average of her ecclesiastical miracles; and there is no canonized Thaumaturgist, whose acts, after having been sifted by the Congregation of Rites, are a whit less improbable than those we now select, or a whit more strongly vouched for; while very many far exceed them in grossness and ludicrous absurdity. In quoting from his celebrated dialogues, that manual of ecclesiastical miracles, we use the Basil edition of his works, published in 1551. We begin with the story of the lettuce:—

“On a certain day, a female servant of God, from the same monastery of virgins, entered the garden, and seeing a lettuce, desired it; and forgetting in her eagerness to consecrate it with the sign of the cross, greedily ate it up; but, being immediately possessed by the devil, she fell prostrate. And while she was tormented, a message was sent to Father Equitius with all speed, that he should come to her at once, and help her with his prayers. As soon as the Father entered the garden, the devil who had taken possession of her, as if asking pardon, began to cry out of her mouth, ‘What harm have I done? What harm have I done? I was sitting there on the lettuce, and the woman came and swallowed me up.’ (*Ego quid feci? Ego quid feci? Sedebam ibi super lactucam, venit illa et momordit me.*) To whom, with great indignation, the man of God gave orders that he should depart, and have no place in a servant of the omnipotent God; and the devil immediately departed.”—*Gregorii Magni Opera*, tom i. p. 1332.

This holy man seems indeed to have been of a hasty temper after his death, as well as when he was living; for a weary countryman happening one day to rest his burden on the saint’s tomb, a whirlwind came down from heaven, and leaving every thing else unmoved, snatched up the poor man’s box, and flung it to a great distance; thus warning all to use no liberty in such a presence. In the next page, we find Constantius of Ancona, like Narcissus before him, burning water instead of oil in the church-lamps—a miracle which later saints seem not unfrequently to have plagiarized from them. The “snow-tipped Soracte” has its fame in the classical pages of Virgil and Horace; but little did they anticipate the higher honors that awaited it. In process of time a monastery was built on its

summit, and therein dwelt the illustrious Nonnosus. There was but one space of level ground near, very small, and almost blocked up by a large mass of rock. Now, it occurred to the venerable man during his cogitations, “that this same place would make an excellent vegetable garden, provided the rock were removed; and it further occurred to him, that five hundred pairs of oxen could not so much as move it.” He therefore spent the night in solitary prayer, and next morning the brethren found the rock removed to a great distance, and abundance of room for planting their cabbages. Another time—but Pope Gregory shall relate the story in his own words,—

“Another time, while the same venerable man was washing the glass lamps in the chapel, one of them fell from his hands, and was dashed into innumerable fragments. Dreading the vehement fury of the superior of the monastery, he presently gathered up all the broken pieces, laid them before the altar, and with heavy groans, gave himself to prayer. As soon as he raised his head after his devotions, he found the lamp perfectly whole.”—i. p. 1333.

Both these miracles were attested by the venerable Bishop Maximian, and Laurio, an ancient monk; and the Pope and his friend Petrus received them with faith and amazement.

Benedict of Nursia was even more eminent in this department; for he not only raised a heavy stone on which the devil was sitting (p. 1361), and mended his nurse’s sieve miraculously (p. 1351), but he ordered a glass jar filled with oil to be flung out of a window over a rock, and it was taken up without a chip broken off, or a drop of the oil being spilled, p. 1372. He also repaired a boy who had his bones so broken by the fall of a wall that he could only be carried in a sack, (*quem portare non nisi in sacco potuerunt*), and so quickly, too, that the boy was at his work again within the hour. It should be observed, however, that the devil had been jeering St. Benedict about this very accident (p. 1362), “*de cujus se interitu antiquus hostis Benedicto insultare credidisset.*”

The death of the Abbot Anastasius is remarkable, as calling forth almost the only gleam of romance, the sole spark of poetical imagination, that lights up the heavy pages of the Dialogues.

In the dead of night, a loud voice, like

the prolonged sound of a trumpet, was heard from the top of the lofty rock that overhung the monastery, saying, "Anastasius, come!" Seven other names succeeded his. There was a pause; the night was silent; again the summons came; an eighth brother was called; and the voice was heard no more.

All the brethren who were summoned prepared for death; and all died—the eighth after a short interval, according to the warning. This was probably the germ of the legend in Marmion—the midnight summons from the Cross of Edinburgh to James and his nobles, ere they departed to the fatal field of Flodden. In Gregory we have the superstitious only, in Pittscottie the ecclesiastical miracle improved, or that inexplicable mingling of juggling, superstition, and worldly policy, by which the Romish Church governs, and is governed.

But the saints of the sixth century were not content with repairing broken glass, and providing seasoning for the soup of their brethren. Boniface, a Tuscan bishop and a great Thaumaturgist, with the help of the Virgin Mary, gave large alms to the poor by an expedient, which, though sanctioned by a miracle, appears to be of very doubtful example.

Constantius, the grandson of this holy man, had sold his horse for about twelve pounds of our money, and had carefully locked up the gold in his chest. Soon after, certain poor men came to ask alms from the bishop.

"The man of God," says Gregory, "having nothing to give them, began to be in great distress of mind, lest the poor men should have to go away empty; when suddenly he remembered that his grandson, Constantius the presbyter, had sold the horse which he used to ride, and that the price was in his chest at that very moment. Thereupon, in the absence of his grandson, he went to the chest, and forcing open the lid with *pious* violence, he took away the twelve pieces of gold, and divided them among the poor people as he saw fit."

When Constantius returned, and found his chest broken open and his money gone, he made the most furious outcries, and shouted aloud to his grandfather, "Give me back my gold."

"The bishop," continues Gregory, "troubled by his clamor, entered the church of the blessed Virgin Mary, and, with elevated hands and extended garments began to pray,

standing, that *she* would give him something to appease the fury of the outrageous presbyter; and, upon turning his eyes to his garment, which was stretched out between his arms, suddenly he saw in the fold twelve pieces of gold, as bright as if they had come from the mint that very hour."—Tome i. p. 1342.

An Ultra-Protestant might question the morality of using such liberties with another man's property, and might even ask whether the miracle might not with advantage have preceded the robbery; but the heaviest burden of this wretched legend, is the damning evidence it affords that Gregory the Great, the leader of the Church and the first man of his age, saw nothing idolatrous in offering up direct prayer to the Virgin Mary.

On another occasion, Boniface, seeing his vegetables in danger from the caterpillars, adjured them in the name of Christ to depart; and forthwith they all crawled away, so that in an instant not a caterpillar or cankerworm was to be seen in the garden.

To a fox he was more severe. The mother of Boniface, being a good housewife, was accustomed to rear poultry.

"Now, on a certain day while little Boniface was standing in the porch, a fox came and took away one of the hens. Instantly Boniface rushed into the church, and prostrating himself, cried with a loud voice, 'Is it thy pleasure, O, Lord! that I am not to eat any thing of my own mother's providing? Lo! here is a fox that devours the hens which she rears.' (Placet tibi, Domine, ut de nutrimentis matris mee manducare non possim? Ecce enim gallinas quas nutrit, vulpes comedit.) Then rising from his prayers, he went out of the church. Almost immediately the fox came back, laid down the hen which it held in its mouth, and fell to the ground dying before his eyes."—P. 1344.*

* Two of St. Patrick's miracles deserve to be noted here, and if Jocelyn of Furness vied in fame with Jerome and Gregory, St. Patrick should be first on our list; for he performed stranger and greater miracles than any we have recorded, having raised nineteen dead men at once, one of whom had lain ten years in the grave.

Now, the saint had a goat, who used to fetch water for him. This useful animal was stolen and eaten. The thief was apprehended, but, making oath that he was innocent, was likely to escape, when, lo! the goat bleated aloud *inside*. "And to the increase of this miracle," adds his faithful biographer, "it happened, that at the command, nay, rather by the sentence of the saint, all the posterity of this man were marked with the beard of a goat."—*Jocelyn's Life of St. Patrick*. Dublin, 1809, p. 165. On another occa-

Such were the virtues of a sixth century bishop; and woe to those who dare to doubt, or, even in the most questionable circumstances, to wish for an explanation of his conduct. Their doom may be easily anticipated from the following narrative:—Fortunatus, an Umbrain bishop, had driven a devil out of a possessed person; but the cunning fiend waited until it was evening, and then, assuming a human form, began to go about the town, crying with a lamentable voice, "Behold, what the holy Bishop Fortunatus has done; he has turned a stranger out of his house. I go about seeking for a resting-place, and I can find none in all his city." Now, a certain man was sitting by his own fireside with his wife, and his little son, and hearing the stranger's lamentations, invited him to sit down by the fire, and to tell what the bishop had done to him. But while they were talking, the malignant spirit suddenly entering into the little boy, dashed him upon the embers, and the child immediately expired, p. 1345. Even the obsequious Peter, in the Dialogue, is considerably staggered by this catastrophe: but being assured by the Pope that the bereaved father well deserved his punishment, for trying to do better than his bishop, "ut meliora quam episcopus fecisse videretur." Peter assents, with an "ita est, ut dicis," "It is just as you say;" and Gregory goes on with his edifying narratives.

The far-famed Benedict, that "glorious patriarch of the monastic order," as Alban Butler calls him, died about the middle of the sixth century, or, more precisely, in the year 543. Great in prophecy, greater in miracles, greatest for the rule which he established, he is compared at once to Moses and Elisha; and his order, with all its branches and affiliations, is reckoned to comprise thirty-seven thousand Houses. His miracles were related to Pope Gregory by four eyewitnesses, Constantine, Valentinian, Honoratus, and Simplicius, all holy and trust-

sion, St Patrick was tempted to conceal certain pieces of swine's flesh to eat on a fast day. He was found out by an angel who had eyes behind, as well as before; but, on his repenting, another angel came, and telling him to put the pieces in water, they immediately became fishes. "But," continues Jocelyn, "many of the Irish, wrongfully understanding this miracle, are wont on St Patrick's day, which always falls in the time of Lent, to plunge flesh-meats into water; when plunged in, to take out; when taken out, to dress; when dressed, to eat; and to call them, Fishes of St Patrick"—(*Ib. Swift's Translations*, pp 31, 32.) It is fair to add, that Jocelyn's Life of the Saint is of doubtful authority now.

worthy men, all disciples of Benedict, and three of them his successors in the rule of his own monastery.

The first miracle which he performed was the reparation of the sieve. Immediately afterwards, to avoid the praise of men, he fled to the mountains, and hid himself for three years in a small cave at the foot of a rock. His retreat was known to the monk Romanus alone, who fed him, from time to time, with a little bread let down by means of a long cord. As the visits of Romanus were irregular, he tied a bell to the cord, to apprise Benedict of his coming; but the devil, one day, observing it, "and envying the charity of the one, and the refreshment of the other, flung a stone at it, and broke the bell," p. 1351. "*Jactavit lapidem, et tintinabulum fregit.*" After he became an abbot, his monks determined to poison him, being grieved by the strictness of his rule; but he broke the vessel in which the poison was presented to him, by making the sign of the cross (p. 1354); and, when the attempt was repeated by means of poisoned bread, he made a crow fly away with it, p. 1358.

But all his miracles, (and they were manifold and most whimsical,) were totally unable to subdue either the guzzling, thieving, and vagabond habits of his own monks, or the inveterate though baffled malignity of his "ancient enemy."

Certain of the monks, going out on business, had embraced the opportunity of holding a carouse, but, when they returned, Benedict not only told them in what woman's house they had been feasting, but how many cups each had drank. "*Nunquid tot calices non bibistis?*" p. 1362. Another time, one Exhilaratus, personally known to Gregory and Peter, having been ordered to carry two flasks of wine to the monastery, had hidden one by the way. Benedict received the wine without comment, but advised Exhilaratus, as he was going away, to look in the vessel which he had stolen, before he drank out of it. Accordingly, when he opened it, out crept a snake, p. 1366. Another of the brotherhood had hidden in his breast a parcel of napkins, which certain nuns sent to Benedict, and, of course, said nothing about them; but Benedict sternly upbraided him of the theft, and forced him to deliver them up, p. 1367. One more instance of the thoroughly "ecclesiastical miracles" we must quote.

There was a monk whom neither threats nor entreaties could induce to be present

at prayers; invariably, as soon as the others assembled for prayer, out he went; and even Benedict himself had dealt with him in vain. At last the cause was discovered. Benedict "saw a little black imp pulling him out by the end of his garment." He asked Pompeianus and Maurus whether they also did not see the imp, but they answered, *No*. After two days spent in prayer, Maurus, however, succeeded; but Pompeianus could see nothing. The disease being discovered, the remedy was easy. On the very next occasion, as soon as the service was over, St. Benedict provided himself with a stick, and gave the offending monk a severe beating. "*Quem pro cecitate cordis sui virga percussit; qui ex illo die nil persuasionis ulterius a nigro jam puerulo pertulit*," p. 1357, after which the little black boy never troubled him again. A younger monk was still more severely punished, for, going to visit his parents without waiting for the benediction of the abbot; as soon as he reached them he fell dead at their feet. Nay, even inanimate nature revolted against a crime so horrible, for, after he had been laid in the grave, twice did the earth cast him out of her bosom; and it was not until, by the directions of Benedict, a consecrated wafer had been laid upon the breast of the corpse, that the sepulchre consented to retain it, p. 1371. Now, says Pope Gregory, consider how great the merits of this saint must have been, when the earth cast forth the body of him who had not the favor of Benedict. "I consider," replies Peter, "and am stupid with astonishment." Amongst the other wonderful works of Benedict, it may, perhaps, be reckoned, that he provoked the devil to make a very miserable pun, which any one, who has sufficient curiosity, may find at p. 1361.

But even the glory of Benedict pales and dims when compared with the unexampled and unparalleled exploits of Datius, Bishop of Milan. This holy bishop, journeying to Constantinople, had taken shelter for the night in a haunted house, at Corinth.

"As soon as the man of God had retired to rest, the ancient enemy, with horrible outcries and tremendous noises, began to imitate the roaring of lions, the bleating of sheep, the braying of asses, the hissing of serpents, the grunting of swine, and the shrieking of mice. Then suddenly Datius, awakened by the voices of so many beasts, rose up vehemently enraged, and shouted aloud to the ancient enemy, saying, 'Wretched creature, fitly hast

thou fared. Thou art he who once saidst, 'I shall set my throne upon the North, and shall be like to the most High.' So, through thy pride, thou hast been made like unto the pigs and the mice, and thou, who wouldst have unworthily imitated God, now most worthily dost imitate the beasts.' Hearing these words, the malignant spirit (if I may so speak) BLUSHED at his own degradation."—Pp. 1383, 1384.

Such is the general purport of this disgraceful *farrago* of superstition. One or two more of its miracles may be alluded to, as the germs of more popular legends. The "Sabbath of the Witches" probably originated in the story of a great midnight meeting of evil spirits in a deserted heathen temple, where their proceedings were witnessed by a benighted Jew. Each gave an account of the evil he had committed to their superior; and there was great rejoicing amongst them, on account of a certain Bishop Andrew, whose peculiar temptation, and its result, do not admit of quotation. In the end, the devils discovered the Jew; but, luckily for himself, he had made in his fright the sign of the cross, so they were constrained to let him escape, with the spiteful exclamation, "Phsaw! here is an empty vessel, but it is sealed up and labelled!" *Va! Va! vas vacuum et signatum!*

Here, too, at p. 1444, may be found the foundation of the far-famed apparition of "Old Booty," with the chase of the gray man by the black on the surface of the sea, as witnessed from the deck of a ship, and their final plunge into the crater of Stromboli. Over that same sea, into that same crater, and, in like manner, from the deck of a ship, was Theodoric, king of the Goths, seen to be hurried, with his hands bound behind him, by Pope John, and the Patrician, Symmachus, both of whom he had put to death. Again, at p. 1448, one dying man sends to another to tell him to make haste, for that the ship was ready to carry them to Sicily. This, as further explained by Gregory, denoted that Etna and the other Italian volcanos were openings into hell, which visibly enlarged, as the end of the world grew near and more sinners were ready for burning—to the confusion of the infidel, and for the correction of living Christians.

He introduces, also, several descriptions of the economy of the infernal regions derived from the testimony of eye-witnesses, where, amongst other strange things, he

tells of a bridge, which may possibly have suggested the wonderful bridge of the Koran to his sometime contemporary Mahomet.

It is as strange as any of the miracles in the Dialogues, that the Church of Rome stakes her authority for the whole compilation, nay, in her accredited formularies, affirms, in no ambiguous terms, that she considers them inspired. "Multos," says the Breviary, in the 6th lesson for the 12th of March, "libros confecit: quos cum dictaret, testatus est Petrus Diaconus, se Spiritum Sanctum columbæ specie in ejus capite sæpe vidisse." He wrote many books, and, while he was dictating them, Peter the Deacon testifies, that he has seen the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, frequently seated on his head.

The worship of relics was followed by the worship of images. This is not the place to relate how images and pictures were first introduced into churches: how Epiphanius denounced the practice, and Gregory of Nyssa praised it to the skies: how soon it became customary to worship them: how a Council of 338 Bishops at Constantinople, calling themselves the Seventh General Council, ordered that they should be destroyed, as grossly idolatrous: how another Council at Nice, claiming also to be the Seventh General Council, and consisting of about 260 Bishops, uttered its unanimous anathema on all who refused to worship them: how a third Council at Frankfort, claiming also to be General, and where 300 Bishops from Italy, Germany, and France, including the Papal legates, were assembled, unanimously despised and condemned this decision, "omnimodis adorationem et servitutem renuentes, contempserunt, et consentientes condemnauerunt;" (*Acta Conciliorum*, tom. iv., 904)—and how image-worship was finally re-established, as the faith of the Catholic Church, by the Council of Trent. Nor will the miracles, by which it was introduced, detain us long. They are to be found in the fourth action of the Seventh General Council held at Nice in 1787, and are spread over upwards of fifty folio pages in Harduin's edition of the Councils. Probably so singular a collection of forged and spurious testimonies, false reasoning, superstition, stupidity, and untruth, is not to be met with within the same space in any work written by Christian men. The condemnation and contempt of the Frankfort Council, and of the intelligent Charle-

magne, were but too well merited. We should scorn to use such miracles, even in the way of argument; and we extract but one to justify the terms we have employed. There once lived a recluse on the Mount of Olives, who was tempted by the demon of impurity.

"This evil spirit appeared to him visibly, saying, 'Swear to me, that you will tell no one what I am about to say to you; and I shall assault you no longer.' And the old man swore, 'By Him who dwells on high, I shall tell no one what you shall say.' Then said the demon, 'Do not adore this image, and I shall trouble you no more.' But it was the image of our holy Lady Mary, the mother of God, holding our Lord Jesus Christ. The recluse said to the demon, 'Let me reflect.' On the morrow he sends a message to the Abbot Theodore of Ælia (Jerusalem), who then lodged in the anchorite cloisters of Phari (ἐν τῇ λαύρᾳ Φαριῶν); and to him, when he came, he related the whole. But the Abbot said to the recluse, 'Father, have you been so deluded as to give your oath to an evil spirit? It is well that you have told me. Far better would it be for you to go to every brothel in the city, than to refuse to worship our Lord and God Jesus Christ with his mother in the image! Then the Abbot, having comforted and strengthened him by much advice, returned to his own dwelling. Speedily the demon appeared again, and said to the recluse, 'How is this, you wicked old fellow? τί ἔστι, κακόγεγε; Did you not swear to me, that you should tell no one? and how have you told every thing to him who came to you? I tell you, you wicked old man, that you shall have to answer to your perjury on the day of judgment.' The recluse answered him, saying, 'What I have sworn, I have sworn; and I know that I have perjured myself; but I have perjured myself for my Lord and Creator: thee I do not listen to.'"—*Acta Conciliorum*, tom. iv. p. 207.

The Fathers ascribe the "spiritual meadow," which Dupin speaks of as a farrago of lies, and from which this story is taken, to Sophronius, though it was written by John Meceus; and on the faith of it, the 260 Bishops and upwards of 100 monks, there in General Council assembled, unanimously agree, that it is right to commit perjury, if the keeping of an oath tend to prejudice the venerable images. In like manner from a forgery, under the name of Athanasius, they tell how an image of our Saviour was pierced by a Jew with a spear, and poured forth blood and water, which wrought miracles innumerable: and so forth.

Passing over the miracles of Malachi of Ireland, who, according to St. Bernard

(*Opera*, p. 1929), "partook no more of the barbarousness of his country, than a fish does of the salt of the sea;"* and passing over the greater miracles of St. Bernard himself, which, with a policy worthy of Ambrose, he refused either to affirm or deny, (for they differ in no respect from the ordinary staple,) we shall conclude with two or three miracles from the Breviary itself, which, having passed the severe ordeal of the Congregation of the Rites, may be supposed not only unquestionable, but commanding unlimited assent. Nevertheless, it is said, that of old the guilty could walk unharmed over red-hot ploughshares.

The first is of ancient date; for it belongs to the second century. St. Eustachius, says the Breviary, in its lessons for September 20th, held a military command under the Emperor Trajan. "While he was chasing a stag of extraordinary bigness, suddenly he saw between the horns of the beast at bay a stately and resplendent image of Christ the Lord hanging on the Cross: and, being invited by His voice to the chase of life everlasting," he, with his family, became Christians. Butler thinks these events took place in the reign of Adrian. It is needless to say that there is not the slightest historical foundation for any of the facts recorded, and that the whole is pure invention. Indeed Butler judiciously omits the miracle.

St. Raymond of Panafort was a saint of the thirteenth century. In the sixth lesson for January 23d, it is related of him in the Breviary, "He performed many miracles; amongst which this is the most illustrious, that being about to return from Majorca to Barcelona, he laid his cloak on the sea, and having passed over one hundred and sixty miles in six hours, he entered his monastery, though the doors were shut." This "skimmer of the seas" seems to have anticipated to a nicety the speed of the modern railways; but Alban Butler gravely clenches the story by assuring us, that "a chapel and a tower, built on the place where he landed, have transmitted the memory of this miracle to posterity." This is the faith of the Church of Rome at this hour; for the

* Jerome is even less complimentary to the Scots. He says, that they had wives and children in common, and that he had seen them with his own eyes (*ipse adolescentulus viderim*) eating human flesh; nay, that they preferred it to bacon, beef, and mutton, and were accustomed, as the sole delicacies of their banquets, "*nates pastorum, et feminarum papillas abscindere*."—*HIERONYMI, Opera*, tom. ii. p. 50.

Breviary, lying on our table, was published at Mechlin in 1843.

St. Francis of Assisium is, however, the great wonder-worker of the thirteenth century. Hearing a crucifix ask him to repair a church, he privately took a horse-load of cloth belonging to his father, and sold it to help him in his good work. He was often seen lifted up from the ground, sometimes higher than a man's head; and at last, after an extraordinary vision of a crucified seraph, which he witnessed from the top of a mountain, his body was found, when he came down, to have received the impression of the five wounds of Christ. "The heads of the nails," says Butler, "were round and black. The points were long, and appeared beyond the skin on the other side, and were turned back, as if they had been clenched with a hammer. There was also on his right side a red wound, as if made by the piercing of a lance; and this often threw out blood, which stained the tunic and drawers of the saint." This last imposture is favored with a day for itself, the 17th of September; under which date it will be found related at great length in the Breviary.

Let us come nearer our own times, and try a saint who lived, and died, and was canonized, in the 17th century. "The first flower of South American sanctity," says the Breviary, August 30, "was the Virgin Rose of Lima. She obtained this name, because, when an infant, her face was miraculously changed into the appearance of a rose; but to this the Virgin Mother of God afterwards added a surname, ordering her thenceforward to be called Rose of St. Mary." After many mortifications, and struggles with wicked spirits, she was most highly favored; for, "familiar," says the Breviary, "with the guardian angel, with St. Catherine of Sienna, and the Virgin Mother of God, in consequence of their continual appearances, she merited to hear these words from Christ himself, "Rose of my heart, be thou my bride!"

There is something so shocking and blasphemous in such mixtures of superstition, insane exaltation, fraud, and falsehood, that we feel as if we did wrong in even quoting them; and we most gladly close.

The "Lives of the English Saints," conducted by the Anglo-Roman party, have now reached the fourteenth number. What weight they add to the argument for ecclesiastical miracles, may be judged of from the following sentence.—(No. iv. p. 8.)

"Whether St. Gundleus led this very life, and wrought these very miracles, I do not know: but I do know that they are saints whom the Church so accounts; and I believe, that though this account of him cannot be proved, it is a symbol of what he did, and what he was, a picture of his saintliness, and a specimen of his power."

In this brief review of Ecclesiastical Miracles, we have confined ourselves closely to the historical argument alone, not seeking to enlist the prejudices of the reader, by picturing the gross corruption and idolatry which, by them introduced and supported, burst like a deluge over the whole Christian world, and, everywhere rejecting and shutting out the true spirit of the word of God, caught with a clinging embrace the very abominations of the Heathen. Deliberately rejecting the lying legends, which she has used, but never publicly sanctioned, and the conflicting relics, whose claims she has never determined, and the discovered frauds, which she has never branded, we have drawn our illustrations from the four great Doctors of the Latin Church, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory the Great, and from those miracles, which, in her Directory for the daily worship of her clergy, she solemnly avouches as true, before God and man and angels. Yet here are to be found the letter of Gregory to Satan, and the Fauns and Centaur of Jerome, and Gamaliel with his red and white roses and his gold and silver baskets, and Augustine's curly-headed negro boys, and his conflicting affirmations, and Pope Gregory's fox and caterpillars and devils blushing and throwing stones at a bell, and the saint that sailed on the sea in his cloak at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and the "stigmata" of St. Francis, and Rose of Lima—that first flower of South American sanctity. Incredible as it may seem, it would be folly to deny, that many in the Church of Rome receive and believe them all, and have believed and received such by the myriad for upwards of 1400 years. Can they believe also in that foul trafficking in relics, from which their Church draws such enormous profits? Can they receive the twenty-two holy coats, or the thirteen holy nails, or the ship loads of the self-multiplying cross, or the feather from Gabriel's wing, or any one convent's or monastery's catalogue roll of relics? Amongst the many millions of Roman Catholics who have passed on into eternity, amongst the learned,

the noble, the intellectual, the brave, the honest, and the illustrious, no voice of pity has been ever heard for the masses who were grovelling in ignorance before bones, and rags, and garbage, which heathens would have turned from in scorn; no voice of power has ever sounded for the glory and honor of the Lord, so shamefully trampled upon and betrayed. The Apostle of God warns the Church of an apostacy, "whose coming in is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved; and for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." When we are told of "a new dispensation" coming in with power and signs, and lying wonders, borrowing from that masterpiece of Satan's working—the polytheism and idolatry of the heathen, holding doctrines of demons, forbidding to marry, commanding to abstain from meats, giving up to strong delusions, some speaking lies in hypocrisy, others believing the lie—can we doubt that the prophecy has been fulfilled?

No lying wonders introduced or followed the Reformation; no Protestant has ever fallen prostrate before image, chip, or rag, or bent the knee in prayer to dead men, and dead woman, once sinful creatures like himself. We beseech our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, in no vainglorious spirit, but with all affection and earnestness, to consider these things seriously and calmly; for on their Church or on ours, the apostolic denunciation must inevitably fall. Helplessly entangled by the fatal dogma of infallibility, in the meshes she has twined for herself, the Papal Church can never abandon or retract the most suicidal falsehoods. But to her adherents individually, truth and reason and inspiration may still appeal; and, to such as listen, there may be escape from the strong delusions and lying wonders, which have hitherto blinded and seduced them. Yet so potent are their spells, so fatal their influence, that the struggles of the boldest mind within the pale seem but the helpless flutterings of the bird fascinated by the gaze of the serpent. Is there not something fearful in the thought of the state-ly temple, the gorgeous ceremonial, the thrilling music, the prostrate crowds, the blind devotion, the prayers, the miracles, the dignified and princely bishop presiding, a Chrysostom, perhaps, or a Borromeo,

when we know that all this goodly show in the Church of the living God is gathered round a filing of iron, a splinter of wood, it may be the bone of a brute, or, at best, the skeleton of a dead man?

It must be evident, even from this cursory glance, that no art of man can bridge over the gulf, which separates the miracles of the Church from the miracles of the Gospel. Jesus went about doing good. He forgave sins, healed diseases, fed multitudes, cast out devils, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and restored the dead alive to their sorrowing relatives on the moment, without one failure, by a word speaking. Nature bowed to his voice, and acknowledged the bidding of her God: and by works, such as never man did, he enforced words such as never man spoke. Nothing mean, capricious, or ludicrous, disturbs the majestic and godlike consistency of his life, his character, his doctrines, and his deeds. Like in nature were the miracles of his Apostles.

With government and priesthood and people arrayed to put them down, thousands and tens of thousands, seeing them with hostile eyes, left all the world holds most dear, to testify at the hazard of their lives, how firmly they believed in them. From the multitudes who crowded to behold, there went forth friends and enemies, martyrs, traitors, and apostates; but in that loud hubbub of voices, not one rises in denial. Had there been fraud, a single apostate (and there were many) would have betrayed it. Was it magic, then, and the power of demons? When we can believe that the gospel, devised in the councils of the God-head, and announced by the wonders of omnipotence, was the work of wicked men, or of wicked angels, then shall we believe that they made the sun and the stars also, and flung them aloft into the heavens.

Let any impartial man turn from the lives of Hilarion and Antony, written by the learned and accomplished and experienced Jerome and Athanasius, to the Gospels of the fisherman and publican of Galilee; and if he still doubts that the one is of earth, and the other of heaven, we despair of convincing him.

From the Athenæum.

ART IN THE STUDIOS OF GERMANY.

Munich, Oct.

I MUST now give you a "notion" or two of Art in the studios. After making allowance for the less exclusive modes of life in Germany, as compared with England, where we—holding stoutly that "every man's house is his castle"—are wont to barricade the said castle, to garrison and jealously watch against intrusion,—making allowance, I say, for this habit of ours, and our more domestic style of life, one cannot help comparing, unfavorably to ourselves, the readiness and liberality of the Munich artists in opening their studios, not only to the travelling stranger but to the resident public, with the exclusiveness generally adopted by our artists at home. The German custom has given me—in addition to my introduction to some of them—much opportunity for seeing many interesting works, and enjoying many pleasant conversations. I will now take you into the studio of *Wilhelm Kaulbach*, because it is there I went most frequently, and because he is considered by many, who are well acquainted with modern Art, as the greatest living artist—the man of the highest genius which Art in this generation can boast of,—and because he has now in his atelier the works by which, in a great measure, he will be known and judged, at least for a long time.

When Cornelius, Kaulbach, Schnorr, Hess, &c., are classed together as the members of the *Munich School*, it is done either by those who know nothing about these different masters, or, for convenience of phrase, to signify that these artists are living, or did once live, in Munich, and not to intimate that they follow the same principles in Art, or produce works of a similar character either in thought, manner, or execution.

Cornelius differs as much from Schnorr as Schnorr does from Kaulbach, and these are as distinct in all the attributes of artists as were perhaps, I may say, Raphael and Rubens, or any other two you please to name. Whatever question there may be as to who are the component parts of the "*Munich School*," one thing is certain—Kaulbach, at present, stands apart from them all. Whether he will found a school or not—what his influence may be destined to bring out, and it is now great and is growing daily—are questions which I need not speculate on. Cornelius was his mas-

ter, it is true, and he glories in acknowledging it, and pointing to him as the father of modern Art in Germany. But, like every other great genius, Kaulbach could not remain the disciple of a school, expressing himself in a manner adopted by another for his own modes of thought and feeling, but is and has ever been original—original in thought as in the expression of thought. His qualities as an artist are different from those of every other both in nature and extent. His versatility is, perhaps, greater than that of any living artist. Those who have seen his 'Battle of the Huns,' the 'Studies of a Lunatic Asylum,' and the 'Illustrations of the Rinche Fuchs,' will not, I think, however otherwise they may estimate him, be inclined to dispute this. But I am keeping you too long out of the "workshop," which is near the "English Garden," and built for him by the King. I got to it through the garden, in spite of being threatened by the big dog (who will be probably immortalized in his work); passing through the company of peacocks which strut around, nor permitting myself to be baffled in my purpose by the amorous coquetting of the families of doves, nor warned off by the wise-looking owls that guarded the portals, I reached the door, and then gazed on the 'Destruction of Jerusalem.' Alas! you will not have the chance of seeing the engraving of this work (which Mery is doing) for five years, so unless you will make a pilgrimage to Munich, (and it is worth it,) you must be satisfied with my report. It is an oil painting—the first large painting of this kind which he has done in oils: the size is very great—I have lost the dimensions, but I think it is about thirty feet by twenty. [?] I knew the cartoon when it had just been finished, three years ago; it was the same size as the picture, and nearly as much labor had been spent over it as most artists would have bestowed on the picture itself. It was, in fact, a magnificent picture in black and white. You can imagine, therefore, my anxiety to see the picture. The time chosen by the artist is the entrance of the Roman soldiers, led by Titus on horseback; they are entering on the right, in the middle foreground, over the ruins of temples and palaces; the burning city is behind and around them; the terrified and routed inhabitants are hurrying on in the lurid glare of the flames and the heavy clouds of smoke. In the foreground are three principal groups. The centre is

composed of the high priest and his family: he will not live to see the city of his God destroyed and His temple desecrated; he will sacrifice himself with his family, who fall by his side at his feet, and the priest has already fallen on his sword. This is a powerful group; it is painted with great force—it contains in itself a fatal history. On the right is a beautiful group. It is a Christian family leaving the doomed city; the mother with her babes pressed to her bosom are riding forth; the elder children are singing a Christian hymn; their countenances are filled with faith and heavenly love; over them hover the guardian angels with the Christian emblems. The exquisite expression of faith and love and hope, of purity and beauty under the influence of deep and fervent religion, makes this a masterpiece which would alone secure the immortality of the artist. They go forth to seek another asylum, for their religion is independent of city, temple, priest; their city is their own pure faith, their temple the human heart itself, their only priest everlasting and omnipresent, the Saviour of the world. And what a contrast is Despair rushing forth on the other side pursued by the Furies! What utter undying despair is in that countenance! In the centre of the middle ground is a group of noble ladies, shrinking helplessly in horror from the brutal advances of the soldiers. Near them, and unheeding the din of battle, some women are sitting, their dead, livid children are in their hands, and there too is the knife. Truth (which Kaulbach is always strong enough to meet), demanded the admission of this scene, but it is not too prominently introduced. The dreadful fact has its effect without the detail being obtruded. In the clouds, over the scene of human woe, are the four prophets—grandly conceived; below them, and hanging over the city with the scourges, are the angels of wrath. This is a very inadequate description of the sublime picture; but I will not attempt either further detail or criticism. The faults which are alleged against this picture are, that there are too many episodes, too many separated ideas and separate groups, too much machinery employed to tell the story; that there are, in fact, several pictures in one. But the picture is now seen to disadvantage on the narrowed limits of a studio, and the attention is necessarily more drawn to the beauty of the distinct groups than to the general effect.

The next picture in this studio, which

will probably awaken attention, is the first of a series of six which the King of Prussia has bespoken for Berlin; it is the 'Fall of the Tower of Babel.' This work is not open in the slightest degree to the objections which have been urged against the earlier composition. It is simple in composition and grand in simplicity. This picture is to be painted in fresco—probably the *new fresco* of which the artists of Munich are so sanguine: its advantages are, that it will not require that mapping out of a part of the figure to be painted in a certain time while the wall is wet; it admits of being altered and re-touched, before it receives a final glazing, which is to make it hard as a wall, and last forever. The secret is not as yet divulged; but the process is said to have succeeded completely in a trial to which it has for two years been subjected. The new Pinacothek is to have one of its exterior sides painted with this new fresco. Kaulbach has the commission. The subject is the history of Art in Germany: the length will be about 300 feet.

I now pass from the sublime—not to the ridiculous, but to a work which is most strongly marked with a true feeling for the ridiculous. I allude to the artist's series of illustrations to 'Reynard the Fox,' a few more of which he has yet to complete before it will be published. It is scarcely credible that they could have been produced by the same hand as the other works I have been speaking of. Kaulbach has displayed here an exquisite appreciation of low cunning, worldly pride, selfishness, and other mean passions, and expressed them with truth, power, and spirit, by means of the forms and character of animals. The poem, as you know, has found a mother country in every land, so that it is not now known which first gave it birth, or the exact time when it was born, being really an exposition of human character, which is the same every where and in every age. Kaulbach has grasped each idea, expounded the meaning of every incident, which he has stamped with such a marvellous perception of worldly wisdom—so exposed hypocrisy, and laughed at stolid duped ignorance, superstition, and at presumption in all its forms of priesthood, kingship, and stateship—he has so commented on the social vices, follies, and weaknesses, not unmindful of the forms they take at the present day; and all this in the spirit of the old allegorical poem, by the different individuals in the beast's family, that he who runs may

read, and he who laughs may grow wiser. Satire, irony, humor, and wit, which spare neither follies nor vices, whether high or low, are the engines which this universal artist has used for illustrating this poem of all nations. His allusions, clear and pointed, have not been heard of, I fancy, without some expostulation from the wincing (but, in Bavaria, the powerful) objects of his remark. I am persuaded that when this work is known in England, it will have that place assigned to it which the few who have seen specimens of it already universally award to it—it will at once be recognized as the masterpiece of a master-mind. The drawings are beautifully etched by Rahn, and by one of the most talented engravers in Germany, (a young man yet,) by name *Schleich*.

From the London Quarterly Review.

WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

Memoirs of the Reign of King George III. By Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited with Notes by Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

THESE Memoirs of the first ten years of George III. will add certainly not more, and we think less, to the reputation of Horace Walpole or to English history than those of the last ten years of George II. They have the same occasional merit and the same general and pervading faults. They contain many traces of his peculiar wit, and frequent touches of his graphic style—a few, and but a few new facts and lights scattered through a very intricate mass of political intrigues—with an overbalancing proportion of prejudice, partiality, misrepresentation, and inconsistency—trivial and variable, but always rancorous, resentments—and a general and constitutional proclivity to slander and calumny. These, indeed, may be said to be the essential characteristics of his admired Letters; but the gossip and scandal, which in a familiar letter are not merely tolerated, but, as it were, expected and welcomed, are grievous offences against good taste as well as good faith when it is attempted to array them in the grave and responsible character of history. Many, otherwise tolerably strict moralists, will not

scruple to enliven a conversation or a correspondence with circumstances which the loosest conscience would not venture to repeat in judicial evidence. So it is that although many, most indeed, of the objectionable topics of his two sets of Memoirs, had been already produced in his 'Letters,' 'Reminiscences,' and 'Walpoliana,' they have not there created the same disgust or indignation, and, we will add, tedium and nausea, which they do in their inspissated form; and there can be no doubt that Walpole's literary as well as moral character would have stood higher if these more solemn chronicles of libel and malignity had never been published.

We considered it our duty to trace, in our account of the first set of Memoirs, the real motive of Walpole's personal animosity to the leading political men of the period; and again in our recent review of the second *livraison* of the 'Letters to Mann,' the same task was forced upon us by the strange blunder of the editor of that publication, who was so blind or so indiscreet as to seem to question the justice of our opinion, even while he or she* reproduced the very documents under Walpole's own hand which establish the proof of corrupt jobbing and mercenary slander against him even more flagrantly than we had originally stated it.

If the peculiar temper and personal bias of the writer were important ingredients in our consideration of the earlier Memoirs, they are much more so in the present work, which comes closer to our own time, and deals with persons and events better known and, on many accounts, more interesting. Referring, therefore, to our former Numbers, and particularly to that for October, 1844, for the extraordinary details of the influences under which Walpole acted and wrote, during the period comprised in the first 'Memoirs,' we shall here repeat so much of the general facts as may refresh our reader's memory, and we shall afterwards produce some remarkable elucidations and confirmations of our opinions afforded by the work that we are about to examine.

* It seems to be generally understood that the 'Advertisement' we allude to was not in fact written by the *Editor*, but supplied to him by Miss Berry, whose amiable partiality (if the paper was indeed hers) must have obscured either her memory on her judgment as to the real and indisputable facts of the case. The writer (whoever that was) forgot or did not observe that the facts which Walpole himself confessed for a narrow and temporary object, were irrefragable evidence for the larger and more permanent purpose to which we have applied them with a force that we venture to assert defies rational contradiction.

tions and confirmations of our opinions afforded by the work that we are about to examine.

There can be no doubt that Walpole's wit, various and abundant as it was, had always an ill-natured, selfish, and cynical turn; and under any circumstances we might have expected that Memoirs from his pen would have been tinged by the same greedy appetite for scandal and the same unscrupulous propensity to satire which are the characteristics of his letters; but it required additional and deeper influences to chain this lively and mercurial spirit to the daily labor of a chronicler, and to evolve a disregard of truth, a perversity of judgment, and a rancour of feeling so intense, so gloomy, and we must add so dull, as these Memoirs exhibit. These influences were principally two—one pecuniary and accidental, and the other physical and constitutional. Walpole's sole income arose out of no less than *five* sinecure places or shares of places conferred on him by Sir Robert—amounting, he admits, when he first received them, to about 3000*l.* a-year. They afterwards more than doubled in value; but we at present take Walpole's own earliest estimate. Of this sum nearly one-half was derived from a *rider*, as it was called, of 1400*l.* on the patent office of *Collector of the Customs*, of which his elder brother Edward was the patentee, receiving only about 400*l.* a-year of the present profits, but having the reversion of the whole 1200*l.* if he should survive Horace. It would be useless to our present purpose to inquire why Sir Robert made this distribution of the income of the office; but the result was that Horace was thereby placed, as he himself tells us, in the 'precarious' and very unpleasant position of having so large a proportion of his income dependent on the life of a brother ten years older than himself. But there was also another more powerful though less prominent interest of the same nature constantly at work. Walpole, besides this precarious sinecure of 1400*l.* a-year, had another office which grew up, under a cloak of almost menial humility, to an enormous income. He was *Usher of the Exchequer*—

"and the duties of my office are to shut the gates of the Exchequer, and to furnish paper, pens, ink, wax, pencils, tape, penknives, scissors, parchment, and a great variety of other articles, to the Treasury, Exchequer, &c."—*Appendix to Letters to Mann*, 1844, vol. iv. p. 330.

This office was performed by deputy, and produced a clear profit, as stated in 1780 by the Commissioners of accounts, of 4200*l.*—though Walpole himself had made a return of only 1800*l.*, and it was to defend this erroneous return of his emoluments that he drew up the statement which has led to elucidations of his literary character which its author never thought of.

Walpole says these profits were made on the articles supplied by him, and that the time of payment of his bills and of course some previous inspection of them

'depends on the good will and pleasure of the First Lord of the Treasury;—and yet, though a mere *tradesman* in that respect, I believe no man will ever accuse me of having paid court to any First Lord of the Treasury.' *ib.* 331.

We not only accuse, but shall convict him, on his own evidence, of having paid obsequious court to every First Lord in succession; he was in a constant fever of uneasy dependence on what he peevishly calls 'the First Lord's good will and pleasure,' and in a restless anxiety about the examination and discharge of these accounts, which, it appears from his correspondence with his deputy (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 381), were sometimes chargeable with gross abuse, and always liable to question.

Such precariousness and annoyances attached to so large a portion of his income would have been a source of reasonable uneasiness to any man, and would have justified efforts to obtain a more secure position. The attempts he made we do not blame in themselves; but we blame, with some mixture of pity, the species of *monomania* under which Walpole, while pursuing this natural, but certainly interested object, was eternally protesting that 'disinterestedness was the passion of his life'—that he despised place and profit, and that it was his pride and glory to soar above all such selfish influences. We are satisfied that Walpole's anxiety about his offices, combining with the constitutional peculiarities of his temper, became the *primum mobile* of all his misanthropical feelings, and led him especially to calumniate by every indirect means, under every false pretence, but with inveterate and indefatigable malignity, every body whom he knew or fancied to have interfered with his incessant endeavors to place his income on a more permanent footing. This was clearly the first and the chief motive of both sets of Memoirs;

and we have little doubt that if the whole truth could be discovered we should find that *all* his animosities were, in some way or other, connected with his great pecuniary stake, or perhaps now and then with some collateral interests of the same kind. Nothing but some such all-pervading infatuation could have blinded the keen sight and blunted the nice taste of such a man to the mass of inconsistency, contradiction, and, in fact, nonsense which his Memoirs present, and which on any other hypothesis must we suppose appear to every observant reader, as it does to us, quite inexplicable; but we may say as Pope did of another noble and eccentric wit—the Duke of Whar-ton—

'This clue, once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears, and *Walpole* stands confest.'

If it be said that his animosity against the public men of his long day is too universal to be attributed to a single motive, it may be answered that in the corrupt and factious times of which he wrote there were so many changes of administration that—following up, as we shall see he did, on every change, this the first and most important object of his whole life—there was perhaps no minister or ministry from whom he did not receive the affront of a refusal. How many attempts of this sort he may have made we know not—certainly not less than half a dozen; but it is by mere accident that we have been able to trace so many. Such intrigues, especially when they fail, and still more when the offended postulant takes refuge in *patriotism*, are generally carefully concealed by both parties—by the jobber for his own sake—by the minister from motives of personal honor, official duty, or political expediency. Old Sir Robert Walpole is said, we think by Horace himself, to have declared that no one but a minister could fully know the turpitude of the human heart; and accordingly, except in a few rare cases of persons blinded by personal vanity or resentment, we have had scanty revelations of this sort—and we should never have known any thing of the secret motives of Walpole's malignity but for that apology for his conduct which, with entirely other objects and a very different aim, he drew up in 1792, and which Mr. Berry, not, we are satisfied, seeing their real meaning or full extent, had the indiscretion—for historical truth a fortunate indiscretion—to publish in the great quarto edition of Walpole's works, and which *somebody* had, as we have said, the still greater

blindness of republishing, the other day, as if, instead of being the *pièce de conviction*, it had been an honorable excuse. In that paper we found an account of his strange manœuvres with Mr. Pelham, and were thence led to the details of his enormous sinecure income, and the influence which his expectations and his disappointments with respect to them had on his conduct and on his writings. In the Memoirs now before us this influence appears in additional and growing force, and indeed so mingles itself with every page that not only are we bound for the sake of historical truth to expose it, but we really do not think we could give a better general idea of the work than by following this clue. But in order to present a full view of the case, we must mention (very shortly) his first attempts with Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle, which were more fully detailed in our article on the first Memoirs.

In 1751, at the outset of Horace Walpole's political life, his first thought was to procure the *addition* of his own life to that of his brother in the *Customs'* place; and he reckoned confidently on the Pelhams—old friends of his father who were then in power, and of whom he himself was a zealous supporter—to make this change. The ministers, though willing to oblige him, were either reluctant or afraid to grant an *additional* life in so great a place; but they offered to *substitute* Horace for Edward, if the latter would consent. This Horace protests *he* most indignantly rejected; and it may be true, for he knew very well that Edward was not of a disposition to sacrifice gratuitously his present third of the place, and the whole reversion.

Immediately on the failure of this negotiation, Horace, who had been up to that moment the obsequious servant of the Pelham Ministry, turned short round—and commenced those false and scandalous Memoirs of the last ten years of George II.—in which, while not merely concealing, but directly disclaiming, any personal motive, and assuming

‘a patriot's all-atoning name,’

he libels, with the most inveterate rancor, every body whom we know, and many others whom we believe, to have had a share in his disappointment.

On Mr. Pelham's death, the Duke of Newcastle became Minister, and we find that in 1755 there was some kind of nego-

tiation through Mr. Fox for obtaining from the Duke a grant of the *Customs'* place for H. Walpole's life: that too failed—rejected, says Walpole, ‘because he would accept no favor from that Duke,’—which is certainly untrue; for we find that when Newcastle, after a short interregnum, again returned to the Treasury in 1758, Walpole made two attempts, both very corrupt, to sell this place to the Duke or his nominee.* This also fails; and yet Walpole has the—may we not say—effrontery to declare in his first Memoirs that ‘the Duke of Newcastle never gave him the *most distant cause* for dissatisfaction.’—(ii. 335.)

Here open the new Memoirs, of which, as we have said, the most remarkable characteristics will be best developed by endeavoring to explain Walpole's statement of the motives of other men by what we know or have good reason to suspect of his own.

The most prominent feature that strikes us at the outset, and all through the work, is the large and very unfavorable share of Walpole's notice engrossed by Lord Bute. From the first pages of the first volume, to the very closing lines of the last, Lord Bute is the object of the most indefatigable malevolence. Every body is ill-treated; most others, however, are dealt with as their names happen to occur in the course of the narrative; but Lord Bute, under the invidious title of ‘*The Favorite*,’ and with all the odious imputations and insinuations attached to that name, is introduced on every occasion—those even in which he could by no possibility have had any concern—and with, in a majority of instances, the most flagrant falsehood. Our readers will remember that we expected something of this kind, but our worst expectations are exceeded. In our review of the last collection of the Letters to Mann, we extracted two passages from Walpole's autobiographical ‘*Notes*,’ one dated 18th August, 1766, stating that he then ‘began the Memoirs of the Reign of George III.,’ which, we added, were about to be published; the second, we said, ‘looked trivial, but might turn out to be important,’ viz. :—

‘1761—16th July, wrote the “Garland,” a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name; nor did ever own it.’—*Letters to Mann*, vol. iv. p. 349.

* See Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 366; and Quarterly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 199.

and then we went on to say,—

'We know nothing of this piece, and should be glad if it were recovered. If, as may be presumed, it was a panegyric, it would afford a curious contrast with Walpole's subsequent rancor against George III. and Lord Bute.—We really have a curiosity to compare the Memoirs of George III. in 1766 [of which we then knew no more than the name] with the "Garland" of 1761.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxiv. p. 415.

We have not yet been able to discover the 'Garland';—being, as Walpole tells us, anonymous, the copy sent to Lady Bute was probably lost or destroyed with the mass of fulsome trash with which no doubt flatterers of less note, but not meaner or greedier than Walpole, overwhelmed the 'Favorite.' But as Walpole took the trouble of recording the composition, we dare say he also took care to preserve the original, which is probably amongst his papers. Walpole, it will be observed, states that he had sent it *anonymously*, meaning to imply that his flattery, since it was anonymous, must have been disinterested—a gross *non sequitur*—for the temporary veil might be lifted whenever any merit was to be claimed. It was probably, like all Walpole's rhymes, so bad as to be wholly disregarded, and was therefore '*never owned*;' if it should be brought to light, we have little doubt that it will corroborate all our suspicions.

But we have evidence enough of Walpole's time-serving duplicity, without the actual verses. They were written, the 'Notes' say, on the 16th July, 1761. On the 8th July, the King declared in Council his intention to marry; it is clear then that the 'Garland' transmitted to *Lady Bute* was a congratulatory poem on the intended marriage, written, we see, with all a courtier's haste, and with, we dare say, all a courtier's adulation. But in the *Memoirs*, we find *under the same date* a sneering and sarcastic account of the intended marriage, in which it is represented as the device of a '*junto*'—the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute—to perpetuate their power over the King;—and this '*junto*,' being alarmed at some symptoms of the King's aversion to the match thus forced upon him, employ a tool to watch and interrupt His Majesty's conversations; and who do our readers think this tool was? No other than *Lady Bute*—Lady Bute, the very person whom Walpole had chosen as the most decorous and acceptable channel of his poetical con-

gratulations on an auspicious union which he so soon after describes as the dark intrigue of an unprincipled *junto*. If a '*junto*' be unprincipled, what shall we say of him who applauds its intrigues? If a '*Favorite*' be so odious, what shall we say of one who descends to court him by such skulking flattery as we have seen; and, still more monstrous, boasts not only of his general high-mindedness towards all ministers, but that he 'had never bowed to the plenitude of Lord Bute's power?' (*Mem.* ii. 5.) It is true; he had not *bowed*—he had crawled.

At length, however, we arrive at the explanation of all this virulent animosity.—We know from Walpole himself (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 376) that very soon after the King's accession he attempted some *cajolerics* of his Majesty and Lord Bute on 'their love and patronage of the arts, and their countenance of genius;' while in the *Memoirs*, *under the same date* he sneers at the would-be '*Augustus*,' who stupidly falls asleep over the objects of art put before him by an ignorant, tasteless, and illiterate *Mæcenas*' (vol. i. p. 18).

Let us now look for some explanation of this duplicity—this fulsome flattery exchanged for virulent abuse. Having no information but the scanty traces which Walpole inadvertently supplies, we cannot say whether, on Lord Bute's accession as first Lord of the Treasury, Walpole made any overtures to him to obtain an arrangement of his offices; but we do know that Walpole again addressed an adulatory letter to Lord Bute on his Majesty's and his Lordship's patronage of the arts, quite inconsistent with the contemporaneous tone of the *Memoirs* (*Works*, ii. 378); and we find soon after a short dry note (which seems to imply a previous correspondence on the subject), requesting Lord Bute to order the *payment* of his office bills, which had been, it seems, for some months delayed. We shall see hereafter that Walpole attributed this delay to Fox's enmity. It is, however, clear from the style of his note, that there was a coolness with Lord Bute also on this point; but be that as it may—Lord Bute, just before he resigned the Treasury, committed an offence which Walpole never forgot nor forgave.

'The place in the Custom-house held by my brother [Sir Edward], but the far greater share of which had been bequeathed to me by my father for my brother's life, was also granted

in reversion to Jenkinson.* I was, I confess, *much provoked* at this grant, and took occasion of *fomenting the ill-humor against the Favorite*, who thus *excluded me from the possibility of obtaining the continuance of that place to myself in case of my brother's death.*'—*Mem.* i. 265.

He then affects to care little about it, and repeats a story, the falsehood of which he elsewhere reveals, of his having twice refused it; and then adds that he was on terms of 'great civility' with Lord Bute, and that his resentment towards him 'kept no deep root.' Alas! we have evidence that it rankled through the whole of Walpole's long life. He proceeds:—

'And I can with the utmost truth say that as I afterwards, though never connected with him, was on many occasions friendly to that *great Favorite*, so no word in these Memoirs to his prejudice has been dictated by a vindictive spirit.'—*ib.* 266.

And then, to show the absence of all vindictive spirit, he proceeds in the *very same page* to expatiate on the '*infinite ill* he had occasioned to his country; '*the meanness of his ability*, and the *poorness of his spirit*, which place him *below resentment*;' and concludes with saying that this '*pusillanimous Favorite purchased*' a scandalous peace. (*Ib.* 267.) Is this not insanity? Could any man in his sober senses persuade himself that his resentment 'kept no deep root,' when he in the very same page recorded this gross abuse and these unfounded libels on the man with whom he was living on civil, and even friendly terms? But it was not in the first burst of his monomaniacal fury merely that he recorded this bitter imputation—he did so to the very last—and during the whole four volumes insists and persists that the retirement of Lord Bute in 1763 was '*pretended*;' that he still continued *the Favorite*—a character in that case the more odious, because it would have been really criminal; that he governed the King in private in opposition to his constitutional advisers, and was the real cause of every thing that Walpole, in his insane spirit of faction, chooses to think a misfortune or a crime. We care nothing about Lord Bute any more than we do about Lord Chatham or Lord Orford—in truth much less—but we care a great deal about truth and justice, and we will not, as far as our exposure may reach, permit the

mean and dirty spite of a disappointed jobber to sully the fountains of history.

But after we had labored with indignation through these accumulated and protracted falsehoods—now known and admitted by every candid and well-informed person to be so—of the *post-official*, unconstitutional and criminal influence of Lord Bute—the mainspring and chief topic of these Memoirs—we were astonished to find in the last volume a note of Walpole's, in which he overthrows by a stroke of his own pen the whole edifice he had been so many years building, and leads us to the very just but *here* surprising conclusion that there is not a syllable of truth in all that he has said on the chief and predominant topic of his four volumes.

In the year 1770, Mr. Burke published his '*Thoughts on the Present Discontents*;' of the great merit of which we know (except the pamphlet itself) no greater proof than Walpole's long, peevish, and inconsistent criticism of it. Its faults in Walpole's eyes were manifold; it took, in spite of Burke's party feelings, a higher view of political duties than Walpole could understand, and spoke generous sentiments which he never could feel—but his chief objections are two—first, it was '*calculated for no one end*' but to exalt Lord Rockingham, and Lord Rockingham was first minister when Walpole was, as we shall see, *not* offered political place, and *was* refused a job;—but secondly—

'The most absurd part of all was Burke's discharging Lord Bute of all present influence, [1770]—a fact not only *improbable*, but it was extremely *unwise in a political light*, for the book thus removed from the people's attention an *odious and ostensible object*.'—iv. 133.

And after thus admitting that Lord Bute's continued and secret influence was only a *probability* (and the reasons with which he supports this probability are absolute nonsense), and confessing that the real object was to keep up an *odious and ostensible* imputation before the eyes of the *people*—after, we say, these admissions, he goes on treating with the most solemn malignity Lord Bute (who during a great part of the interval had been residing abroad, and had no more concern with the administration at home than with the court at Versailles) as the still predominant '*Favorite*,' and actual dispenser of all favors and adviser of all measures;—but then comes the note to which we have alluded, and which, to use

* Private Secretary to Lord Bute.—*Walpole.*

a homely metaphor, *kicks down the pail* he had been so long and assiduously filling:—

‘I have changed my opinion, I *confess*, various times, on the subject of Lord Bute’s favor with the King.’

Of which various changes of opinion, be it observed, these veracious Memoirs afford no trace; all is one black assumption of a despotic and disgraceful *favoritism*—though he goes on further to confess—

‘that even before his *accession* the King was weary both of his mother and her favorite, and wanted to, and *did*, shake off much of that influence. After Lord Bute’s resignation, his credit declined still more.’

And then, in a rambling, contradictory, and almost unintelligible style, he proceeds to state other *pros* and *cons*, concluding—if, indeed, any thing that he ever produced in the way of reasoning can be called a conclusion—with an acquittal of Lord Bute and the substitution of another ‘*odious and ostensible*’ victim—Mr. Jenkinson—

‘If I have accounted rightly for so great a mystery, as whether Lord Bute had an ascendant or not from the time of his ceasing to be openly prime minister—[meaning that his final opinion was that no such influence existed]—I might be asked, who *then* had real influence with the King—for his subsequent ministers indubitably had not?—I should answer readily, Jenkinson.’—iv. 134.

Jenkinson?—Oh yes! Mr. Jenkinson had obtained ‘*the reversion of the place in the Customs, thus excluding me from the possibility of the continuance of that place to myself*.’ And Mr. Jenkinson therefore was to replace Lord Bute as a scarecrow of faction. But when at length, after so much deliberation and so many fluctuations of opinion, Walpole professes to have arrived at this conclusion (which we all know *alimunde* to be the true one), that Lord Bute’s interference and influence ceased *bonâ fide* on his public resignation, does he make any amends, or endeavor in any other way than by this confused and ambiguous note of 1770 to retract his error? Not at all; he still persists in gratifying his posthumous vengeance for his own grievance by bequeathing to posterity a series of imputations against Lord Bute and the King, which he knew, even before he had written one line of them, to be false; for to crown all this, it seems quite certain that Walpole

never from the first moment believed in this pretended influence, as—in addition to the hint above quoted, that ‘the King even before his accession was weary of the “Favorite”’—we find Horace, in the third year of the reign, and before he had thought of the ‘Memoirs,’ writing on the 28th of February, 1763, to Mr. Conway, whom he neither would nor could deceive:—

‘Indeed I think Mr. Fox’s power so well established that Lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he had made over to him, for it is already obvious that Lord Bute’s *levée* is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court.’—*Letters*, iv. 255.

We may seem to have gone into more detail on this point than is necessary—for Lord Brougham, whose testimony is on every account of the highest value, must be admitted to have settled the question. In his historical sketch of Lord North, he says—

‘It is no doubt a commonly received notion, and was at one time an article of belief among the popular party, that Lord Bute continued the King’s secret adviser after the termination of his short administration; but this is wholly without foundation. The King never had any kind of communication with him, directly or indirectly; nor did he ever see him but once, and the history of that occurrence suddenly puts the greater part of the stories to flight which are current upon this subject. . . . The assertion that the common reports are utterly void of all foundation, and that no communication whatever of any kind or upon any matter, public or private, ever took place between the parties, we make upon the most positive information, proceeding directly both from George III. and from Lord Bute.’—*Brougham’s Historical Sketches*, Knight’s edition, pp. 61, 62.

We, however, think it right to retain, as against Walpole, the more equivocal evidence that his own volumes afford.*

* Before we close the chapter of Lord Bute we must notice a serious error into which it seems to us that the Editor has fallen. Walpole says in his text, that ‘In his first council the King named his brother, the Duke of York, and Lord Bute, of the cabinet;’ on which the Editor observes, ‘This nomination was severely criticised in the publications of the day. It is treated by Mr. Adolphus as a simple nomination to the Privy Council, and is defended as such on the ground that the Groom of the Stole has always been con-

In 1762 Mr. Fox undertook the leadership of the House of Commons under Lord Bute: he had been an early friend of Walpole's, yet there are few characters worse treated in both sets of the Memoirs. Of the cause of this enmity (which seems to have been concealed with studious hypocrisy during Fox's life) we find some by no means complete, yet very characteristic traces in another of those indiscreet apologies by which Walpole—with the usual ill-luck of an over-cunning man telling an untrue story—in tinkering one hole seldom fails to make a worse:—

'I had soon after my appearance in the world lived in much intimacy* with Fox, and had warmly espoused his side when persecuted by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and had happened to confer some other little favors upon him. I had *carefully avoided* receiving the smallest or the greatest from him.'—vol. i. p. 211.

He does not tell us what those '*greatest favors*' were which at that early period Fox could have granted and Walpole so '*carefully avoided*,' when we see that he had been soliciting '*great favors*' from one whom he hated still more than Fox—Mr. Pelham. He proceeds, however:—

'As Fox's character opened more to the world I declined any connection with him in politics, though determining never to have a quarrel with him, as I well knew his vindictive nature. When he united with the Duke of Newcastle [in 1755], he had offered—in truth *slightly enough*—to procure the reversion of a considerable place which I hold only for my brother's life to be confirmed for my own, pro-

stituted a Privy Councillor. This is a misconception. The empty honor of the council could be grudged by no one to a great officer of the household—the real grievance was his admission into the cabinet.—i. 8. Now, we are satisfied that Mr. Adolphus is right, and that the misconception is on the part of the Editor. Walpole's mention of the '*cabinet*' is a mere slip of the pen for '*council*,' as the Editor might have surmised from seeing that the Duke of York was named with Lord Bute, and every one knows that the Duke of York was not of the cabinet. It is also equally well known that the cabinet is not named by the King in council; and it is, we believe, indisputable that Lord Bute was not of the cabinet till some months later, when he became Secretary of State.

* So great a political intimacy that Walpole was one of two or three confidential friends whom Fox consulted as to his accepting the seals of Secretary and the lead of the House of Commons from the Duke of Newcastle in 1754—*Mahon*, iv. 56.

vided I would be on good terms with the Duke of Newcastle. I answered with much scorn, "I will not accept that reversion from the Duke."—vol. i. p. 211.

Fox, perhaps, when he made this *slight* overture, was not aware that this favor had been only four years before refused by Mr. Pelham—probably with the concurrence of his brother the Duke and of Lord Hardwicke, both of whom were still in power;—but Walpole no doubt remembered it keenly, and scornfully refused what he suspected Fox, who mentioned it so slightly, could not have obtained. And as to his aversion to receive such favors from the Duke of Newcastle, we have only to remind our readers of the corrupt favors that he solicited from that Duke in November, 1758.

This negotiation with Fox in 1755, Walpole relates as introductory to another still more shameless. Fox having undertaken the management of the House of Commons, very naturally set about mustering his forces; and with a view of securing Walpole and his connections, wrote him the following letter, which Walpole calls '*artful and disingenuous*,' but which, on the contrary, seems to us to tell plainly and honestly what all but Ministers and Members of Parliament would be apt to call its very dishonest purpose:—

'TO THE HON. H. WALPOLE.

'November 21, 1762.

'Dear Sir,—When I heard that the *Parks*, which Lord Ashburnham had quitted, were worth 2200*l.* a-year (as they certainly are), I thought such an income might, if not prevent, at least procrastinate your nephew's ruin. I find nobody knows his lordship's thoughts on the present state of politics. Perhaps he has none.

'Now are you willing and are you the proper person to tell Lord Orford that I will do my best to procure this office for him if I can soon learn that he desires it? If he does choose it, I doubt not of his and his friend Boone's [member for Lord Orford's borough of Castle-rising] hearty assistance; and believe I shall see *you too* much oftener in the House of Commons.

'*This is offering you a bribe*, but it is such a one as one good-natured man may offer to another,' &c.—*Works*, vol. i. p. 213.

Walpole's reply is not quite so intelligible; but as its conclusion eulogises his own scrupulous delicacy, we shall produce it that it may speak for itself. He says he

will transmit the offer to his nephew without any advice:—

‘Because I do not mean to be involved in the affair any otherwise than as a messenger. A man who is so scrupulous as not to accept any obligation for himself, cannot be allowed to accept one for another without thinking himself bound in gratitude as much as if done to himself. The very little share I ever mean to take more in public affairs shall and must be dictated by disinterested motives. I have no one virtue to support me but that disinterestedness; and if I act with you, no man living shall say that it was not by choice and by principle.’—*ib.* 216.

We should have expected that such high disinterestedness would have flamed out against an *avowed* bribe—not at all; and the result was that Lord Orford accepted the rangership, and that Horace Walpole voted for Lord Bute’s peace—a peace which he every where throughout the whole *Memoirs* censures with undying virulence, as on the part of Lord Bute and Fox personally corrupt. He calls it ‘a scandalous peace,’ (i. 169)—‘ruinous and shameful to the country,’ (i. 338)—‘thunder was wanting to blast such a treaty,’ (i. 226)—‘the infamy of the peace’ (i. 168). Yet he and his nephew accepted Fox’s ‘bribe,’ and voted for the peace.

Bad as this appears, we suspect that there was still worse behind. We do not believe that Walpole’s vote was determined altogether by his nephew’s place, about which he probably cared very little; and we find that he was exceedingly enraged with something in Fox’s conduct in the affair, which is not explained, but which, we strongly suspect, was that, instead of this superfluous care about his nephew, Fox had not contrived to make some arrangement for *his own places*. That this was strongly in his mind is clear, for he immediately adds that Fox was displeased by his answer to the ‘artful and disingenuous letter,’ and showed his spite by prompting Martin, the Secretary of the Treasury, to *delay the payment of Walpole’s office-bills*; on which Horace adds that he made a direct appeal to Lord Bute and was redressed:—not, however, very speedily; for from the note to Lord Bute, already mentioned, it appears that payment was delayed for five months after Lord Bute had signed the order. It is clear, therefore, that Lord Bute had for some reason interposed a new delay, and that reason could not have been exactly what Walpole represents—Fox’s

dissatisfaction with his *answer*—for the obstacle had arisen, it seems, a month before the date of Fox’s letter. This affair, whatever the details may have been, evidently rankled in Walpole’s mind, always morbidly sore on the subject of his offices, and inflamed his animosity against both Bute and Fox.

Yet this was not Mr. Fox’s greatest offence at this period. After repeating his violent censures of Fox for the shameless corruption with which he obtained votes for the peace, and stating that the *numbers* of the division were printed—227 against 63—he adds, ‘had they printed the *names*, the world would have known the names of those who were *not* bribed!’—*he* having been in the majority, and in that majority we doubt whether there was any man more open to the imputation of bribery than himself. Probably he was the only one of them all that had accepted a *Bribe*—offered directly *eo nomine*. He then proceeds to expatiate on the vengeance that Fox took of those placemen who had voted against the government—‘a more severe political persecution never raged,’ and so on—with such vehemence, that the Editor, apparently well inclined to excuse Mr. Fox, knows not what to say in his defence, and after several successive expressions of regret at divers instances quoted by Walpole, can only wind up by saying, ‘This persecution is inexcusable, and very unlike Mr. Fox, who was a very good-humored man.’ Sir Denis de Marchant might have boldly said that the ministers did no more on this occasion than their mere duty. Could they have carried on the government an hour in those days of faction, if on such a question as a *PEACE*—the pivot on which all national as well as all party interests turned—they had permitted their subordinate placemen to oppose them with impunity? But Sir Denis might have seen that it was no tenderness for the little ousted clique, whom Walpole despised and hated, that excited his virtuous indignation. The real cause comes out a little later:—

‘The persecution set on foot at the close of the last year was kept up with unrelaxed severity . . . and though Mr. Fox enjoyed a considerable sinecure in Ireland, yet so much did his thirst of vengeance surmount his interest, that a question was put to the Chancellor whether the King *could not take away patents granted in former reigns*!’—vol. i. p. 240.

The patents of former reigns! ‘Ha!

thou hast touched me nearly !' But this is followed by a still more striking instance of the selfish virulence of Walpole's judgment of men. Sir Fletcher Norton, the Solicitor General, is distinguished throughout all Walpole's works by a special measure of obloquy and defamation. In this place he says of him :—

'This man now rose from *obscure infamy* to that *infamous fame* which will long stick to him. It was known that in private causes he took money from both parties.'—*Ib.*

To this the Editor enters a very faint denial—'the charge is very improbable, as he had too many rivals and enemies to admit of such conduct remaining unpunished,' &c. &c. This is a very inadequate notice of such an atrocious calumny—the real explanation and consequent refutation of which are found even in Walpole's own text, in which he says that this question of the resumption of the *patents granted in a former reign* was referred to the Solicitor General, and that Norton

'advised to take away the places, and then see if the law would restore them.'—*Ib.*

Take away the places ! Walpole had only *five* of them, producing 6000*l.* a-year, and not one other penny of income in the world.

'What ! all my pretty ones ?—
Did he say all ?—*O Hell-kite !*—all ?'

We pardon Walpole for hating Fox and Norton on such provocation—but we cannot forgive his professions of impartiality and disinterestedness.

George Grenville succeeded Lord Bute in the Treasury, and in due course of time in Walpole's hatred—and from the same cause. Walpole began, as he did with all first ministers, as a zealous supporter :—

'I had been pleased at Grenville's becoming minister, having (I confess my blindness) entertained a most favorable opinion of his integrity. Nor had his venal prostitution of himself to Lord Bute as yet opened my eyes. But I was again roused by the arbitrary treatment of Wilkes. Still I had not the most distant suspicion of what his heart was capable, nor any view of opposing his administration. Thinking him as frank and candid as myself, I desired Mr. Thomas Pitt—attached to him and my own friend—to tell him fairly in the summer that I *believed* I should differ from him when the point of General Warrants should be agitated in parliament.

'But not content with opposing them myself, I earnestly desired that Mr. Conway should oppose them too, and in bringing that about *I by no means piqued myself on the same frankness.*'—vol. i. p. 340.

And after this strange confession, he proceeds to state the details of the intrigue by which he persuaded Conway, who was a Groom of the King's Bedchamber, to separate from his brother and friends, and vote against General Warrants. For this vote poor Conway, who little suspected that he was the cat's-paw of the *Usher of the Exchequer*, was dismissed both from his place, and, as was not unusual in those days, his regiment. That the *Ushership of the Exchequer* was in some way implicated in Walpole's sudden breach with Mr. Grenville comes out in a long-subsequent passage of the '*Memoirs*,' where, in acknowledging 'the justice and civility which he always received from Lord North' (after he had left the House of Commons and abandoned politics), he adds, 'when I am thus grateful to the living for civilities, *I scorn to recollect the rancor of the dead*' (*ib.* 332). The only First Lord of the Treasury to whom this bitter and 'rancorous' sarcasm could then apply was George Grenville.

Again :—

'I had *risked* [in opposition to Grenville's ministry] an easy, ample fortune with which I was thoroughly contented. When I found *unjust power exerted to wrong me*, I am not ashamed to say that I flattered myself that if ever our party were successful, I should obtain to have the *payments of my place settled* on some foundation that would not expose me to the *caprice or wanton tyranny of every succeeding minister.*'—*Mem. Geo. III.* ii. 211.

And again :—

'The very day before the dismissal of Mr. Conway, Grenville, whether to detach me from him, or fearing I should make use of the indiscretion he had been guilty of, *ordered the payment of my bills at the Treasury.*'—vol. i. p. 408.

The bills, then, had been *stopped* !—why, or how long before, we are not told, but we have not the slightest doubt that if we could obtain the details of the case we should find that Walpole's first suspicion of his friend Grenville's integrity and his earliest scruple as to the legality of General Warrants were simultaneous with the occurrence of some hitch in the '*payment of his bills.*' What he was likely to feel at

the *delay* of his bills may be judged by the fury—'the ebullitions of rage,' as he calls it—which he felt at Grenville's ordering their *payment* at such a critical moment—meaning, perhaps, to convey a contemptuous hint that he saw and appreciated the motives of Walpole's new-born patriotism. Walpole proceeds not only to confess, but to boast of the rancor and success with which he contrived to embarrass and annoy the Ministry; though we believe that he very much overrates the actual effect of his intrigues;—a common fault with most men—but a peculiarly predominant one with him—the most blind of any man we ever saw or read of to every thing he was unwilling to see. In his thirst of vengeance he formed some projects which he himself admits would have been unbecoming a man of honor. We have seen that he employed his '*own friend*,' Mr. Thomas Pitt, as a channel of communication with Mr. Grenville. In the course of the negotiations some letters passed between the parties, and Walpole had conversations with both Grenville and Pitt, all which, even on Walpole's own statement, appear to us perfectly innocent and natural; but Walpole, really wanting to be bribed, affected to consider one or more of the Letters as an offer to bribe or intimidate him and Conway; and then he relates that

'to add to their confusion, I had preserved exact minutes of the two conversations of Pitt and Grenville, of which they had no suspicion. I felt the opportunity of doing justice both to Mr. Conway and myself; and of making Mr. Grenville understand that if he did not do me justice in the regularity of my payments, he was at my mercy, and must expect those letters to be laid before the public, if not before the House of Commons.'—vol. ii. p. 11.

This was little better than an attempt to extort money, and would have been a fit subject of a criminal prosecution. We have ourselves seen these letters, which are altogether to the disadvantage of Walpole, whose conduct was so shuffling that Mr. Grenville terminated the discussion by writing to Mr. Pitt in a style that must have stung Walpole:—

'After what I have met with, you will not wonder that I will have no further intercourse with Mr. Walpole upon this subject, neither directly nor through the channel of any one else.'—Grenville MSS.

Walpole, however, says—and here we be-

lieve him—that he would have been very unwilling to make this exposure; but,

'Grenville was far from having the generosity to imitate me. My payments were carefully made before the parliament opened; but when I had let the session pass without using the materials in my hands, an embargo was again laid on the income of my employment. Have I been unjust in saying that almost any steps which are lawful against *banditti* would be justifiable against such men? But I found means to retaliate without violating the strict laws of honor.'—vol. ii. p. 12.

What his *honorable* modes of retaliation were, he does not say—perhaps the libelling his enemies in these Memoirs was one—but it would have been rather fairer to have published the original documents. No reader, we believe, will doubt of the motives that prevented the execution of that menace, and substituted the safer course of traducing, in these posthumous Memoirs, the memory (for Grenville died while he was writing them) of that eminent and we believe honest statesman, who, with his habits of business and in his desire of economy, had, probably, attempted some inquiry into the practices by which his own immediate subordinate, the *Usher of the Exchequer*, received 4200*l.* per annum for 'shutting the Exchequer gates, and paying the tradesmen's bills.'

In 1765, after a short ministry of about two years, Grenville was turned out by that combination of factions which led to the first Rockingham ministry; and General Conway became Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons. And this opens some new scenes of Walpole's indefatigable perseverance in pursuing his jobs, more curious and as little creditable as any of the former. He has told us frankly that he expected that a Government which he had helped to form could not be so ungrateful as to refuse to accomplish his objects. He does not tell us the special form his wishes now took, but it was something so monstrous, that even his cousin german and—if we are to take his own word for it—his creature, Conway could not listen to it—Conway—who, before the publication of these volumes, we said and thought, was the only human being for whom he seemed to feel what is ordinarily called friendship—almost the only one of whom he had left a favorable report!—but alas! this solitary friendship—this unique affection—was, we find, weakened if not

severed by this engrossing anxiety about the sinecure places.

At this moment, apparently so auspicious, and when we should have expected to find Walpole triumphant in the success of his patriot friends, we are startled at reading, at the head of the tenth chapter of the second volume of these Memoirs, '*Walpole's separation from his party*,' and by a statement that

'the dissolution of our opposition now afforded me that opportunity of *retreating* from those who had composed it, for which I had so eagerly longed; nor was I dilatory in executing my resolution. Many new reasons concurred to make me adhere to the plan I had formed.

'If I quitted them triumphant, they would have no right to call on me should they again be defeated by their own want of skill. I had fully satisfied my honor and my engagements, and had any body cause to complain, it was myself—but I chose to part with them on good terms. Not the *smallest view of self-interest* had entered into my imagination.'—vol. ii. p. 210, 211.

All this, even if true, would be, when closely examined, more plausible than satisfactory: but, unfortunately, it is altogether false. For, proceeding to say that '*truth demands some further explanation*,' he enters with the blind impetuosity of an angry man into explanations which contradict in fact and even in terms every point of his preceding assertions, and exhibit the continued influence of the same mean motives that we have traced on so many other occasions.

'He left not faction, but of it was left,'

and retired not spontaneously, but in deep and double dudgeon at not having had an offer of political office for which he was totally unfit, and at being again disappointed in the accomplishment of his sinecure jobs. After exclaiming, as we have seen, that he *had not the smallest view of SELF-INTEREST in the matter*, he goes on to prove that he had nothing else. Beginning with the allusion to Mr. Grenville already quoted, but which we must repeat as an introduction to what follows, he says—

'when I found unjust power exerted to wrong me, I am not ashamed to say I flattered myself that, if ever our party was successful, I should obtain to have the *payments of my place* settled on some foundation that should not expose me to the *caprice or wanton tyranny of every succeeding minister*.

'*My wish of making this independence perfectly easy* I had hinted to Mr. Conway during our opposition. He received it with *silence*. It was not in my nature to repeat such a hint.'—vol. ii. pp. 211, 212.

Our readers will not wonder that Conway should receive with silent reproof a proposition for rewarding Walpole's *independent* support, by getting the Treasury to relinquish its control over the bills of the Usher of the Exchequer, and by obtaining a place of 1400*l.* a-year two lives, and one a young one, instead of for one old life—but we may surely feel some surprise that Walpole should imagine that this was political *independence*. A more barefaced avowal of a more corrupt object we do not know that we ever before met with—not even in Bubb Doddington. But this was not all. This man, possessed of *five* sinecure places producing an income of 6000*l.* a-year, would not, if we are to believe his own accounts, have been satisfied with making them more '*independent*,' that is, more lucrative and permanent; his vanity and ambition must be further gratified by an offer of political office—and this he avows in the following astonishing paragraph immediately following that last quoted:—

'As *DISINTERESTEDNESS* was my *ruling passion*, I did hope that on the change some considerable employment would be offered to me, which *my vanity would have been gratified in refusing*. It was mortifying enough to me, when Mr. Conway reported to me the proposed arrangement of places, to find that my name had not been so much as mentioned.'—vol. ii. p. 212.

Then comes a sharp invective against Conway. He complains that the other leaders of the party did not at least go through the form of *offering him something*, although 'he had declared, and it was well known, he would take no place.' (*ib.*) Now we do not see why a statesman, employed to form a ministry, should embarrass and depreciate his mission by offering office to one who he knew would, merely to gratify his own vanity, refuse it. But after all we have good reasons for believing that Walpole did not seriously wish for political office, nor even expect an offer of it. It would not have suited either his habits or his tastes; and his more substantial views were certainly directed towards the sinecure jobs; but as a failure there would have been neither a *safe* nor decent cause of quarrel, he prudently chose to place it on

the more absurd but less dangerous and discreditable ground of the political slight. This, probable from all the circumstances, is proved by some expressions in his complaints of Conway's indifference to his interests, which begin with the supposed *political* neglect, but soon fall into the real grievance:—

'What could excuse this neglect in Mr. Conway? For him I had sacrificed every thing; for him I had been *injured, oppressed, calumniated*. The foundation of his *own fortune, and almost every step of his fortune, he owed solely to me*. How thoroughly soever he knew my sentiments [as to not wishing for political office], was a *compliment* at least not due to me? Whatever was due to me, much or little, he totally forgot it; and so far from once endeavoring to *secure my independence*, in his whole life after he never once mentioned it. I had too much spirit to remind him of it, though he has since frequently vaunted to me his own independence. Such failure of friendship, or, to call it by its truer name, such insensibility, could not but shock *a heart at once so tender and so proud as mine*. His ensuing conduct completely opened my eyes.'—vol. ii. p. 212.

'*A heart so tender and so proud*' as to quarrel with its nearest and we might say, only friend, because he did not interfere, contrary to his duty as a Minister of State, to do a dirty job for the Usher of the Exchequer. In winding up this story, Walpole, with a show of doing justice to Conway, supposes that his neglect arose not from ingratitude, but forgetfulness;—

'his temper was chill and his mind *absent*; and as I had too much delicacy to mention even *my own security*, I am persuaded it never came into his conception.'—*Ib.* p. 215.

Here again the word '*security*' betrays the real cause of quarrel to have been the precarious sinecures; and when Walpole, with wonderful self-complacency, supposes that nothing but forgetfulness and *absence* of mind could have prevented Conway's accomplishing his object, while his own delicacy prevents his jogging the memory of his oblivious friend, he himself forgets that he had just told us that he had stated it to Conway before the formation of the new ministry, and that Conway had even then received it with an ominous silence which forbade the repetition of the suggestion.

But though thus disappointed at the outset of the Rockingham administration and affecting to have abandoned politics, we find

Walpole more active than ever in the long and complicated ministerial intrigues between 1766 and 1770, and employing his influence over the wavering and unconscious Conway to keep him in office, and even, on the resignation of the Duke of Grafton, to place him at the head of the Treasury. In all this he was actuated, no doubt, partly by his natural love of dabbling in such intrigues and his personal interest in Conway, but partly also, we are satisfied, by the hope of laying the government under such an obligation to him as should ultimately carry his job. The King, who confided in Conway's honor, though he feared his want of firmness and resolution, felt obliged to Walpole for his endeavors to steady his friend, and so expressed himself to Conway's brother, Lord Hertford. Walpole was delighted. He now saw in the King's gratitude a shorter cut to his great object:—

'I must confess there was a moment in which, reflecting on my success, and on the important service I had rendered to the King in so distressful and critical an hour, I was tempted to *think of myself*. I saw I might have written to the King, or asked an audience, or made any terms I pleased for myself. *My brother had just been at the point of death, and presented me with the near prospect of losing half my income*. What would remain, would depend on the *will of every succeeding First Lord of the Treasury*; and it was determined in my own breast that I would pay court to none. I resisted, however; and in this favorable shining hour, resolved to make no one advantage for myself. I scorned to tell either my friend or myself, and sat down contented with having done the best for him, and with shutting the door against a crew I hated or despised.'—vol. iii. pp. 78, 79.

We are not the dupes of this heroic self-denial. Walpole on reconsideration could not but see that in that crisis the King neither would nor could have attempted to meddle with this paltry job, and that eventually his best and indeed only chance of success was by keeping Conway in office with a friendly First Lord of the Treasury. This prospect was, however, soon closed. The Duke of Grafton resigned—Conway retired—Lord North's administration commences a new era—the sinecures remain in *statu quo*—and the Memoirs terminate.

We have thus traced, even by the scanty light of his own inadvertent confessions, Walpole's attempts at what too clearly seems a corrupt jobbing with each successive administration, from 1751 down to 1770; and

we think nobody can doubt, after this detail, that Walpole, even in his 'Letters,' but distinctly in every line of both sets of his Memoirs, was writing under the impression of morbid feelings which distort and dis-color every scene and person, and disentitle him to any credit wherever his passion or prejudice can intervene; and these were so acute and so subtle that it is impossible to say that there is any circumstance, however apparently indifferent, into which they did not penetrate. His works are really 'a copious polyglot of spleen' and an 'universal satire' on all mankind. When we formerly made a somewhat similar observation, we except Conway as the only person spared from the general obloquy—we can except him no longer; he has now descended into the *limbo* to which Walpole consigned all his contemporaries—we believe we may now say without exception.

If any reader should be inclined to think that we assign too much importance to this detection and exposure, we beg leave to remind him that, from a variety of concurrent causes, Walpole is likely at first sight to obtain a confidence which he in no degree merits, and that his pertinacious efforts to poison history require that *at each successive attempt* the antidote should be administered. Nor let it be supposed that this iteration of our charges is superfluous when we see such a writer as Lord Mahon—so impartial, so desirous of truth, with such apparent opportunities of information, and so well aware of Walpole's bias as to set out with admitting that 'on no occasion would he readily trust Horace Walpole as to *motives*' (*Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 14,) yet immediately after falling into Walpole's snares—habitually quoting, and sometimes copying without quoting—his malicious romances, adopting as to Lord Bute the stigmatizing description of 'the Favorite,' and giving consistence and countenance to the factious libels of Wilkes and the sneering slanders of Walpole by such an assertion as that

'no monarch was more deservedly beloved than George III. in the latter half at least of his reign—after he had shaken off the sway of the NORTHERN FAVORITE!'

the 'earlier half' of his reign extending to 1790. Lord Mahon adds indeed that 'the report of that sway long survived its reality;' but this, taken with the context, implies his opinion to be, that the influence did not outlast 1790, while the jealousy of it survived even that late period—the truth being,

even by Walpole's own confessions, that there was no favoritism at all, nor any influence beyond the time when Lord Bute ceased to be minister—1763.

But Lord Mahon must be well aware that Walpole's Memoirs are little else than an apocryphal chronicle of '*motives*.' There are in either series very few new facts—hardly one, that we recollect, of any real historical importance; their value, whatever it may be, is nothing else than the *motives* which they assign to the several actors in scenes and circumstances already superficially known—and such, in truth, is the special value of that class of historical information generally described as *memoirs*. To say, therefore, that a memoir-writer is not to be trusted for the motives he imputes, is to say that, as helps to history, his work is infinitely worse than worthless. We do not go quite so far. Walpole is like any other prejudiced witness: though there may be a predominance of falsehood and a general discoloration, there will yet be, in a long and varied narration, a considerable portion of voluntary or involuntary truth. The art of using such a witness to advantage is a minute study of the admitted facts—a general balancing of the antagonist testimonies, and a conscientious sifting of the evidence in each minute portion of the case, so as finally to discriminate between the real color of the transactions and the partial color of the narrative. It ought to be something like restoring an old picture which has been painted over: you must wash off the whole varnish, and then proceed with great care and caution to remove the supposititious touches from the original ground. You will probably find there some elemental traces, more or less slight, of the surcharge which you have removed—but you will also frequently find that the manufacturer, by way of producing an effect after his own taste, has made gratuitous additions for which he had no ground whatsoever. Thus, to take three of Walpole's most prominent figures: we believe that this account of the Duke of Newcastle is much exaggerated—that of George Grenville a mixture of exaggeration and falsehood—that of Lord Bute's influence as 'the Favorite' after 1763, a gross and from many indications 'we must add, an intentional and malicious deception. In all these cases, and in many others collateral to them, we have traced the malevolence to one special and powerful cause—but we know not to what extent beyond our limited inquiries, *that* cause may

have operated, nor have we space or time to indicate, much less examine, various *other* motives of private and personal animosities, of which his Letters and Memoirs, as well as the evidence of his contemporaries, afford abundant symptoms. We here need only say that no historian reverent of truth should quote one line from Walpole without a minute investigation of the individual fact, and of the possible *temper* in which Walpole may have related it.

Without, therefore, saying positively that Walpole's Memoirs are of no historical value, we assert that their value is much less than their mischief; because few readers can have the means, and still fewer will have the diligence, for a minute and critical examination of his details, while the public will greedily swallow the potion so suited to the general appetite of scandal, without attempting to distinguish the ingredients.

There are, however, in this work degrees, and if we may so express ourselves *æras* of more or less credibility. Up to the year 1765, when General Conway came into office, Walpole was in Parliament, and attached to one or other of the various factions of the day—always endeavoring to be on good terms with each successive ministry until the disappointment of his job sent him into opposition;—in a word, habitually in opposition—but that opposition generally a prudent one, with a careful eye to the possibility of a turn of the ministerial wheel which might give him another chance of obtaining his private object. During this period he was of course but imperfectly acquainted with the real views or principles of the Government; of which indeed he could know no more than a member of the Opposition usually does of the real motives of Ministers, and is no more entitled to credit than the rumor of Brookes's as to the business of Downing Street. He was, however, well acquainted with the intrigues of the several opposing factions, and may generally be trusted for any unfavorable exposure of that to which he happened at the moment to belong.

The next period extends from Mr. Conway's accession to the cabinet in 1765 to his resignation of the seals in 1768, and even for the following year, in which Conway as Lieutenant-General of the Ordinance still attended Cabinet Councils. During this period it seems that Walpole was better informed than *he ought to have been* on many cabinet questions—not indeed, it would seem, on any other national concerns, but

very much as to the difficulties and embarrassments in the conduct of the King's government, especially those created by the strange trance in which Lord Chatham voluntarily or involuntarily passed the whole of his last unhappy and discreditable administration. In this portion of the work it is amusing, and not without instruction, to observe how much more rational Walpole's ideas of government had grown—how sensible he had become of the indecency and mischief of a factious and interested opposition, and how much less disposed to doubt the good sense of the King, his sincerity towards his ministers, and his love of his people.

The third period cannot be better described than in Walpole's own words:—

'As I had rather disparage these Memoirs than disappoint the reader by promising him more satisfaction than he will find, let me remind him that I had now quitted my seat in Parliament; and consequently, what traces of debates shall appear hereafter must be mutilated and imperfect, as being received by hearsay from others, or taken from notes communicated to me. As I had detached myself, too, from all parties, I was in the secrets of none: and though I had curiosity enough to fathom some, opportunities of learning others, and made observations on what was passing, in which I was assisted by the clue of what I had formerly known; yet it will doubtless be perceived that my information was often incomplete, and that the mysterious springs of several events never came to my knowledge. In those situations I shall be far from decisive: yet that very ignorance may guide future historians to the search after authentic papers; and my doubts may lead to some certainty. It may yet be asked why I choose, under these impediments, to continue my narrative, while I allow that it must fall short of the preceding parts? The honestest answer is the best: it amuses me. I like to give my opinion on what I have seen: I wish to warn posterity (however vain such zeal) against the folly and corruption and profligacy of the times I have lived in; and I think that, with all its defects, the story I shall tell will be more complete than if I had stopped at the end of the foregoing Parliament.'—vol. iii. pp. 180, 181.

The *amusement* was the gratification of his resentments—the *odium in longum jacens*—and yet it is evident both in his style and sentiments that his escape from the actual whirlpool of party had somewhat sobered and rationalized his mind; and although his narrative is still disfigured by the worn-out bugbear of 'the Favorite,' and still tainted with his constitutional or at least ha-

bitual propensity to conjectural imputations and personal malice, this is on the whole the portion of the volumes that instead of 'falling short' as he supposed of the others, may, we think, be read with the most satisfaction and the greatest approach to confidence. But it contains little that is new—particularly to the readers (and who have not been readers?) of Walpole's Letters; where most of the essential matter having been already recorded, especially the two first volumes of the last series to Sir H. Mann, which contain in truth the substance of these Memoirs in another form.

As an historical work these volumes have—besides the capital sins we have already exposed of self-interested malignity working on a cynical temper—some great faults both political and literary. As to naked facts and the mere succession of events, the skeleton, as it were, of history, Walpole is in general accurate, and no doubt brings to light many small details of this kind which, *valcant quantum*, are obviously entitled to credit; but his natural inclination was to grope an obscure way through mazes and *souterrains* rather than walk the high road by daylight. He is never satisfied with the plain and obvious cause of any effect, and is for ever striving after some tortuous solution. It was the turn of his mind. He was crooked in all his own little habits—

'Nor took his tea without a stratagem.'

Every thing that passed through his mind seemed to undergo a kind of refraction,—like a stick in water,—the straight appeared crooked, and crooked straight: and so in all the actions of men, and especially in politics, he conjures up intrigues, and plots, and purposes which never entered into any mind but his own. Almost every page would afford an instance of this *mania*—for such it really seems: two or three of them taken at random, and which have the advantage of requiring little explanation from us, will suffice.

The young Queen was, in Walpole's morbid fancy, a *prisoner* from the hour of her arrival in England:—

'Lord Harcourt had been sent to fetch her from Harwich with the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton: but as an earnest of the *prison prepared for her*, and to keep her in that state of ignorance which was essential to the views of the Princess, they were forbidden to see her alone.'—vol. i. p. 71.

'The affection she conceived for the King softened the *rigor of her captivity*'—*Ib.* 72.

'Soon after Buckingham House was purchased and bestowed on her Majesty; St. James' not seeming a *prison strait enough*?'—*Ib.* 159.

The jailer was the Princess Dowager of Wales—the King's mother: and so extravagant was her tyranny, that the young King himself was absolutely shut up in the same dreary dungeon:—

'*There* the King and Queen lived in the strictest privacy, attended absolutely by none but menial servants, and never came to the Palace but for the hour of levees and drawing-rooms.'—*Ib.* 159.

Tastes differ. We dare say that the foolish young couple mistook this 'imprisonment' for as near an approach to freedom as royalty can enjoy. They were at least so deluded as to continue the same mode of life for the almost half century that they survived their jailer.

Again:—after extravagating on the prodigious patronage showered on the Scotch, he proceeds—

'In the beginning of the reign, Lady Charlotte Edwin, a sort of favorite Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, dropped this *memorable* expression to me—"Things are not yet ripe."—iv. 310.

'Ripe' for *what*—Walpole does not venture to say distinctly, but clearly intimates a *Jacobite Revolution, to be effected by a Scottish army*—a secret most judiciously confided to Lady Charlotte Edwin, who, with equal judgment, 'drops these *memorable words*' to Mr. Walpole—as well known for his great discretion as for his Jacobite inclinations—and who immediately corroborates Lady Charlotte's intelligence by the following alarming fact:—

'The swarms of Scots that crowded and were gladly received into the army and into the *corps of Marines*, a body into which few English deigned to enlist, were no doubt placed there to *bring things to a maturity*, or protect them when brought to it.'—iv. 310.

This astute detection of the King's personal desire and purpose to overturn the Constitution, and establish despotism, by means, as a chief agent, of the *corps of Marines* (!), is subsequently repeated with still more solemn and argumentative sagacity.—(iv. p. 353.) Faction is for ever the same; and Walpole revives the extrava-

gance of Shaftesbury, and fills his pages with fanciful

———'jealousy and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a *Jacobite*.'

Again:—Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham happened to be both thrown into opposition to the Duke of Grafton. Lord Chatham—full of fire and faction, and with some additional spleen against the Duke of Grafton—made a very natural move to combine with Lord Rockingham their opposition against the common enemy. See how Walpole travesties this proceeding into a low meanness, of which, sober or mad, Lord Chatham never could have been guilty.

'Lord Chatham's profusion had involved him in *debts and great distress*; and that *distress reduced him* to more humane condescension than he usually practised. He sent a message to Lord Rockingham, professing high esteem, and desiring a personal interview to remove former misunderstandings, and to cement a common union between the friends of the public.'—vol. iv. p. 33.

And in another place he makes a similar imputation against him, as well as against another great and popular name:—

'Calcraft, that minion of fortune, to insure Lord Granby's dependence and resignation, now lent him sixteen thousand pounds, additional to a great debt already contracted. Lord Granby accordingly on the 17th, resigned.

'Lord Chatham was in the power of the usurer Calcraft—so low had those two men, who had sat at the top of the world, reduced themselves by their dissipations!'—vol. iv. p. 47.

These extravagancies amuse by their absurdity or disgust by their malice; but to an ordinary reader the Memoirs have a still greater fault—they are confused, obscure, and therefore wearisome: there is no narrative—no attempt to preserve a train of action or thought—he writes as the French say, *à bâtons rompus*; and the whole is such a constant recurrence and jumble of names, opinions, and events—the smallest being always treated with more detail and emphasis than the greater—that we ourselves, who have paid some attention to the real history of those times, and who are familiar with Walpole's style of treating it, often get bewildered in such an unvarying labyrinth of intrigues and intriguers—such a chaos of proper names and improper motives—that

we hardly know after an hour's reading which is which—Butes or Bedfords, Grenvilles or Graftons, Righys or Rockinghams—any one of the *dramatis personæ* might play the part assigned to any other; and as Mr. Dangle, in the Critic, found 'the Interpreter the harder of the two,' we confess that we never thought the political events of the first ten years of George III. so difficult to understand as in the explanatory pages of Walpole.

But moreover: political intrigues are very stimulating topics while they are fresh, but very little so when the personal interests are passed away; and they become additionally insipid by growing so rapidly obscure. It requires not merely great attention, but some collateral information, to understand the nice distinctions, the slender differences, and the even verbal difficulties on which great political negotiations have turned. Take, for instance, the phrase by which Lord Chatham's negotiation with the Duke of Grafton was terminated—a negotiation, that, if successful, might perhaps have prevented, or at least have postponed, the American war, and all its tremendous consequences. 'I asked Lord Chatham,' says Colonel Fitzroy, the Duke's brother and messenger,

'Whether I should write that "*he was resolved not to renew the negotiation*;" he said, "*Resolved* is a large word;" and desired I would express myself thus—"Mr. Pitt's determination is final, and the negotiation is at an end." These are his own words.'—ii. 185; iv. 392.

The difference between the phrases is not very obvious,* and our readers would hardly forgive us for now wasting their time in attempting an explanation—so trivial do things become which were once so important. We do not say that such circumstances are not, to deeper inquirers into moral and political history, of some collateral value as features of a remarkable period; and this particular instance has a certain degree of importance as elucidating Lord Chatham's character, who could condescend in a great national crisis to such hairsplitting. But those who read only for amusement or general information will find the accumulation of such minutiae tedious and puzzling, and it is, as we have seen, the peculiar fault of Walpole, that to an

* Walpole's accuracy in this statement is confirmed by the autobiography of the Duke of Grafton, which the Editor has quoted in an appendix; and which, from this specimen, we shall be glad to see published *in extenso*.

over-laborious detail of such realities he is always ready to superadd, when facts fail him, conjectures and visions of his own still more enigmatical. But, in truth, the natural turn of his mind was not only, as we have said, to mystery, but also to littleness—he loved *miniature* both metaphorically and really—preferred a Petitot to a Rubens, and—as he playfully, but we have no doubt truly, confesses—Strawberry Hill to Windsor Castle. So his Memoirs tend to lower mankind to one common size and level of mere selfishness; and we do not recollect in all his works above one or two admissions of any man's having uniformly acted from an innate principle of rectitude—a purely conscientious distinction between right and wrong;* for even the few to whom he occasionally attributes amiable qualities and high sentiments—such as George III., the Duke of Richmond, Lord Chatham, and General Conway—he seldom fails to disparage by a close-following imputation of some degrading influence. We do not mean to say that the words 'principle,' 'integrity,' 'disinterestedness,' 'honor,' 'patriotism,' 'the people,' 'my country,' and so forth, are not frequent in his pages; but they are either employed to glorify *himself*, or, when attributed to others, are treated as mere rhetorical expletives—a kind of oath like '*zooks*,' or '*parbleu*,'—that politicians use, without attaching any determinate meaning to the terms; while some form of self-interest, either place, or profit, or revenge, is the only motive by which he believes any man can be really influenced. And assuredly if we could give any credit to his picture of his times, we should be obliged to concur in his opinion: but without having any exalted opinion of human nature in general, still less of politicians, and least of all, of the politicians of that factious and profligate age, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that it

* We recollect but two cases which even look like exceptions. We think he bears general testimony to the integrity and honor of the *Duke of Richmond*: and he records of *Edmund Burke*, that when very young in public life he separated from his powerful political allies and dearest private friends, by declining to support a factious, and as it turned out a most mischievous and unfortunate, motion for the diminution of the land tax; but even in these favored cases, so strong is his propensity to slander, that he afterwards raises against Mr. Burke an unfounded imputation of having jobbed in India stock; and the Duke of Richmond, though connected with Walpole by his marriage with Conway's step-daughter, receives now and then a *coup de patte*.

was so utterly *nullâ virtute redemptum* as Walpole describes. It was his habit to look at the low and dark side of every character; and as every character has, we fear, some touch of the low and dark about it, the result has been a picture of his times as minute as Mieris, and as savage as Spagnolett.

Walpole himself says (vol. ii. p. 159,) 'that he is painting *portraits of the time*, rather than writing history:' the metaphor is appropriate, but it would approach still nearer to the truth, if for *portraits* he had said *caricatures*—for such indeed his pictures are; and, as in other collections of caricatures, amidst a general exaggeration and many total failures, there are some sketches which may be like, and others which in various degrees approach to resemblance.

The figure chief in importance and first in interest—though from the nature of our constitution and the opportunities of the painter, by no means the most prominent—is the KING. Connecting his Majesty, as Walpole with a most culpable insincerity persisted in doing, with the secret influence and pernicious designs so untruly attributed to Lord Bute, we are rather surprised to find that his picture, though unjust and grossly erroneous in some important points, is not marked with deeper touches of his characteristic malevolence. Indeed, it is remarkable that every *act and fact* that he relates are highly to his Majesty's credit—honorable to his head as well as his heart,—while the imputations he raises against him are those of conjecture or inference; and it is also to be observed that the time during which he was nearest the court, and best informed as to the conduct of the King, is that in which he expresses the most favorable opinion of him. But upon this we lay no stress, for it is certain that Walpole, with all his natural shrewdness, knew nothing at all of the *character* of George the Third: witness his own sketch, written after he has been by the Grafton administration brought almost into contact with his Majesty:—

'As far as could be discerned of the King's natural disposition, it was humane and benevolent. If flowing courtesy to all men was the habit of his *dissimulation*, at least it was so suited to his temper, that no gust of passion, no words of bitterness were ever known to break from him. He accepted services with grace and appearance of feeling; and if he forgot them with an unrestrained facility, yet he never marked his displeasure with harsh-

ness. Silence served him to bear with unwelcome ministers, or to part with them. His childhood was tinctured with *obstinacy*; it was adopted at the beginning of his reign and called firmness; *but did not prove to be his complexion*. In truth, it would be difficult to draw his character in positive colors. *He had neither passions nor activity*. He resigned himself obsequiously to the government of his mother and Lord Bute: learned, and even entered with art, into the lessons they inspired, but added nothing of his own. When the task was done, he relapsed into *indifference and indolence*, till roused to the next day's part.—vol. i. p. 20.

Here, while his Majesty's merits are faintly touched, the alleged defects are most remarkably the reverse of what every body now knows to have been his real character. His good temper, his good manners, his discretion, his placability, his clemency, are all acknowledged; but the obstinacy of childhood vanished, says Walpole, into the opposite extreme of facility; a notorious mistake—one of the chief reproaches made to him in after life being that his firmness of purpose sometimes amounted to obstinacy. The truth is, the King was firm and decided in *his own* opinions and conduct, but felt as a constitutional sovereign in our mixed government that he was bound to submit his public acts to the advice of his responsible ministers; and it is from not considering with the same discrimination that his Majesty did the different feelings and duties that influence the *man* and the *monarch*, that he has been charged by some writers with obstinacy, and by Walpole with the opposite fault.

He had neither, says Walpole, passions nor activity, and was constitutionally of an indifferent and indolent disposition. Again a complete mistake: that he had passions, and strong ones, Walpole himself bears witness, and no one who knew his interior feelings could be ignorant—though his prudence, his virtue, and his sense of dignity and duty were still stronger.

The reproach of the want of personal activity to *Farmer George*—an early riser, a stout walker, an indefatigable rider, a bold fox-hunter*—is only ridiculous; but that of

* The run would sometimes carry him so far from home that, having left all attendance far behind, he was obliged to get back in a hack post-chaise. On one such occasion, returning very late of a dark evening along the Hounslow road, a highwayman attempted to stop the chaise; but the postilion, knowing perhaps whom he was driving, made a desperate push, knocked down the highwayman, and galloped safe to Windsor.

indifference and indolence in his regal duties shows an ignorance of one of the most peculiar traits in the royal character, which we should have thought strange in any man, but which is really surprising in one who might have been so well informed as Walpole—for nothing during the King's whole life was so remarkable as his *active, accurate, and intelligent dispatch of business*: he never postponed any thing—never left a letter unanswered—never kept any one waiting—was always prepared for the matter in hand, and ready to put it out of hand—and the regularity and activity of his personal habits were never broken in upon but by his indulgence to ministers and servants less alert than their master. Every dispatch or dispatch-box that he received, he, literally, *minuted* with the exact date of its reception, and returned it with an exact note of the time he had kept it. And we ourselves happen to know—*sit fas experta loqui*—that his last great illness was first announced to his ministers by the delay of a reply to a very commonplace communication—a delay which, never having happened in the course of fifty years but on two similar occasions, gave instant alarm. Nor was his Majesty's attention only *pro re nata*—he took large and general views of the whole administration of public business. He understood foreign affairs better than any minister he ever had, and took a lively interest in that department. He had not merely reports made to him of individual occurrences in the army and navy, but he received once a week, on stated days, accounts of the state, disposition, and movements of all his naval and military forces; and knew as well as the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Commander-in-Chief—and sometimes better than they did on a sudden appeal—where every ship and regiment were employed. He was minute and scrupulous in his attention to all that related to the administration of justice. We have seen (Twiss's Life of Eldon) that even when his mind was supposed to be disturbed he omitted no point of duty, and set the Lord High Chancellor right on some of the formal details of his office. In short, we do not believe that any human being ever acquired a more accurate knowledge, or executed with a more intelligent regularity the details, of what is indeed a most complicated and difficult office—which the law allows, or rather obliges, the sovereign to exercise, in a great measure, by his responsible advisers, but on which an honest,

a brave, and an intelligent monarch like George III. felt it to be his duty to satisfy also his own conscience, and to exercise his constitutional influence and control. The Editor of the Memoirs has been favored with the perusal of some of those written communications which the King used to make to his ministers, of which we have formerly spoken. He gives a few, too few, extracts; but these fully confirm our opinion, that whenever and to whatever extent George III.'s correspondence with his successive ministers shall be disclosed, his character as an able, judicious and conscientious sovereign and statesman, and an honest and amiable gentleman in the highest sense of the word, will be additionally confirmed.

Walpole, moreover, insinuates against the King a charge of personal ingratitude; and hints in the preceding extract hypothetically, but in other places more directly, what lower scribblers had before imputed to his Majesty, dissimulation and duplicity. We believe that this charge is false, if possible, than the others. To the charge of *ingratitude*, Walpole's own volumes would be an answer; for on what are all his reproaches built, even from their foundation, but on the King's adherence and fidelity to his early friends, and to all who were supposed to be attached to his particular interests? We may question, as we do, some of the exaggerated statements of that attachment, but as against Walpole the answer is conclusive. The general imputation however, as well as the charge of dissimulation, arises again out of the mistake we have already noticed of confounding the feelings of the man with the duties of the King. George III. was steadfast to an honorable obstinacy, in his attachment to private friends; but the King submitted with decorum and grace to the frequent change of ministers which the vicissitudes of faction or of events forced upon him. The Constitution imposed these often painful sacrifices; it was his amiable and high-spirited study to undergo them with as little offence to the feelings of the parties, or to his own dignity, as the very difficult circumstances could admit. But Walpole quotes two special cases, on which he builds his notion of the King's insincerity. Let us examine these evidential cases:—

'The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the Prince's character; of that cool dissimulation in which he had been

so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amalié [daughter of George II.], as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was out riding, and received a note from a German valet-de-chambre, attendant on the late King, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to the groom, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary."—vol. i p. 6.

Now we, on the contrary, think that this first step of his life was of the happiest auspice, and foretold in the young man the prudence, self-restraint and moral dignity, which were afterwards so fully developed. He had received an ambiguous notice '*that he was KING*'—was he to have pursued his idle ride and exhibited the indecency of having couriers and ministers riding about Surrey to look for the sovereign?—or was he, on the other hand, on such doubtful and irregular information, to proclaim the death of his grandfather, and parade himself, without further ceremony, as KING? He took the more, and indeed the only, discreet and decent course: he did not affect to ride home to hear the great news, but, in order to avoid observation, said his horse was lame, and did not command his groom to tell a falsehood, but only not to contradict him. Where was the '*calm dissimulation*?' Calm presence of mind, and delicacy, and decency, there were; but, in our judgment, not one blamable circumstance.

The other instance which Walpole produces, is one in which, even on his own showing (and he had in this case a motive for misrepresentation), the King was completely justified. It was on the subject of the *repeal*, by the Rockingham ministry, of Grenville's *Stamp Act*. The matter was violently contested. Lord Strange, one of the placemen who opposed the repeal, stated in the clubs that 'having mentioned to the King that the ministers had carried their bill entirely by a representation that his Majesty was favorable to it,' his Majesty had thereupon authorized him to contradict that assertion:—

'So extraordinary a tale soon reached the ear of Lord Rockingham, who immediately

asked Lord Strange if it was true what the King was reported to have said to him? The other confirmed it. On that, Lord Rockingham immediately desired the other to meet him at court, when they both went into the closet together. Lord Strange began, and repeated the King's words; and asked if he had been mistaken? The King said, "No."—Lord Rockingham then pulled out a paper, and begged to know if on such a day (which was minuted down on the paper), his Majesty had not determined for the repeal? Lord Rockingham then stopped. The King replied, "*My Lord, this is but half;*" and taking out a pencil wrote on the bottom of Lord Rockingham's paper words to this effect:—"The question asked me by my ministers was, whether I was for enforcing the act by the sword, or for the repeal: of the two extremes I was for the repeal; but most certainly preferred *modification* to either."—vol. ii. p. 289.

This story is headed in the Memoirs, '*Double-dealing of the King.*' Our readers will, we think, agree that the King's conduct was alike frank and dignified. He avowed what he had said to Lord Strange—he rebuked Lord Rockingham for telling but *half the story*, and boldly, and we dare say somewhat indignantly, *wrote*—so as to admit of no misrepresentation—on Lord Rockingham's paper, the important qualification of his opinion, which Lord Rockingham had suppressed. Which was the *double-dealer*?

But great injustice would be done to George III., and our readers might also complain, if we did not exhibit, in fuller answer to Walpole's imputations, some portraits—out of his own gallery—of the principal statesmen with whom it was the misfortune of that good King and excellent man to have to deal. There were no less than seven administrations imposed by circumstances on the King within his first ten years. Let Walpole tell us how they were composed. We shall distinguish the successive prime ministers by printing their names in capitals.

Of Mr. Pitt himself, the first figure—though only one of the *Secretaries of State*—in the administration which the King at his accession found and retained, we will postpone Walpole's opinions till we arrive at his second administration.

Of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—*First Lord of the Treasury*—Walpole's contempt is so well known by his Letters and former Memoirs that we need add but a touch or two from this work more especially applicable to the period before us:—

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'This veteran, *so busy, so selfish*, and still so fond of power, determined to take a new *court-lease of folly.*'—vol. i. p. 11.

'A *ridiculous old dotard.* It was absurd in him to stay in place, *insolent* to attempt to stay there by force, and *impudent* to pretend patriotism when driven out by *contempt.*'—i. 168.

'Thus *disgraced* and *disgracing* himself, Newcastle resigned.'—*ib.*

The Chancellor, Lord Northington, was—

'too *profligate*, in every light, to carry any authority.' (ii 200). 'He made a pretence for quarrelling with the ministers, complaining *untruly* that he was not consulted, &c.' (p. 343). 'Whether this meanness was officious or instilled into him was not certainly known' (p. 334) 'The deepest tinge of that dirty vice, *avarice and rapaciousness*, blotted the Chancellor' (p. 357). 'A fool void of any color of merit' (p. 357).

Mr. Legge—Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

'With all his abilities, Legge was of a *creeping, underhand* nature, and aspired to the lion's place by the *manœuvre of the mole.*'—vol. i. p. 301.

'Wincheslea said Legge had had more masters than any man in England, and had never left one with a character.'—*ib.* p. 39.

Lord Temple—Privy Seal:—

'This *shameless* and *malignant* man worked in the mines of successive factions for near thirty years together. To relate them is writing *his life.*'—(vol. ii. p. 359). 'Nothing could be more offensive than Lord Temple's conduct, whether considered in a public or private light. Opposition to his factious views seemed to let him loose from all ties, all restraint of *principles*: and his brother was the object of his *jealousy* and *resentment.*'—vol. i. p. 295.

Lord Holderness—Secretary of State:—

'Orders were suddenly sent to Lord Holderness to give up the seals of Secretary of State: the King adding, in discourse, that he had two secretaries, one (Mr. Pitt) who would do nothing, and the other (Lord Holderness) *who could do nothing*; he would have one, who both could and would. This

* To which the Editor adds, 'None could deny his eminent qualifications as a man of business—his political integrity was less commendable. Doddington says, "*his thoughts were 'tout pour la tripe,*"—all for Quarter-day:" and has, in common with Walpole, reproached him with *perfidy.*'—vol. i. p. 39.

was Lord Bute. . . . But however *low the talents* of Lord Holderness deserve to be estimated, they did not suffer by comparison with those of his successor.'—vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

And again, when he reappeared as *Governor to the Prince of Wales* in 1771:—

'Lord Holderness owed his preferment to his *insignificance* and to his wife, a lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, as she did hers to her daughter's governess, whom the Queen had seduced from her, to the great vexation of Lady Holderness. The governess, a French Protestant, ingratiated her late mistress with the Queen, and her mistress soon became a favorite next to the German women.'—vol. iv. p. 314.

Such, Walpole thinks, were the claims and qualifications of one who had been Secretary of State in Mr. Pitt's 'glorious' administration.

Of LORD BUTE, who succeeded Lord Holderness, and soon became *First Lord of the Treasury*, we need not repeat any of Walpole's general opinions, but we extract the following summary of his character while minister:—

'Success and the tide of power swelled up the *weak bladder* of the *Favorite's* mind' (vol. i. p. 177). 'His countenance of Fox was but consonant to the *folly* of his character' (p. 249). 'His *intrigues* to preserve power—the *confusion* he helped to throw into each succeeding system—his *impotent and dark* attempts to hang on the wheels of government, *which he only clogged*—all proved that neither virtue nor philosophy, but *fear*—and fear only—was the immediate and precipitate cause of his retreat. Yet let me not be thought to lament this *weak* man's *pusillanimity*; had he been firm to himself, there was an *end of the Constitution!* The hearts of Englishmen were *corrupt and sold*, and the best heads amongst them toiled in the cause of *despotism*' (p. 256).

And this imminent danger from despotism, all England being corrupted and sold to the Crown, is predicated of the licentious days of '*Wilkes and Liberty*,' when the triumph of demagogues insulted the dignity and even menaced the stability of the throne.

Of Mr. Fox, his general vituperation in both sets of Memoirs is too frequent and too diffuse for extracting; but as regards our present object, it is enough to quote Walpole's observations on his accepting the *leadership of the House of Commons* from Lord Bute:—

'Abandoned by his highest and most showy

friends, Fox felt the mortification of *discredit* with his patron [the Duke of Cumberland] and the public. *Detested* by the public, he never could recover from the *stain* contracted at this period.'—vol. i. p. 197.

'Fox had *boldness and wickedness* enough to undertake whatever the Court was led to compass.'—*ib.* 239.

'Lord Holland was *cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle*' (vol. iv. p. 126); 'and established universal *corruption and revenge*' (*ib.* 239).

And all this was written of a man whom at the same period Walpole was supporting by his vote in Parliament, and for whom, in 1767—still while he was writing these libels—he tells us that 'he labored earnestly to obtain an *Earldom*' (iii. 95).

Of the *Duke of Bedford*, Lord President in that administration, and of his party, he says:—

'Lord Bute lost the *Bedford* faction—not from their *usual perfidy*; he had lost them before they suspected the smallest diminution of his omnipotence; but he had not gratified the ambition of the Duchess of Bedford. She had marked out for herself the first post in the Queen's family; but with more attention to her pride than her interest had forborne to ask it, concluding it must be offered to her. The Princess and Lord Bute, either not suspecting, or glad to be ignorant of, her views, were far enough from seeking to place so *dangerous* a woman in the very heart of the palace. This neglect the Duchess deeply resented, and never forgave.'—vol. i. 261.

The *Bedford* faction was called in the satires of the day the *Bloomsbury Gang*—Bedford House standing in Bloomsbury Square.*

* Lord Tavistock, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, a very amiable young man, whom even Walpole praises (though, as usual, from a partial motive), was killed in 1767 by a fall from his horse. As our readers know, the vile libel of Junius on this subject has been refuted fifty times. Well, hear Walpole:—

'The *indecent indifference* with which such a catastrophe was felt by the *faction* of that family, spoke too plainly that Lord Tavistock lived a reproach and terror to them. The Duke, his father, for a few days almost lost his senses—and recovered them *too soon*. The Duchess was *less blameable*, and retained the compassion longer. While all mankind who ever heard the name of Lord Tavistock, were profuse in lamenting such a national calamity, it gave universal scandal when, in a little fortnight after his death, they beheld his father, the Duke, carried by his creatures to the India House to vote on a factious question.

'This *unexampled insensibility* was bitterly pressed home on the Duke two years after in a public libel [Junius]. Yet it surely was savage wantonness to taunt a parent with such a misfortune: and of flint must have been that head that

Of these, the chief were *Earl Gower*, *Lord Sandwich*, and *Rigby*' (vol. ii. p. 441).--'Lords *Gower* (*Lord Chamberlain*, afterwards *Lord President*), *Weymouth* (*Secretary of State*), and *Sandwich* (*First Lord of the Admiralty*), all had parts, and never used them to any good or creditable purpose. The first had spirit enough to attempt any crime; the other two, though notorious cowards, were equally fitted to serve a prosperous court. And *Sandwich* had a predilection to guilt, if he could couple it with artifice and treachery (*ib.*). *Weymouth* (*Secretary of State*) neither had nor affected any solid virtue. He was too proud to court the people, and too mean not to choose to owe his preferments to the favor of the Court or the cabals of faction. He wasted the whole night in drinking, and the morning in sleep, even when Secretary of State. No kind of principle entered into his plan or practice, nor shame for want of it. His vanity made him trust that his abilities, by making him necessary, could reconcile intrigue and inactivity. His timidity was womanish, and the only thing he did not fear was the ill opinion of mankind.'—vol. iv. p. 240.

The other members of that Cabinet will appear in subsequent ministries.

Next came Mr. Grenville's administration.

'MR. GRENVILLE had hitherto been known but as a fatiguing orator and indefatigable drudge, more likely to disgust than to offend. Beneath this useful unpromising outside, lay lurking great abilities; courage so confounded with obstinacy that there was no drawing a line between them—good intentions to the public without one great view—much economy for that public, which, in truth, was the whole amount of his good intentions—*excessive rapaciousness and parsimony* in himself

could think such a domestic stroke a proper subject for insult, however inadequate to the world the anguish appeared: how steeled must have been that nature that could wish to recall the feelings of a father on such a misfortune!'—*Mem.* ii. 440.

Very true—very just; but why then did the 'tender heart' of Walpole record the savage slander, with the additional venom of attesting its historical truth? The cruelty of Junius may be—not palliated, but at least—accounted for, by the temporary madness of party, or some such motive of personal injustice; but what can be said for Walpole, who, with his eyes open to the infamy of such conduct, and with his pen flowing with indignation against it, takes the especial trouble of transplanting it from what he must have thought an ephemeral libel into the recording pages of his own Memoirs? And then he crowns his inconsistency with—

'In Borgia's age they stabbed with daggers,—in ours with the pen.' (!!)
He being himself the most general and savage 'stabber with the pen' that the age produced.

—*infinite self-conceit, implacability of temper, and a total want of principle.* - - - His ingratitude to his benefactor Bute, and his reproaching Mr. Pitt . . . were but too often paralleled by the crimes of other men; but scarce any man ever wore in his face such outward and visible marks of the hollow, cruel, and rotten, heart within.'—vol. iv. p. 271.

'The reversion of Lord Temple's estate could make even the inflexible Grenville stoop; and if his acrimonious heart was obliged to pardon his brother [Lord Temple], it was indemnified by revenge on his sister's husband [Mr. Pitt].'—vol. ii. p. 174.

Lord Egremont—Secretary of State—

'was a composition of pride, ill-nature, avarice, and strict goodbreeding, with such infirmity in his frame that he could not speak truth on the most trivial occasion. He had humor, and did not want sense; but he had neither knowledge of business, nor the smallest share of Parliamentary abilities.'—p. 272.

Lord Halifax—Secretary of State—

'was the weakest, but at the same time the most amiable of the three. His pride, like Lord Egremont's, taught him much civility: he spoke readily and agreeably; and only wanted matter and argument. His profusion in building, planting, and on a favorite mistress, had brought him into great straits, from which he sought to extricate himself by discreditable means.'—*ib.*

Then came the first Rockingham administration.

'The nomination of LORD ROCKINGHAM for minister at any season would have sounded preposterous—in the present, sufficient alone to defeat the system.'—vol. ii. p. 100.

'He had so weak a frame of person and nerves that no exigencies could surmount his timidity of speaking in public; and having been only known to the public for his passion for race horses, men could not be cured of their surprise in seeing him First Minister.'—ii. 19.

'He was more childish in his deportment than in his age. He was totally void of all information. Ambitious, with excessive indolence; fond of talking of business, but dilatory in the execution; his single talent lay in attracting dependents; yet, though proud and self-sufficient, he had almost as many governors as dependents.'—vol. ii. p. 197.

'Lord Rockingham's childish arrogance and indiscretion.'—vol. ii. p. 298.

'Rockingham, a weak, childish, and ignorant man.'—vol. iii. p. 334.

Then we have some additional sneers at his nearest and dearest friend, Conway—Secretary of State in that administration:—

'The *disgusting coldness* of Conway's manner would revolt those he met at court, and I foresaw (though not to the degree I found it afterwards) how little he was made to ingratiate himself with strangers, and consequently to conduct the House of Commons. To talk to Conway against public opinion was preaching to the winds. His heart was so cold that it wanted all the beams of popular applause to kindle it into action.'—vol. ii. pp. 195, 213.

Mr. Dowdeswell—Chancellor of the Exchequer—

'The office of *Chancellor of the Exchequer* was bestowed on Dowdeswell, who was so suited to the drudgery of the office, as far as depends on arithmetic, that he was fit for nothing else. *Heavy, slow, methodical* without clearness, *a butt for ridicule*, unversed in every graceful art, and a stranger to men and courts, he was only esteemed by the few to whom he was personally known.'—vol. ii. p. 196.

Lord Dartmouth — President of the Board of Trade—

'only stayed long enough to *prostitute* his character and authenticate his hypocrisy.'—vol. iv. p. 84.

Then came what is called LORD CHATHAM's second administration, in which General Conway continued the leader of the House of Commons.

So great a name as Lord Chatham's, and his most extraordinary conduct at this period, deserve more copious extracts, which we give the rather because they confirm the view which we formerly took of the *eccentricity* of this period of his career, and because he is, of all others, the statesman towards whom Walpole seems to have felt impartially—or, at least, with only a favoring partiality. In fact, he almost worshipped him, till the official connexion, and we may add, something of official conflict, between Conway and Lord Chatham brought Walpole into a nearer view and more accurate judgment of that extraordinary man. Walpole seems to have had little or no doubt—nor indeed had Lord Chatham's colleagues—tho' the was, during his second administration, under the influence of *insanity*.

Walpole opens by the following general observations on his ministerial character:—

'Peace was not his element; nor did his talent lie in those details that restore a nation by slow and wholesome progress. Of the finances he was utterly ignorant. If struck with some great idea, he neither knew how, nor had patience to conduct it. He expected

implicit assent—and he expected more—that other men should methodize and superintend, and bear the fatigue of carrying his measures into execution; and, what was worse, encounter the odium and danger of them, while he reposed and was to enjoy the honor, if successful. . . . His conduct in the late war had been the same. He drew the plans, but left it to the Treasury to find the means; nor would listen to their difficulties, nor hold any rein over their ill-management.'—vol. ii. p. 365.

He then proceeds to particulars. Mr. Pitt—even before his administration was completed—

'had already commenced that extraordinary scene of seclusion of himself which he afterwards carried to an excess that passed, and no wonder, for a long access of *frenzy*.'—p. 342.

'The *mad situation* to which Lord Chatham had reduced himself.'—*ib.* p. 402.

'The *pride and folly* of Lord Chatham.'—

'The *wildness* of Lord Chatham baffled all policy.'—*ib.* p. 416.

'The *madness* or *mad conduct* of Lord Chatham.'—vol. iii. p. 67.

'Lord Chatham's wild actions of passion and scorn.'—*ib.* p. 435.

'The Chancellor Camden had given many hints of his friend's *frenzy*.'—vol. iii. p. 251.

'As if there were dignity in *folly*, and magic in *perverseness*—as if the way to govern mankind was to insult their understandings,—the conduct of Lord Chatham was the *very reverse of common sense*, and made up of such undissembled scorn of all the world, that his friends could not palliate it, nor his enemies be blamed for resolving it into *madness*. He was scarce lame, and even paraded through the town in a morning to take the air; yet he neither went to the King, nor suffered any of the ministers [*his colleagues*] to come to him.'—vol. ii. p. 426.

And again—

'Lord Chatham might have given firmness and almost tranquillity to the country; might have gone farther towards recruiting our finances than any reasonable man could have expected; but, alas! his talents were not adequate to that task. The multiplication-table did not admit of being treated as epic, and Lord Chatham had but that one style. Whether *really out of his senses*, or conscious how much the *mountebank* had concurred to make the great man, he plunged deeper and deeper into retreat, and left the nation a prey to faction and to insufficient persons that he had chosen for his coadjutors.'—vol. ii. p. 433.

We then have, at a length too great for an extract, a very curious account of what certainly looks like *frenzy* in Lord Chatham's morbid anxiety to re-purchase the villa at Hayes, which he had not long before dis-

posed of to Mr. Thomas Walpole, from whom Horace had the details, which, as little exaggerated, perhaps, as any of Horace's anecdotes, are a curious and melancholy picture of Lord Chatham's interior life at this critical time.

We have also the still less suspicious evidence of the Duke of Grafton's account—in an autobiography, with a few extracts from which the Editor has been allowed to enrich this work—of an interview which, with great difficulty and after long delays, he, the First Lord of the Treasury, had obtained from his mysterious colleague: the Duke says—

“Though I expected to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined: his nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind, bowed down and thus weakened by disorder, would have filled me with grief and concern even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character.”—vol. iii. p. 51.

With all this evidence, and recollecting that both his sisters were indisputably mad, and that one of them, Anne Pitt, who, as Walpole once wittily said to a French acquaintance, resembled him ‘*comme deux gouttes de—feu*,’ died, after a long exhibition of talent and eccentricity, quite insane, we can hardly doubt that he was laboring under a strong nervous disturbance. So, certainly, thought the Duke of Grafton—when, subsequently exasperated by some of Lord Chatham's wild and unfounded assertions in the House of Lords, he told him to his face that ‘*they were the effect of a distempered mind brooding over its own disappointments*’; but we doubt whether it was not a disturbance of the same nature (though of greater intensity) as that under which Walpole himself appears to have habitually labored—the result, namely, of allowing his clear and powerful intellect to be overclouded and subdued by a proud, passionate, and feverish temper. And, on the whole, we adhere to the principle expressed in our Article on Lord Chatham (vol. lxi. p. 253), that, seeing how sudden and complete his recovery was on going out of office, and with what more than juvenile vigor, spirit, and ability he threw himself again into the stormy torrent of faction, we cannot excuse, on the plea of mere physical and involuntary infirmity, a long course of conduct so perverse, ungrateful, and unprincipled at the time, and in

its consequences so degrading and calamitous to his neglected country and his insulted Sovereign. We may admire Lord Chatham's great oratorical talents and soaring spirit, but we can neither esteem nor respect him. His was, we believe, the most disastrous glory that ever intoxicated and—when the intoxication was over—enervated our country, and planted the first germs of revolutionary disease in the Constitution.

Lord Chatham's *Lord Chancellor* was

‘*Lord Camden*, whose character did not clear up as he proceeded, but was clouded with shades of *interest* and *irresolution*, and when it veered most to public spirit was subject to squalls of time-serving, as by the Court it was taxed with *treacherous ambiguity*.’—vol. iii. p. 251.

His *Chancellor of the Exchequer* was ‘that meteor’ *Charles Townshend*,* who died unexpectedly in 1767:—

‘Though cut off so immaturity, it is a question whether he had not lived long enough for his character. His genius could have received no accession of brightness; his faults only promised multiplication. He had almost every great talent, and every little quality. His vanity exceeded even his abilities. With such a capacity he must have been the greatest man of this age, and perhaps inferior to no man in any age, had his faults been only in a moderate proportion—in short, *if he had had but common truth, common sincerity, common honesty, common modesty, common steadiness, common courage, and common sense*.’

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON was left by the resignation of Lord Chatham at the head of the administration; of which indeed, by Lord Chatham's seclusion, he had all along been the effective chief—but Walpole (at one time in much friendship with him) gives the following very unfavorable estimate of his fitness for the post:—

‘The *negligence* and *disgusting coldness* of the Duke of Grafton.’—vol. iii. p. 106.

‘The *mooty* and *capricious temper* of Grafton.’—vol. iii. p. 267.

* There is an amusing instance of Townshend's amazing talents, and more amazing incongruities of character, detailed by Walpole (iii. p. 22); and it is made additionally curious by the Editor's having been able to recover another and authentic account of the same transaction from Sir George Colebrook's *Memoirs*, which shows, in a remarkable way, Walpole's style of exaggeration—but the whole is too long to be extracted.

'His *unfitness* for the first post of the state.' vol. iv. p. 66.

'The King was worn out with Grafton's *negligence and impracticability*.'—p. 67.

'His fall was universally ascribed to his *pusillanimity*; but whether betrayed by his fears or his friends, he had certainly been the chief author of his own *disgrace*. His *haughtiness, indolence, reserve, and improvidence* had conjured up the storm, but his *obstinary and feebleness* always *relaying* each other and always *mal-à-propos*—were the radical cause of all the numerous absurdities that discolored his conduct and exposed him to *deserved reproaches*; nor had he depth of understanding to counterbalance the defects of his temper (p. 69). The details of his conduct were as *weak and preposterous* as the great lines of it' (p. 70).

LORD NORTH had become Chancellor of the Exchequer on Mr. Townshend's death; and on the Duke of Grafton's secession, became First Lord of the Treasury; but there was little other change in the ministry.

'LORD NORTH had neither system, *nor principle, nor shame*, but enjoyed the good luck of fortune with a gluttonish epicurism that was equally careless of glory or *disgrace*. As a minister he had no foresight, no consistence, no firmness, no spirit. He miscarried in all he undertook in America—was more improvident than unfortunate, and *less unfortunate than he deserved to be*. If he was free from vices, he was as void of virtues; and it is a paltry eulogium of a prime minister of a great country—yet the best that can be allotted to Lord North—that though his country was ruined under his administration, he preserved his good humor, and neither felt for his country nor for himself.'—vol. iv. pp. 80-83.

This character, bad as it is, of Lord North is one of the least defamatory in the whole work; but even this '*paltry eulogium*'—the positive merit of good humor, and the negative one of not meaning all the mischief he did—he probably owed to a small fact which we have already quoted in another place. '*In the payments of my office bills*,' says Walpole, 'I always received justice and civility from Lord North.'—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 369.

The Chancellor Bathurst—

'was too poor a creature to have any weight.'—vol. iv. p. 84.

Lord Rockford—Secretary of State—

'less employed, had still *less claim to sense, and none at all to knowledge*.'—*ib.*

Lord Suffolk—Secretary of State—

'his soul was harrowed by ambition, and as he had not parts to gratify it, he sought the despotism of the Crown as means of gratifying his own pride. He was totally unpractised in business, pompous, ignorant, and of no parts, but affecting to be the head of Grenville's late party.'—*ib.*

Lord George Germaine—Secretary of State—

'was proud, haughty, and desperate.'—vol. iv. p. 84.

Lord Halifax—Privy Seal—

'a proud, empty man.'—vol. iv. p. 208.

Lord Hillsborough—Secretary of State—

'was a pompous composition of ignorance and want of judgment.'—vol. iv. p. 199.

Such were, according to Walpole, the talents and characters of the principal statesmen with whom George III. had to conduct the affairs of his empire in almost, if not altogether, the most critical and difficult period of our history. We need not repeat how far we are from adopting these gloomy pictures as likenesses—the supposition of such a monstrous and yet uniform assemblage of knaves and fools is not merely contradicted by much indisputable evidence, but it outrages probability and libels even human nature itself. But Walpole's evidence must be taken altogether;—we are forced to meet his representations of George III. by his representations of those with whom the King had to deal, and we must explain and correct Walpole's malevolence against the objects of his secret enmity by thus exposing his sweeping malignity against all mankind.

Party, however, it must be after all confessed, is an odious and cancerous corruptor of the human heart, and it is but too certain that politicians will employ against one another, and even against their sovereign—whom they are apt to look at as a common plunder—both arts and violences which, as private gentlemen and in the ordinary intercourses of man and man, would disgust their taste and revolt their feelings. Hear Walpole's own confession of his advice to his ministerial friends about the very time when he was so pleased with the King, and the King as he fancied so pleased with him, that he thought of asking a great favor from his Majesty:—

'It was now the 29th of May, 1776. I pressed the Ministers to put an end to the session to prevent their resigning before Parliament rose, and to keep them in place till the eve of the next session; that if no circumstances should arise in their favor during that interval, they *might surprise and distress the King* by a sudden resignation, or *force him* to give them better terms.'—vol. ii. p. 327.

See also the Earl of Chatham, recently loaded with wealth, honors and all kinds of personal favor, and acknowledging the most cordial, delicate, and almost filial affections from the King:

'Growing more inflammatory, he drew a picture of the late King, who, he said, *true, faithful, and sincere*, and who, when he disliked a man, always let him perceive it—a portrait intended as a satirical contrast to the character of the reigning monarch.'—vol. iv. p. 101.

And in the same debate his chosen follower, Lord Shelburne, recently *Secretary of State*—

'was of all the most warm, agreeable to his maxim that the *King was timid and must be frightened*.'*—vol. iv. p. 102.

The retirement of the Duke of Grafton, whom the King had treated with the greatest regard, and who showed subsequently a due sense of his Majesty's personal kindness and public merits, is thus represented by Walpole:—

'Nothing could be more distressful than the situation into which the Duke of Grafton had brought the *King*, and in which he abandoned him.'—vol. iv. p. 74.

And even the Rockingham party—the best-tempered and most moderate of all the factions of the day—disgraced itself, says Walpole, by intrigues of a still deeper guilt.

'Lord North wished to avoid *a war with Spain*; nor was the unprejudiced part of the nation at all eager for war. The Rockingham party called for it to *embarrass the Government*, and the *patriots* in the City meant, to *clog the operations* of it.'—vol. iv. p. 183.

* It is remarkable that very rare and slight mention is made of Lord Shelburne, father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, one of the most active and conspicuous politicians of the day, and whom we should for many reasons have expected to find very prominent in the pages of Walpole. There must be some secret reason for this. Supposing that the manuscript has been printed without reserve, we cannot account for its comparative silence as to Lord Shelburne.

The King—the victim, therefore, of such passionate and unceasing conflicts—the only fixed object amidst such fluctuations of interests, such ambition, such treachery, such violence—the one mediator, or rather medium, by or through whom all these conflicting, and strong, and greedy rivalries were to be restrained, or reconciled, or preferred—is it, we say, just—is it rational—is it common sense or common honesty to make the King in any degree responsible for these proceedings, in which he was the greatest sufferer?—or to give any credence to the various forms of vexation and disappointment which, according to their various tempers, would be taken and promulgated by the '*un ingrat*' and the '*dix mécontents*' which it was his Majesty's daily and painful but inevitable duty to make?

But truth at last prevails. Every new circumstance of evidence that arises or transpires—even those that, like Walpole's Memoirs, were designed for the very contrary object—have the effect of vindicating the character of the King, and raising him above the gross misrepresentations and malignity of faction in all the lustre and purity of his blameless character as one of the best of kings and the honestest of men.

We have been so used to see Walpole's works miserably edited, that we are thankful for the present Editor's very moderate performance of his task, and will not dwell on many omissions, several inaccuracies, and some errors with which he might be justly reproached. He has afforded a good deal of useful explanation, and has, particularly in the two last volumes, taken occasions to correct misstatements and mitigate the malignity of the author. He has availed himself for this purpose of a portion of the correspondence of George III. with Lord North, obtained for him by the intervention of Lord Brougham from Lord North's daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. He has been allowed to consult, and given some interesting extracts from the papers of the Duke of Grafton; he has also seen some other original documents, and has very diligently compared the various printed works that bear upon the period. From all these sources he has, in many instances, exposed and corrected the errors and asperities of the text—but still by no means, we must say, to the extent that might have been fairly expected. His vindications are confined, if not altogether, yet very nearly so, to the *Whig* statesmen, for whose de-

scendants he appears to feel a personal regard—as the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. He occasionally, too—but somewhat perfunctorily, we think—ventures to extend a little modicum of justice to the King. We wish that his exercise of this judicial power had been more extensive in scope and more decided in quality. We cannot at all agree in an opinion which he quotes, though he does not altogether adopt, from the late Lord Holland's preface to the first *Memoirs*, that 'it is no part of the duty of an editor to correct the misrepresentations or errors of his author.' We doubt whether this would be just in almost any case, but undoubtedly in the case of all *Memoirs*—and in that of those *Memoirs* especially—it was Lord Holland's editorial duty and is the duty of every one who happens to be, by circumstances, made accessory to the promulgation of misrepresentation or error, to do his best to supply an antidote to the poison which he contributes to spread. This duty is peculiarly strong when, as in the present case, the word is published at a time when the slander can still give pain to surviving friends and relatives as well as falsify history, and while there are still living traditions and extant documents, sufficient, with intelligent management, to correct it. Our slight censure of the Editor on this point has rather a smack of praise—what he has done makes us wish that he had done more. The narrow limits, desultory nature, and hasty composition of an article in a review, have not permitted ourselves to notice a tithe of the *corrigenda* and *castiganda* of Walpole's text; but we flatter ourselves that we have, now as heretofore, contributed something to that every day more desirable object; we at least have omitted no opportunity of recording a solemn and, we hope, an useful protest against the personal credit and historical value of the *Memoirs* of Horace Walpole.

From Tait's Magazine.

NOTES ON GILFILLAN'S "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

"*A Gallery of Literary Portraits.*" By George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,—continued.

MR. GILFILLAN, whose eye is quick to seize the lurking and the stealthy aspects

of things, does not overlook the absolute midsummer madness which possessed Shelley upon the subject of Christianity. Shelley's total nature was altered and darkened when that theme arose: transfiguration fell upon him. He that was so gentle, became savage; he that breathed by the very lungs of Christianity—that was so merciful, so full of tenderness and pity, of humility, of love and forgiveness, then raved and screamed like an idiot whom once I personally knew, when offended by a strain of heavenly music at the full of the moon. In both cases, it was the sense of perfect beauty revealed under the sense of morbid estrangement. This it is, as I presume, which Mr. Gilfillan alludes to in the following passage, (p. 104,) "On all *other* subjects the wisest of the wise, the gentlest of the gentle, the bravest of the brave, yet, when *one* topic was introduced, he became straightway insane; his eyes glared, his voice screamed, his hand vibrated frenzy." But Mr. Gilfillan is entirely in the wrong when he countenances the notion that harsh treatment had any concern in riveting the fanaticism of Shelley. On the contrary, he met with an indulgence to the first manifestation of his anti-Christian madness, better suited to the goodness of the lunatic than to the pestilence of his lunacy. It was at Oxford that this earliest explosion of Shelleyism occurred; and though, with respect to secrets of prison-houses, and to discussions that proceed "with closed doors," there is always a danger of being misinformed, I believe, from the uniformity of such accounts as have reached myself, that the following *brief* of the matter may be relied on. Shelley, being a venerable sage of sixteen, or rather less, came to a resolution that he would convert, and that it was his solemn duty to convert, the universal Christian church to Atheism or to Pantheism, no great matter *which*. But, as such large undertakings require time, twenty months, suppose, or even two years,—for you know, reader, that a railway requires on an average little less,—Shelley was determined to obey no impulse of youthful rashness. Oh no! Down with presumption, down with levity, down with boyish precipitation! Changes of religion are awful things: people must have time to think. He would move slowly and discreetly. So first he wrote a pamphlet, clearly and satisfactorily explaining the necessity of being an atheist; and, with his usual exemplary courage, (for, seriously,

he was the least *false* of human creatures,) Shelley put his name to the pamphlet, and the name of his college. His ultimate object was to accomplish a general apostacy in the Christian church of whatever name. But for one six months, it was quite enough if he caused a revolt in the Church of England. And as, before a great naval action, when the enemy is approaching, you throw a long shot or two by way of trying his range,—on that principle Shelley had thrown out his tract in Oxford. Oxford formed the advanced squadron of the English Church; and, by way of a *coup d'essai*, though in itself a bagatelle, what if he should begin with converting Oxford? To make any beginning at all is one-half the battle; or, as a writer in this Magazine [June 1845] suggests, a good deal more. To speak seriously, there is something even thus far in the boyish presumption of Shelley, not altogether without nobility. He affronted the armies of Christendom. Had it been possible for *him* to be jesting, it would *not* have been noble. But here, even in the most monstrous of his undertakings, here, as always, he was perfectly sincere and single-minded. Satisfied that Atheism was the sheet anchor of the world, he was not the person to speak by halves. Being a boy, he attacked those [upon a point the most sure to irritate] who were gray; having no station in society, he flew at the throats of none but those who *had*; weaker than an infant for the purpose before him, he planted his fist in the face of a giant, saying, "Take *that*, you devil, and *that*, and *that*." The pamphlet had been published; and though an undergraduate of Oxford is not (technically speaking) a member of the university as a responsible corporation, still he bears a near relation to it. And the heads of colleges felt a disagreeable summons to an extra-meeting. There are in Oxford five-and-twenty colleges, to say nothing of halls. Frequent and full the heads assembled in Golgotha, a well-known Oxonian chamber, which, being interpreted, (as scripturally we know,) is "the place of a skull," and must, therefore, naturally be the place of a head. There the heads met to deliberate. What was to be done? Most of them were inclined to mercy: to proceed at all—was to proceed to extremities; and, (generally speaking,) to expel a man from Oxford, is to ruin his prospects in any of the liberal professions. Not, therefore, from consideration for Shelley's position in society, but on

the kindest motives of forbearance towards one so young, the heads decided for declining all notice of the pamphlet. Levelled *at* them, it was not specially addressed *to* them; and, amongst the infinite children born every morning from that mightiest of mothers, the press, why should Golgotha be supposed to have known any thing, officially, of this little brat? That evasion might suit some people, but not Percy Bysshe Shelley. There was a flaw, (was there?) in his process? his pleading could not, regularly, come up before the court? Very well—he would heal that defect immediately. So he sent his pamphlet, with five-and-twenty separate letters, addressed to the five-and-twenty heads of colleges in Golgotha assembled; courteously "inviting" all and every of them to notify, at his earliest convenience, his adhesion to the enclosed unanswerable arguments for Atheism. Upon this, it is undeniable that Golgotha looked black; and, after certain formalities, "invited" P. B. Shelley to consider himself expelled from the University of Oxford. But, if this were harsh, how would Mr. Gilfillan have had them to proceed? Already they had done, perhaps, too much in the way of forbearance. There were many men in Oxford who knew the standing of Shelley's family. Already it was whispered that any man of obscure connexions would have been visited for his Atheism, whether writing to Golgotha or not. And this whisper would have strengthened, had any further neglect been shown to formal letters, which requested a formal answer. The authorities of Oxford, deeply responsible to the nation in a matter of so much peril, could not have acted otherwise than they did. They were not severe. The severity was *extorted* and imposed by Shelley. But, on the other hand, in some palliation of Shelley's conduct, it ought to be noticed that he is unfairly placed, by the undistinguishing, on the manly station of an ordinary Oxford student. The undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge, are not "boys," as a considerable proportion must be, for good reasons, in other universities,—the Scottish universities, for instance, of Glasgow and St. Andrew's, and many of those on the continent. Few of the English students even *begin* their residence before eighteen; and the larger proportion are at least twenty. Whereas Shelley was *really* a boy at this era, and no man. He had entered on his sixteenth year, and he was still in the earliest part of

his academic career, when his obstinate and reiterated attempt to inoculate the university with a disease that he fancied indispensable to their mental health, caused his expulsion.

I imagine that Mr. Gilfillan will find himself compelled, hereafter, not less by his own second thoughts, than by the murmurs of some amongst his readers, to revise that selection of memorial traits, whether acts or habits, by which he seeks to bring Shelley, as a familiar presence, within the field of ocular apprehension. The acts selected, unless characteristic—the habits selected, unless representative,—must be absolutely impertinent to the true identification of the man; and most of those rehearsed by Mr. Gilfillan, unless where they happen to be merely accidents of bodily constitution, are such as all of us would be sorry to suppose naturally belonging to Shelley. To "rush out of the room in terror, as his wild imagination painted to him a pair of eyes in a lady's breast," is not not so much a movement of poetic frenzy, as of typhus fever—to "terrify an old lady out of her wits," by assuming, in a stage-coach, the situation of a regal sufferer from Shakspeare, is not eccentricity so much as painful discourtesy—and to request of Rowland Hill, a man most pious and sincere, "the use of Surrey chapel," as a theatre for publishing infidelity, would have been so thoroughly the act of a heartless coxcomb, that I, for one, cannot bring myself to believe it an authentic anecdote. Not that I doubt of Shelley's violating at times his own better nature, as every man is capable of doing, under youth too fervid, wine too potent, and companions too misleading; but it strikes me that, during Shelley's very earliest youth, the mere accident of Rowland Hill's being a man well-born and aristocratically connected, yet sacrificing these advantages to what he thought the highest of services, spiritual service on behalf of poor laboring men, would have laid a pathetic arrest upon any impulse of fun in one who, with the very same advantages of birth and position, had the same deep reverence for the rights of the poor. Willing, at all times, to forget his own pretensions in the presence of those who seemed powerless—willing in a degree that seems sublime—Shelley could not but have honored the same nobility of feeling in another. And Rowland Hill, by his guileless simplicity, had a separate hold upon a nature so childlike as Shelley's. He

was full of love to man; so was Shelley. He was full of humility; so was Shelley. Difference of creed, however vast the interval which it created between the men, could not have hid from Shelley's eye, the close approximation of their natures. Infidel by his intellect, Shelley was a Christian in the tendencies of his heart. As to his "lying asleep on the hearth-rug, with his small round head thrust almost into the very fire," this, like his "basking in the hottest beams of an Italian sun," illustrates nothing but his physical temperament. That he should be seen "devouring large pieces of bread amid his profound abstractions," simply recalls to my eye some hundred thousands of children in the streets of great cities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, whom I am daily detecting in the same unaccountable practice; and yet, probably, with very little abstraction to excuse it; whilst his "endless cups of tea," in so tea-drinking a land as ours, have really ceased to offer the attractions of novelty which, eighty years ago, in the reign of Dr. Johnson, and under a higher price of tea, they might have secured. Such habits, however, are inoffensive, if not particularly mysterious, nor particularly significant. But that, in defect of a paper boat, Shelley should launch upon the Serpentine a fifty pound bank note, seems to my view an act of childishness, or else (which is worse) an act of empty ostentation, not likely to proceed from one who generally exhibited in his outward deportment a sense of true dignity. He who, through his family,* connected himself with that "spirit without spot," (as Shelley calls him in the "Adonais,") Sir Philip Sidney, (a man how like in gentleness, and in faculties of mind, to himself!)—he that, by consequence, connected himself with that later descendant of Penshurst, the noble martyr of freedom, Algernon Sidney, could not have degraded himself by a pride so mean as any which roots itself in wealth. On the other hand, in the anecdote of his repeating Dr. Johnson's benign act, by "lifting a poor houseless outcast upon his back, and carrying her to a place of refuge," I read so strong a character of in-

* "Family:" *i. e.* The *gens* in the Roman sense, or collective house. Shelley's own immediate branch of the house did not, in a legal sense, represent the family of Penshurst, because the *rights* of the lineal descent had settled upon another branch. But *his* branch had a collateral participation in the glory of the Sidney name, and might, by accidents possible enough, have come to be its sole representative.

ternal probability, that it would be gratifying to know upon what external testimony it rests.

The life of Shelley, according to the remark of Mr. Gilfillan, was "among the most romantic in literary story." Every thing was romantic in his short career; every thing wore a tragic interest. From his childhood he moved through a succession of afflictions. Always craving for love, loving and seeking to be loved, always he was destined to reap hatred from those with whom life had connected him. If in the darkness he raised up images of his departed hours, he would behold his family disowning him, and the home of his infancy knowing him no more; he would behold his magnificent university, that under happier circumstances would have gloried in his genius, rejecting him for ever; he would behold his first wife, whom once he had loved passionately, through calamities arising from himself, called away to an early and a tragic death. The peace after which his heart panted for ever, in what dreadful contrast it stood to the eternal contention upon which his restless intellect or accidents of position threw him like a passive victim! It seemed as if not any choice of his, but some sad doom of opposition from without, forced out, as by a magnet, struggles of frantic resistance from him, which as gladly he would have evaded, as ever victim of epilepsy yearned to evade his convulsions! Gladly he would have slept in eternal seclusion, whilst eternally the trumpet summoned him to battle. In storms unwillingly created by himself, he lived; in a storm, cited by the finger of God, he died.

It is affecting,—at least it is so for any one who believes in the profound sincerity of Shelley, a man (however erring) whom neither fear, nor hope, nor vanity, nor hatred, ever seduced into falsehood, or even into dissimulation—to read the account which he gives of a revolution occurring in his own mind at school: so early did his struggles begin! It is in verse, and forms part of those beautiful stanzas addressed to his second wife, which he prefixed to "The Revolt of Islam." Five or six of these stanzas may be quoted with a certainty of pleasing many readers, whilst they throw light on the early condition of Shelley's feelings, and of his early anticipations with regard to the promises and the menaces of life:

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first

The clouds which wrap this world, from youth did pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep; a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walk'd forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept—I knew not why; until there rose,
From the near school-room, voices, that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—

The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasp'd my hands, and look'd around
(But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground,)

So without shame I spake—I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check. I then controll'd
My tears; my heart grew calm; and I was meek
and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore:
Yet nothing, that my tyrants knew or taught,
I cared to learn; but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthen'd more
and more

Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one!
Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone;
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts and cold, like weights of icy stone
Which crush'd and wither'd mine, that could
not be

Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

Thou, friend, whose presence on my wintry
heart

Fell, like bright spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom* thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walk'd as free as light the clouds among,

* Of Custom:—This alludes to a theory of Shelley's, on the subject of marriage as a vicious institution, and an attempt to realize his theory by way of public example; which attempt there is no use in noticing more particularly, as it was subsequently abandoned. Originally he had derived his theory from the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of his second wife, whose birth in fact had cost that mother her life. But by the year 1812, (the year following his first marriage,) he had so fortified, from other quarters, his previous opinions upon the wickedness of all nuptial ties consecrated by law or by the church, that he apologized to his friends for having submitted to the marriage ceremony as for an offence; but an offence, he pleaded, rendered necessary by the vicious constitution of society, for the comfort of his female partner.

Which many an envious slave then breathed
in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it
long.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journey'd now; no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.

Now has descended a serener hour;
And with inconstant fortune, friends return;
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and
the power

Which says—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles; and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn;
And these delights and thou have been to me
The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

My own attention was first drawn to Shelley by the report of his Oxford labors as a missionary in the service of infidelity. Abstracted from the absolute sincerity and simplicity which governed that boyish movement, qualities which could not be known to a stranger, or even suspected in the midst of so much extravagance, there was nothing in the Oxford reports of him to create any interest beyond that of wonder at his folly and presumption in pushing to such extremity what, naturally, all people viewed as an elaborate jest. Some curiosity, however, even at that time, must have gathered about his name; for I remember seeing, in London, a little Indian ink sketch of him in the academic costume of Oxford. The sketch tallied pretty well with a verbal description which I had heard of him in some company, viz., that he looked like an elegant and slender flower, whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain. This gave, to the chance observer, an impression that he was tainted, even in his external deportment, by some excess of sickly sentimentalism, from which I believe that, in all stages of his life, he was remarkably free. Between two and three years after this period, which was that of his expulsion from Oxford, he married a beautiful girl named Westbrook. She was respectably connected; but had not moved in a rank corresponding to Shelley's; and that accident brought him into my own neighborhood. For his family, already estranged from him, were now thoroughly irritated by what they regarded as a *mesalliance*, and withdrew, or greatly reduced his pecuniary allowances. Such, at least, was the story current. In this embarrassment, his

wife's father made over to him an annual income of £200; and, as economy had become important, the youthful pair—both, in fact, still children—came down to the Lakes, supposing this region of Cumberland and Westmoreland to be a sequestered place, which it *was*, for eight months in the year, and also to be a cheap place—which it was *not*. Another motive to this choice arose with the then Duke of Norfolk. He was an old friend of Shelley's family, and generously refused to hear a word of the young man's errors, except where he could do any thing to relieve him from their consequences. His Grace possessed the beautiful estate of Gobarow Park on Ulleswater, and other estates of greater extent in the same two counties;* his own agents he had directed to furnish any accommodations that might meet Shelley's views; and he had written to some gentlemen amongst his agricultural friends in Cumberland, requesting them to pay such neighborly attentions to the solitary young people as circumstances might place in their power. This bias being impressed upon Shelley's wanderings, naturally brought him to Keswick as the most central and the largest of the little towns dispersed amongst the lakes. Southey, made aware of the interest taken in Shelley by the Duke of Norfolk, with his usual kindness immediately called upon him; and the ladies of Southey's family subsequently made an early call upon Mrs. Shelley. One of them mentioned to me as occurring in this first visit an amusing expression of the youthful matron, which, four years later, when I heard of her gloomy end, recalled with the force of a pathetic contrast, that icy arrest then chaining up her youthful feet for ever. The Shelleys had been induced by one of their new friends to take part of a house standing about half a mile out of Keswick, on the Penrith road; more, I believe, in that friend's intention for the sake of bringing them easily within his hospitalities, than for any beauty in the place. There was, however, a pretty garden attached to it. And whilst walking in this, one of the Southey party asked Mrs. Shelley if the garden had been let with *their* part of the house. "Oh, no," she replied, "the garden is not ours; but then, you know, the people let us run about

* "Two counties:" the frontier line between Westmoreland and Cumberland, traverses obliquely the lake of Ulleswater, so that the banks on both sides lie partly in both counties.

in it whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house." The *naïveté* of this expression "run about," contrasted so picturesquely with the intermitting efforts of the girlish wife at supporting a matronlike gravity now that she was doing the honors of her house to married ladies, caused all the party to smile. And *me* it caused profoundly to sigh, four years later, when the gloomy death of this young creature, now frozen in a distant grave, threw back my remembrance upon her fawn-like playfulness, which, unconsciously to herself, the girlish phrase of *run about* so naturally betrayed.

At that time I had a cottage myself in Grasmere, just thirteen miles distant from Shelley's new abode. As he had then written nothing of any interest, I had no motive for calling upon him except by way of showing any little attentions in my power to a brother Oxonian, and to a man of letters. These attentions indeed he might have claimed simply in the character of a neighbor. For as men living on the coast of Mayo or Galway are apt to consider the dwellers on the sea-board of North America in the light of next door neighbors, divided only by a party-wall of crystal,—and what if accidentally three thousand miles thick?—on the same principle we amongst the slender population of this lake region, and wherever no ascent intervened between two parties higher than Dunmail Raise and the spurs of Helvellyn, were apt to take with each other the privileged tone of neighbors. Some neighborly advantages I might certainly have placed at Shelley's disposal—Grasmere, for instance, itself, which tempted at that time* by a beauty that had not

* "At that time!"—the reader will say, who happens to be aware of the mighty barriers which engirdle Grasmere, Fairfield, Arthur's Chair, Seat Sandal, Steil Fell, &c., (the lowest above two thousand, the higher above *three* thousand feet high,)—"what then? do the mountains change, and the mountain tarns?" Perhaps not; but, if they do not change in substance or in form, they "change countenance" when they are disfigured from below. One cotton mill, planted by the side of a torrent, disenchanting the scene, and banishes the ideal beauty even in the case where it leaves the physical beauty untouched: a truth which, many years ago, I saw illustrated in the little hamlet of Church Coniston. But is there any cotton-mill in Grasmere? Not that I have heard: but if no water has been filched away from Grasmere, there is one water too much which has crept lately into that loveliest of mountain chambers; and *that* is the "water-cure," which has built unto itself a sort of residence in that vale; whether a rustic nest, or a lordly palace, I

been sullied: Wordsworth who then lived in Grasmere; Elleray and Professor Wilson, nine miles further; finally, my own library, which, being rich in the wickedest of German speculations, would naturally have been more to Shelley's taste than the Spanish library of Southey.

But all these temptations were negated for Shelley by his sudden departure. Off he went in a hurry: but *why* he went, or *whither* he went, I did not inquire; not guessing the interest which he would create in my mind, six years later, by his "Revolt of Islam." A life of Shelley, in a Continental edition of his works, says that he went to Edinburgh and to Ireland. Sometime after, we at the lakes heard that he was living in Wales. Apparently he had the instinct within him of his own Wandering Jew for eternal restlessness. But events were now hurrying upon his heart of hearts. Within less than ten years the whole arrear of his life was destined to revolve. Within that space, he had the whole burden of life and death to exhaust; he had all his suffering to suffer, and all his work to work.

In about four years his first marriage was dissolved by the death of his wife. She had brought to Shelley two children. But feuds arose between them, owing to in-

do not know. Meantime, in honesty it must be owned, that many years ago the vale was half-ruined by an insane construction carried along the eastern margin of the lake as a basis for a mail-coach road. This infernal mass of solid masonry swept away the loveliest of sylvan recesses, and the most absolutely charmed against intrusive foot or angry echoes. It did worse; it swept away the stateliest of Flora's daughters, and swept away, at the same time, the birth-place of a well known verse, describing that stately plant, which is perhaps (as a separate line) the most exquisite that the poetry of earth can show. The plant was the *Osmunda regalis*:

"Plant lovelier in its own recess
Than Grecian Naiad seen at earliest dawn
Tending her fount, or lady of the lake
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance."

It is this last line and a half which some have held to ascend in beauty as much beyond any single line known to literature, as the *Osmunda* ascends in luxury of splendor above other ferns. I have restored the original word *lake*, which the poet himself under an erroneous impression had dismissed for *mere*. But the line rests no longer on an earthly reality—the recess which suggested it, is gone; the *Osmunda* has fled; and a vile causeway, such as Sin and Death build in Milton over Chaos, fastening it with "asphaltic slime" and "pins of adamant," having long displaced the loveliest chapel (as I may call it,) in the whole cathedral of Grasmere, I have since considered Grasmere itself a ruin of its former self.

compatible habits of mind. They parted. And it is one chief misery of a beautiful young woman, separated from her natural protector, that her desolate situation attracts and stimulates the calumnies of the malicious. Stung by these calumnies, and oppressed (as I have understood) by the loneliness of her abode, perhaps also by the delirium of fever, she threw herself into a pond and was drowned. The name under which she first enchanted all eyes, and sported as the most playful of nymph-like girls, is now forgotten amongst men; and that other name, for a brief period her ambition and her glory, is inscribed on her grave-stone as the name under which she wept and she despaired,—suffered and was buried,—turned away even from the faces of her children, and sought a hiding-place in darkness.

After this dreadful event, an anonymous life of Shelley asserts that he was for some time deranged. Pretending to no private and no circumstantial acquaintance with the case, I cannot say how that really was. There is a great difficulty besetting all sketches of lives so steeped in trouble as was Shelley's. If you have a confidential knowledge of the case, as a dear friend privileged to stand by the bed-side of raving grief, how base to use such advantages of position for the gratification of a fugitive curiosity in strangers! If you have no such knowledge, how little qualified you must be for tracing the life with the truth of sympathy, or for judging it with the truth of charity! To me it appears, from the peace of mind which Shelley is reported afterwards to have recovered for a time, that he could not have had to reproach himself with any harshness or neglect as contributing to the shocking catastrophe. Neither ought any reproach to rest upon the memory of this first wife, as respects her relation to Shelley. Nonconformity of tastes might easily arise between two parties, without much blame to either, when one of the two had received from nature an intellect and a temperament so dangerously eccentric, and constitutionally carried, by delicacy so exquisite of organization, to eternal restlessness and irritability of nerves, if not absolutely at times to lunacy.

About three years after this tragic event, Shelley, in company with his second wife, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, passed over for a third time to the Continent, from which he never came back. On Monday, July 8, 1822, being

then in his twenty-ninth year, he was returning from Leghorn to his home at Lerici, in a schooner-rigged boat of his own, twenty-four feet long, eight in the beam, and drawing four feet water. His companions were only two,—Mr. Williams, formerly of the eighth Dragoons, and Charles Vivian, an English seaman in Shelley's service. The run homewards would not have occupied more than six or eight hours. But the gulf of Spezia is peculiarly dangerous for small craft in bad weather; and unfortunately a squall of about one hour's duration came on, the wind at the same time shifting so as to blow exactly in the teeth of the course to Lerici. From the interesting narrative drawn up by Mr. Trelawney, well known at that time for his connexion with the Greek Revolution, it seems that for eight days the fate of the boat was unknown: and during that time couriers had been despatched along the whole line of coast between Leghorn and Nice, under anxious hopes that the voyagers might have run into some creek for shelter. But at the end of the eight days this suspense ceased. Some articles belonging to Shelley's boat had previously been washed ashore: these might have been thrown overboard: but finally the two bodies of Shelley and Mr. Williams came on shore, near Via Reggio, about four miles apart. Both were in a state of advanced decomposition, but were fully identified. Vivian's body was not recovered for three weeks. From the state of the two corpses, it had become difficult to remove them; and they were therefore burned by the sea-side, on funereal pyres, with the classic rites of paganism, four English gentlemen being present—Captain Shenley of the navy, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Lord Byron, and Mr. Trelawney. A circumstance is added by Mr. Gilfillan, which previous accounts do not mention, viz., that Shelley's heart remained unconsumed by the fire; but this is a phenomenon that has repeatedly occurred at judicial deaths by fire. The remains of Mr. Williams, when collected from the fire, were conveyed to England; but Shelley's were buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Rome, not far from a child of his own, and Keats the poet. It is remarkable that Shelley, in the preface to his *Adonais*, dedicated to the memory of that young poet, had spoken with delight of this cemetery—as “an open space among the ruins” (of ancient Rome,) “covered in winter with violets and daisies;” adding—“It might

make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

I have allowed myself to abridge the circumstances as reported by Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hunt, partly on the consideration that three-and-twenty years have passed since the event, so that a new generation has had time to grow up—not feeling the interest of *contemporaries* in Shelley, and generally, therefore, unacquainted with the case; but partly for the purpose of introducing the following comment of Mr. Gilfillan on the striking points of a catastrophe, "which robbed the world of this strange and great spirit," and which secretly tempts men to superstitious feelings even whilst they are denying them:

"Every body knows that, on the arrival of Leigh Hunt in Italy, Shelley hastened to meet him. During all the time he spent in Leghorn, he was in brilliant spirits,—to him ever a sure prognostic of coming evil." [That is, in the Scottish phrase, he was *fey*.]

"On his return to his home and family, his skiff was overtaken by a fearful hurricane, and all on board perished. To a gentleman, who, at the time, was with a glass surveying the sea, the scene of his drowning assumed a very striking appearance. A great many vessels were visible, and among them one small skiff, which attracted his particular attention. Suddenly a dreadful storm, attended by thunder and columns of lightning, swept over the sea and eclipsed the prospect. When it had passed, he looked again. The larger vessels were all safe, riding upon the swell; the skiff only had gone down forever. And in that skiff was Alastor!* Here he had met his fate. Wert thou, oh religious sea, only avenging on his head the cause of thy denied and insulted Deity? Were ye, ye elements, in your courses, commissioned to destroy him? Ah, there is no reply. The surge is silent. The elements have no voice. In the eternal councils the secret is hid of the reason of the man's death. And there, too, rests the still more tremendous secret of the character of his destiny."†

* "Alastor," *i. e.* Shelley. Mr. Gilfillan names him thus from the designation, self-assumed by Shelley, in one of the least intelligible amongst his poems.

† The immediate cause of the catastrophe was supposed to be this:—Shelley's boat had reached the distance of four miles from the shore, when the storm suddenly arose, and the wind suddenly shifted: "from excessive smoothness," says Mr. Trelawney, all at once the sea was "foaming, breaking, and getting up into a very heavyswell." After one hour the swell went down; and to-

The last remark possibly pursues the scrutiny too far; and conscious that it tends beyond the limits of charity, Mr. Gilfillan recalls himself from the attempt to fathom the unfathomable. But undoubtedly the temptation is great, in minds the least superstitious, to read a significance, and a silent personality in such a fate applied to such a defier of the Christian heavens. As a shepherd by his dog fetches out one of his flock from amongst five hundred, so did the holy hurricane seem to fetch out from the multitude of sails *that* one which carried him that hated the hopes of the world: and the sea, which swelled and ran down within an hour, was present at the audit. We are reminded forcibly of the sublime storm in the wilderness, (as given in the fourth book of "Paradise Regained,") and the remark upon it made by the mysterious tempter—

This tempest at this desert most was bent,
Of men at thee.

Undoubtedly, I do not understand Mr. Gilfillan, more than myself, to read a "judgment" in this catastrophe. But there is a solemn appeal to the thoughtful, in a death of so much terrific grandeur following upon defiances of such unparalleled audacity. Æschylus acknowledged the same sense of mysterious awe, and all antiquity acknowledged it in the story of Amphiaræus.‡

Shelley, it must be remembered, carried his irreligion to a point beyond all others. Of the darkest beings we are told—that they "believe and tremble:" but Shelley believed and *hated*; and his defiances were meant to show that he did *not* tremble. Yet, has he not the excuse of something like *monomania* upon this subject? I firmly believe it. But a superstition, old as the world, clings to the notion, that words of deep meaning, uttered even by lunatics or by idiots, execute themselves; and that also, when uttered in presumption, they bring round their own retributive chastisements.

towards evening it was almost a calm. The circumstances were all adverse: the gale, the current setting into the gulf, the instantaneous change of wind, acting upon an undecked boat, having all the sheets fast, overladen, and no expert hands on board but one, made the foundering as sudden as it was inevitable. The boat is supposed to have filled to leeward, and, (carrying two tons of ballast) to have gone down like a shot. A book found in the pocket of Shelley, and the unaltered state of the dress on all the corpses when washed on shore, sufficiently indicated that not a moment's preparation for meeting the danger had been possible.

‡ See "The Seven against Thebes" of Æschylus.

On the other hand, however shocked at Shelley's obstinate revolt from all religious sympathies with his fellow-men, no man is entitled to deny the admirable qualities of his moral nature, which were as striking as his genius. Many people remarked something seraphic in the expression of his features; and something seraphic there was in his nature. No man was better qualified to have loved Christianity; and to no man, resting under the shadow of that one darkness, would Christianity have said more gladly—*talis cum sis, utinam noster esses*. Shelley would, from his earliest manhood, have sacrificed all that he possessed to any comprehensive purpose of good for the race of man. He dismissed all injuries and insults from his memory. He was the sincerest and the most truthful of human creatures. He was also the purest. If he denounced marriage as a vicious institution, *that* was but another phasis of the partial lunacy which affected him; for to no man were purity and fidelity more essential elements in his idea of real love. I agree, therefore, heartily with Mr. Gilfillan, in protesting against the thoughtless assertion of some writer in *The Edinburgh Review*—that Shelley at all selected the story of his "Cenci" on account of its horrors, or that he has found pleasure in dwelling on those horrors. So far from it, he has retreated so entirely from the most shocking feature of the story, viz., the incestuous violence of Cenci the father, as actually to leave it doubtful whether the murder were in punishment of the last outrage committed, or in repulsion of a menace continually repeated. The true motive to the selection of such a story was—not its darkness, but (as Mr. Gilfillan, with so much penetration, perceives) the light which fights with the darkness: Shelley found the whole attraction of this dreadful tale in the angelic nature of Beatrice, as revealed in the portrait of her by Guido. Every body who has read with understanding the "Wallenstein" of Schiller, is aware of the repose and the divine relief arising upon a back-ground of so much darkness, such a tumult of ruffians, bloody intriguers, and assassins, from the situation of the two lovers, Max Piccolomini and the princess Thekla, both yearning so profoundly after peace, both so noble, both so young, and both destined to be so unhappy. The same fine relief, the same light shining in darkness, arises here from the touching beauty of Beatrice, from her noble aspirations after

deliverance, from the remorse which reaches her in the midst of real innocence, from her meekness, and from the agitation of her inexpressible affliction. Even the murder, even the parricide, though proceeding from herself, do but deepen that back-ground of darkness, which throws into fuller revelation the glory of that suffering face immortalized by Guido.

Something of a similar effect arises to myself when reviewing the general abstract of Shelley's life,—so brief, so full of agitation, so full of strife. When one thinks of the early misery which he suffered, and of the insolent infidelity which, being yet so young, he wooed with a lover's passion, then the darkness of midnight begins to form a deep, impenetrable back-ground, upon which the phantasmagoria of all that is to come may arrange itself in troubled phosphoric streams, and in sweeping processions of woe. Yet, again, when one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness,—suddenly out of the darkness reveals itself a morning of May, forests and thickets of roses advance to the fore-ground, from the midst of them looks out "the eternal* child," cleansed

* "The eternal child:" this beautiful expression, so true in its application to Shelley, I borrow from Mr. Gilfillan; and I am tempted to add the rest of his eloquent parallel between Shelley and Lord Byron, so far as it relates to their external appearance:—"In the forehead and head of Byron, there is more massive power and breadth: Shelley's has a smooth, arched, spiritual expression; wrinkle there seems none on his brow; it is as if perpetual youth had there dropped its freshness. Byron's eye seems the focus of pride and lust; Shelley's is mild, pensive, fixed on you, but seeing you through the mist of his own idealism. Defiance curls on Byron's nostril, and sensuality steeps his full large lips: the lower features of Shelley's face, are frail, feminine, flexible. Byron's head is turned upwards; as if, having risen proudly above his contemporaries, he were daring to claim kindred, or to demand a contest, with a superior order of beings: Shelley's is half bent, in reverence and humility, before some vast vision seen by his own eye alone. Misery erect, and striving to cover its retreat under an aspect of contemptuous fury, is the permanent and pervading expression of Byron's countenance:—sorrow, softened and shaded away by hope and habit, lies like a 'holier day' of still moonshine upon that of Shelley. In the portrait of Byron, taken at the age of nineteen, you see the unnatural age of premature passion: his hair is young, his dress is youthful; but his face is old;—in Shelley you see the eternal child, none the less that his hair is gray, and that 'sorrow seems half his immortality.'"

from his sorrow, radiant with joy, having power given him to forget the misery which he suffered, power given him to forget the misery which he caused, and leaning with his heart upon that dove-like faith against which his erring intellect had rebelled.

(To be continued.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF GELNHAUSEN.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

IT was a beautiful and genial noon-tide hour in May, and the sunbeams poured gloriously in through the narrow Gothic lattices of a castle in Wetteravia, and brightened and gladdened a darkly panelled room, adorned with all the heavy magnificence suitable to the abode of a German prince in the twelfth century. The massive chairs, tables and armories, were elaborately and grotesquely carved; the tapestry was ample, and of brilliant colors; there were some chased silver vessels and candelabra, a few portraits (such as in these days we should call daubs), knights grim in armor and dames grim in jewels and minever, hung about the walls; but there were no trophies of war or of the chase. Some flowers in vases, a lute, and two or three small and beautifully illuminated MSS. of the German Minnesingers lying open on a table, showed that the presiding genius there was feminine. In the middle of the room stood a tapestry frame, and the subject of the work was the election of Frederic (surnamed Barbarossa), when Duke of Swabia, to the German throne of empire. Beside the frame sat two fair embroideresses, but neither of them working. A theme of interest had absorbed them both, and they sat with the needles and worsted unemployed in their hands. They were Adelaide, daughter of the reigning Margrave of Vohberg, and Gela, her attendant and friend, filling such office as among the Germans was formerly called *kammer jungfer*, and among the French *dame de compagnie*, for Gela was the daughter of the Margrave's chief forger, and had been brought up with the princess from a child.

Both were young, but the princess was a year or two the elder; both were handsome, but Gela was the loveliest. Adelaide had a

noble presence, she felt that illustrious blood flowed through her veins, and she looked "every inch a princess." Her form was majestic, her eye bright and piercing, her beautiful mouth firm, her fine forehead open; she was a brilliant and lofty brunette. Gela was all grace, all symmetry, all gentle and winning beauty; she did not command, but she attracted; her eyes were blue and soft, her hair fair and wavy, her white forehead serene, her air mild, pure and holy. She had not the majesty of the princess, but she preserved the aspect of self-respect, which demands and obtains the respect of others. She was sweetly, touchingly beautiful. The princess was made to be admired, but Gela to be loved. He who gazed first on Adelaide said to himself, "Splendid, glorious woman!" But when he turned to Gela he said, "Sweetest and loveliest of creatures!"

The tapestry before them was a favorite task of Adelaide's, but they had now been talking too intently to work; their theme admitted of no concomitant occupation. It was the theme of deepest interest to the young, unshackled, unwearied spirit, for it was of love—it was the tale of Gela's first and only love.

Those *are* happy days when the young fresh affections of the heart are our all of life, our all of interest—when our study is not wise books, but living looks and gestures, and we become very learned in expression, and can discriminate its various shades; when a flower is a treasure, an hour of meeting a lifetime; when we first learn the poetry of life; when we live in a world of our own and people it with our own creations; then we are so easily pleased, so unselfish, so benevolent; then the heart guides the head. Alas, how ill-exchanged for later times, when the head controls the heart! the cool, plodding head, perhaps a safer guide than the warm impulse-full heart, but surely a less amiable one. Ah! we are to be pitied, if we would but own it, when we grow old, and cold, and wise—too wise to be pleased with what was our happiness before, when we say of our warm, young, kind feelings, "what nonsense!" and of our hoarded relics, "what rubbish!" Then the world, with its gnawing cares, its heartless counsels, and its withering experiences, has seared us as with a hot iron; the poetry of life has fled. We think ourselves much wiser, but are we half as happy? Nay, are we half as amiable? Truly and touchingly has Schiller sung,—

"O zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen,
 Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit,
 Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
 Es schwelgt das Hertz in Seligkeit.
 O, dass sie ewig grünen bliebe,
 Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe."*

Das Lied von der Glocke.

But the romance of life was only beginning for Adelaide and Gela. The one was pouring out the secrets of her young heart to the other, who was worthy of the confidence because she received it with interest and with candor. It was when they had sat down to work that day that Gela, with painfully burning cheeks, and averted eyes, and stammering unconnected words, had begged her noble mistress' and friend's attention; she had something to say which her conscience told her ought not to be concealed; it was a great exertion to speak of it,—indeed she could not to any other but to one to whom she owed so much as the Princess Adelaide, and to her she felt that she owed the confession. It was a fortnight since, a warm, beautiful evening; she had gone out alone to enjoy the balmy air; she wandered to a favorite spot—the princess knew it well—the outskirt of the neighboring forest, where the little fountain played. She had sat down under the shadow of a tree, and she knew not how long she had been there when she heard a brisk footstep in the forest, a rustling among the underwood, a light half-hummed song. A man in the garb of a hunter, followed by a powerful dog, burst through the trees and came towards the fountain. She thought at first it was one of the foresters, but a glance showed her it was a stranger, a handsome, young, and gallant-looking man. When he approached her he removed his hunter's cap with a graceful courtesy, and went to the fountain to drink. He was about to take the water from the hollow of his hand, but she thought it were churlish not to show him where the wooden bowl for the use of the wayfarer was deposited in a niche. He thanked her—it was in courtly phrase, not like the plain country speech; and she was sure he must be a good man, for he remembered the need of his panting dog, and gave it drink from the bowl also. He asked her of the country,

as a stranger would; of its fertility, of its beauties; of the nobles, their castles, and their towns; of the peasants and their villages; were the people happy, their feudal yoke light, and their wants supplied. She saw that the stranger was in tone and air superior to all whom she had seen; even, she thought—she said it with hesitation—superior to the nobles who came to the Margrave's castle; none of even them, she thought, had so lofty a bearing. She was sure he was some gallant warrior; and he was very handsome, fair, and ruddy, with open, speaking, blue eyes, an expansive forehead, large and nobly formed nose, full and firm mouth, but the sweetest, the most eloquent of smiles. They parted, and she knew not whither he went; and by some means, she could not tell how—certainly it was not by agreement, it was by a strange accident—the next evening they met again at the same spot, and then the next evening, and again the next; and then she owned it seemed as if there was a tacit understanding that they *should* thus meet, though indeed, in very truth, such appointment was *never* made in words; and now she confessed they lingered long together. He told her of foreign lands, he sang to her in a melodious voice the lays of the Minnesingers, and he began to talk to her of love; but it was so delicately, it seemed at first more by implication than in express terms; and his look, his emphasis, his voice, they had sunk into her heart, and fixed themselves on her memory, as never aught had done before or could again. Yes, evening after evening they had sat together beside the fountain, sometimes speaking from full and outpouring hearts, sometimes in a silence which in itself was eloquence—a silence in which it seemed to each that the other read their rapid and voiceless thoughts, and understood them better than if they had been obscured and impeded by inadequate speech.

"Yes, Gela, now I am sure you are lovers. You have both learned a great mystery in love; it is that the moments you spend together in silence are not wasted. They are moments of concentration, and devotion, and earnest feeling, that knit hearts more closely together than a fluent stream of the choicest words. Ay, and memory loves to dwell on such silent heart-felt moments better than on the most ardent vows. But *who* is the stranger? *That*, of course, he has told you long ere this."

* "Oh! fondest wishes, sweetest hopes,
 First-love's own golden age is this;
 When on the eye all heaven opens,
 And the heart revels in its bliss.
 Oh! that it ever green could prove,
 The joyous spring of early love."

Gela looked down, and crimsoned, and hesitated. "Do not chide me; but in sooth I know not."

"Foolish girl!" said the princess, in some displeasure. "Would you risk your happiness, perhaps your good fame, with an unknown who may be all unmeet for you—an adventurer, an outlaw, or the husband of another?"

"Nay, hear me," expostulated Gela. "I have striven to learn his name, and state, and lineage; but he has repelled my questions, mildly and courteously, yet firmly. He says time will reveal him to me, when I need not blush for my lover; but he says the time is not yet. Unworthy I am sure he is not, for his brow is serene, his eye is cloudless; he bears no mark of painful thought or apprehension; his step is free, his air undaunted. I think myself he looks like some gallant warrior, who, if not now, will yet become a hero."

"Ah, Gela," said the princess, "all is not well here! The very first thing that true love establishes between two innocent hearts is a full and unrestrained confidence. I am sure *you* have poured out to *him* all your simple history, and that of your grandfathers and grandmothers, to say nothing of all your pets dead and living. I suspect, greatly suspect this man, who would gain your heart and will not tell you in whose keeping it may be. Love brings not only confidence but often indiscretion; and if he had not some weighty secret to conceal, under the softening influence of lovers' interviews his reserve must have relaxed. Has he dropped nothing by which you can learn at least his name?"

"He bade me call him Hermann." And Gela thrilled as she repeated the name, which, like a miser, she had hoarded up for her own gratification alone.

"Hermann? What else?"

"I know not. Forgive me, but I know only that I have never seen one like him, never heard one whose voice is such music to my ear, nor ever can again."

The princess sighed; she deeply feared for Gela's peace; and she augured no good from the mysterious lover, who might in those days have been believed to be Rübzahl, the mountain demon, or some forest spirit, who came in semblance of a hunter at the sunset hour to mock the credulous mortal maiden. Long and earnestly did Adelaide reason with the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her riper years, beseeching her to take heed how she

too lightly bestowed her affections on one who might leave her to sorrow and to blight. She added that she would stretch her authority to save her friend; and by that authority she commanded Gela to dismiss her mysterious lover from her presence, and even from her thoughts, unless he at once consented to discover himself to her. And it was arranged that Gela should once more meet him that evening at the accustomed place—once more, and for the last time, if he continued enveloped in the same cloud of mystery. Never again could Gela, the young, the pure, the beautiful, look upon an unknown and unconfiding suitor.

Gela's instinct told her that her noble mistress judged rightly; her tender, feeling heart gained strength from rectitude, and she determined on the sacrifice of her love, if sacrifice was necessary to her duty.

There was a pause for awhile between these two noble maidens; the one noble from birth, and both from mind. At length the princess spoke.

"Think not, Gela, that I am cold and stern to you because I have no sympathy with your feelings. Your confidence in me, dear maiden, deserves a return, and I will own to you that I have loved. I *do* love. But see! I do not crimson or hesitate as you did, silly Gela; for mine is a high, a proud love, worthy of my birth and ancestry, such as the world may hear from me without a blush. It is no love for hawthorn glades, and lovely vales, and rivulets' banks—it is a love for courts and palaces. I have been silent over it, not from shame,—*that* fits not with the love of such as I am; but because I delighted to brood over my glorious and honorable love *alone*—uninterrupted, undivided, undisturbed. Gela, I love no tributary prince, no mere feudal lord, no mere half-proud noble—*my* love is given to Frederic Barbarossa,* the young, the brilliant, the glorious emperor, and let me proudly say it, *my* cousin."

Gela looked up with a gesture of surprise. Adelaide continued:—

"Ay, girl, I love the imperial Frederic. It is not for his person, handsome though he be; it is not for his accomplishments, though a graceful knight in the tourney and the dance, a keen hunter, a skilful troubadour; it is for his statesman-like genius, his warrior deeds, his gallant daring, his noble

* So called by his Italian subjects, from the golden color of his beard and hair.

mind, the spirit to conquer kingdoms, and the intellect to sway them. Gela, I was at Frankfort when Emperor Conrad called together the States, and caused them to elect to the throne Frederic duke of Swabia, his nephew, in preference to his own son, because he was the greatest, the most gifted of the German princes. Can there be higher testimony to his merits than that a father elevated him above his son? I saw the all-acknowledged hero, and I loved him,—not as love-smitten maidens of low degree profess to love a man, for himself alone; I loved him not merely for what he was, but for what he had achieved—not as Frederic of Hohenstauffen, but as Frederic the Emperor. There were *fêtes* followed that election; my imperial cousin was often at my side. He rode by my palfrey's rein in stately pageants; he wore my colors in the lists. I bestowed on him the prize of the jousts; we held together high and proud communings. I thought his spirit understood mine; I thought he recognised in me one who would encourage him along the paths of glory, and be eager to do homage to his genius—one who would forget herself to study his fame, and whose never-relaxing aim should be to have it inscribed upon her tomb that she had been the *worthy* wife of Frederic the Emperor. Ah, Gela! in those happy days of our intercourse I thought that he loved me. I think so still; for I felt that I alone of all the simpering, smooth-faced damsels assembled there—I alone was worthy of him; and his instinct must have told him so. Yes, I still believe that he loved me then, and he may love me again. Though the cares of empire may have overclouded my remembrance for awhile, yet he *will* recollect me, and will come to seek me. Look at the tapestry on which we have both worked! I loved to portray that gorgeous scene when Frederic my cousin was named emperor. I live in an exciting dream of empire, of nations wisely swayed, of people made happy and virtuous, of sagacious counsels, just wars, unsullied victories. Such a dream is my birthright, and its realization is due to my own energetic spirit. And it is the more my due, that, loving Frederic as I do—believing as I do that I could add to his splendor abroad and his happiness at home, yet, were it needful to his welfare, I feel that I could relinquish him, even in the midst of successful love and gratified ambition—in the midst of joy, pride, happiness and splendor. But go,

Gela, go meet your lover—for the last time, if it must be so; and be you as prompt as I would be to sacrifice love for honor. It is not merely the high-born from whom high feeling is required; every woman, whatever be her rank, ought to be princess and heroine to herself; if not, she is only saved from falling by the absence of temptation. Go, Gela, and if you *must* renounce your lover, remember, the more beloved the more meritorious is the sacrifice!"

* * * *

The sun was near its setting; there was a joyous, golden light shed all over the beautiful landscape. The background was a forest, and not a breath stirred the fresh, young, green leaves of the fine old trees—not a breath disturbed the straight column of thin blue smoke that revealed where the forester's lodge lay hidden amid the foliage in the distance. In the foreground the trees stood more apart and showed the luxuriant grass beneath them, where myriads of wild hyacinths made their deep blue the predominating color, eclipsing the green of the natural carpet. To the right the ground rose high and rocky, and was crowned with ancient pine-trees; and there, in a sheltered nook, a crystal rill, welling from among mossy crags, fell with a soft, gurgling murmur into a reservoir of rudely hewn stone, and thence stole away, amid sedges and waterflowers, to mingle with the river Kinzig, whose waters glittered in the distance. Behind the little rustic fountain was a stone cross, and beside it rude stone seats covered with moss and lichens. And there were overhanging trees above, and grass and primroses below, and, scattered near, a few magnificent old hawthorn-trees, one sheet of snowy blossom, and loading the air with their most exquisite fragrance.

Beside the fountain sat Gela, beautiful as its guardian Naiad. But, like a damsel of the earth, she was making a semblance of employment, for her fingers held a distaff, but the thread was often broken and entangled, as with furtive glances she was watching the neighboring glade.

There was a rustling, crashing step in the forest. Gela's heart beat quick, her cheeks crimsoned, her fingers trembled on the distaff; a clear, sweet voice hummed a lively song, and in a moment more Hermann emerged from the trees. His step was elastic, his figure graceful, his air alert and eager; but with all his even boy-like buoyancy there was an air of greatness

about him that caused the passing peasant to doff his cap to the stranger in his jäger garb. He came to the fountain, took Gela's hand in his; the greeting was a silent one. He turned to the pellucid water, drank, and scattered a few drops on the ground.

"Thus, my Gela," said he, "thus I pour a grateful libation to the genius of the place where I first beheld you!"

The dog, as he spoke, sprang upon Gela, fawned on her, and showed that he had made acquaintance with her. Gela and her lover sat down upon the stone seat; for awhile they were silent. Gela tried to conquer her blush and tremor by caressing the dog; Hermann gazed on her with earnest and admiring eyes. How often an eloquent silence is broken by some awkward and unbecoming phrase, the offspring of embarrassment! And Gela's first words were commonplace enough,—

"How beautiful is this spot! how sweet this hour!"

"Beautiful, beautiful!" he replied, but looking at Gela rather than at the landscape. "It is a sweet hour, a beauteous scene; and such alone are meet for the time and place of the birth of Love. Love will not spring into life amid commonplaces. Who can fancy the birth of Love amid miry or dusty streets, sordid habitations, or the haunts of Mammon? Love *may*, indeed, *exist* in such places, (for, well tended, he can live any where,) but his cradle must be in far different scenes—in such only as the poet and the painter would select. Amid the *drab colors* of life, some half-brother or kinsman of Love (with a strong family resemblance) may be brought forth, such as Liking, Fancy, Preference; but not the true divinity himself."

"I fear me," said Gela, as something of a jealous pang shot through her heart, "I fear me you are even over-well skilled in the science of love!"

"You mean, Gela, that you think me false,—that I have been a suitor to many a fair one ere now! Hear me, and believe me. I may have fluttered among the lovely and the young; I have admired, I have preferred; but I have never loved till now—never have I knelt with true devotion but at the altar of my Hamadryad, my forest nymph. Will you not believe me, Gela?"

"How can I believe without proof?"

"Demand your proof."

"I do." She looked down. "The proof is this: tell me at least who you are."

"Gela, do not, do not, in pity to me and

to yourself, ask me yet. I *will* reveal it, but not yet."

"Alas, alas!" sighed Gela, wringing her hands.

"Nay, it is no dishonorable secret. The time will come when you will be proud of your lover. I do but conceal myself until you have become accustomed to me—let me hope, attached to me—too long, too well to renounce me."

"Ah, then I should renounce you if I knew you?"

"Yes, if you knew me ere you loved me well. An idle punctilio might nip a budding hope. When you can and will promise to love me for ever, then I will reveal myself."

Gela's rectitude was all awakened, and she replied,—

"It were unmeet for an honorable maiden to make such promise to a stranger, in the brain-sick hope that he might prove to be the disguised prince of some minstrel romance. Stranger, since stranger you must and will be to me, here, then, we part!"

"Ay," said Hermann, with some bitterness, "I knew that curiosity—the curse our mother Eve has left upon her daughters—would tempt you to the fruit of knowledge, and like her you sacrifice your Eden to curiosity!"

"Do not call a maiden's self-respect curiosity," replied Gela, gravely but gently. "Come, let us reason upon it; and, if you love me, you will not be unjust to me."

She laid her hand on his, yet with timidity, and spoke earnestly with him, in soft, and sweet, and tender tones. She told him of her obligations to the Princess Adelaide, and of the just authority by which that noble lady forbade her further intercourse with a mysterious suitor. She spoke to him the language of her own pure feelings; she pleaded the cause of her own honor; she appealed to his. Would he value her affections were they won as a maiden's ought not to be? So firmly yet so gently did she speak, that Hermann felt he must yield. Yet he grieved, and a keen pang mingled with his passionate love. He feared, he expected to lose her by the revelation; but he saw that he should equally lose her by concealment.

If you will it so absolutely, Gela, it must be so, and you shall know your lover. But think a moment. Will you not give me a little time? Do you not know that mystery is an attendant upon love?"

"Mystery to the world, perhaps," said she,

"but not to each other. I have ever deemed that the greatest charm of love, was the fullness of confidence, the entire oneness between those whom love unites."

Hermann sighed, and there was a pause. Gela rose to leave him.

"Farewell, Hermann! here we first met, and here we must part. In your path of life, whatever it may be, but necessarily more full of occupation than mine, *you* may look back sometimes, amid the pleasures and the toils of your career, upon these last few evening hours as an amusement, but *I* must learn to believe them but a dream."

Hermann started up, and walked a short space in deep thought. Gela lingered still. At last he turned to her,—

"Gela, have you ever heard the story of Semele?"

"I have. The princess and I have worked it in tapestry; and when we began the work she read it to me. Runs it not somewhat thus?—Semele was beloved by Jupiter in disguise, but she desired to behold him in his own due resemblance——"

"Ay," interrupted Hermann, "and when he appeared as she compelled him, in his proper majesty, the celestial fire that played around him consumed the indiscreet and too curious Semele."

Gela laughed, for she thought Hermann spoke too vauntingly, and was trying to intimidate her.

"It were better to plunge into the waters of this fountain than to abide the consuming fire of your unveiling." But she added, more gravely, "If Semele had been always true to herself, she would have borne about with her a talisman that would have preserved her through the fiery trial. I await your revelation."

"No, Gela, not *here*. I will not tell you where, but it shall be to-morrow evening, and about this hour. You have vowed never to see me here again as the Unknown, but when I have ceased to be a stranger, you *must* come here once more, if it be but *once*."

He went to the trunk of a tree overgrown with ivy; he gathered the fairest spray, wreathed it into a chaplet, and returned to Gela.

"My Gela! my own and only love! take this wreath, the only offering that the obscure Hermann may make to you: the time will come when I can present a gift more worthy of you and of myself; but take this now, and wear it round your brows at this hour to-morrow evening. I trust in it as a talis-

man that, when next we meet, it will remind you of the favorite spot where it was gathered, the happy hours that we have spent together, the deep and earnest love of him who presented it to you. The remembrance will, perhaps, influence your heart, and you will still love me as *Hermann* would be loved."

Gela took the wreath and made a gesture of compliance, but her eyes were full of tears, and she felt that if she spoke, her voice would falter. Hermann took her hand, and sunk upon his knee before her. One long kiss he impressed upon her hand; it was the first, and she did not repel it, for she felt it might be the last. He sprang up, turned away, and plunged hastily into the forest glade, while Gela returned sadly and slowly to the castle.

Again the bright noonday sun illuminated the stately apartment of the princess. Again Adelaide and Gela sat together, and the embroidery-frame stood beside them, but unemployed. Gela had told her noble friend all that it imported her to know, that the mysterious Hermann had promised to make himself known to her on the evening of that present day, but how or where she knew not. Of all else that had passed between them she said nothing—nothing of the ivy wreath, nothing of the allusion to Semele; but her reserve sprang from delicacy of feeling, not from want of candor: that which is disingenuousness in friendship is but delicate reserve in love. The princess, with a cordial interest, was pondering over the promised revelation.

"He is a strange man, Gela. Will he suddenly appear in the castle hall mounted on a winged fiery dragon, like an enchanter of romance? or will he come an armed knight, with vizor down, and bid us guess his name and lineage by the device on his shield and the crest on his helmet? May he at least prove worthy of the smile of his lady fair! But, in sooth, Gela, you look as sad as if you thought never to smile again!"

At that moment a page entered, and presented a letter to the princess with all the due ceremonials of respect. She hastily cut the silken string that was knotted around it; as she read, her eyes sparkled, her color heightened; she sprang from her chair, sat down again, and made gestures of a joyful emotion.

"He is coming, Gela! he is coming! I am so happy! I guessed rightly; I have deserved him, and he has remembered me,

even among all the cares of an empire. He is coming, and surely it is for *my* sake he comes. I am so happy! Why do not you rejoice with me, girl?"

Poor Gela, utterly confounded, could just utter—

"Who?"

"Who, dull one! but the emperor? let me proudly say *my* cousin; and, oh, perhaps, soon to say, more proudly, *my* Frederic! But I must collect myself and speak coherently. This letter is from the margrave, my father, now at the temporary court at Mühlberg. My father tells me, greeting, that the emperor has suddenly signified his pleasure to visit this castle, and that this evening—this happy evening, Gela, he comes hither, accompanied by my father, and attended by a small train! This evening! Ah, a gleam of light shoots across my mind! Is it not *this* evening your Hermann has promised to reveal himself? I have it! he belongs to the imperial court, and comes hither in Frederic's train; and if so, he must be an honorable man, and one deserving of you, Gela. Let us congratulate each other, we shall both be happy together."

And she kindly clasped the hand of her humble friend, who stood trembling and pale, for *her* emotion had in it less of confident feeling than that of the princess. Adelaide *hoped* every thing, but Gela *fear-ed* much. Then they separated, the princess to give orders for the emperor's reception, and Gela to retire to her own apartment to muse on the approaching event. She felt little doubt that she should see her unknown lover in the imperial train; but alas! he might be one whose haughty lineage would forbid their union; and she recollected with terror that the young Prince of Arenberg, a new kinsman of the Margrave of Vohberg, had a hunting seat in the neighborhood, and was himself attached to the emperor's court. He might have come thither privately, might have met her at the fountain, and would certainly desire to conceal his misplaced attachment. Then, indeed, she had loved in vain. She thought of the indignation of the illustrious families of Vohberg and Arenberg, of Adelaide's friendship converted into contempt and disgust, of the dangers to which her own humble father would be exposed from powerful and indignant magnates; she felt that she must renounce for ever her ill-assorted lover; yet she resolved, at whatever cost, to keep his secret from the princess,

who would condemn her too condescending kinsman for his grovelling love. Gela remembered Hermann's allusion to the classic tale, and sighed, "Mine is, perhaps, the fate of Semele."

* * * *

The sun was declining, and all within and without the castle were in preparation to receive the sovereign. The great hall of state was in its proudest array. It was decorated with suits of armor, trophies of war and chase, waving banners, blazoned scutcheons, silver candelabra with snowy waxen tapers ready for lighting up, elaborate tapestries, chairs of state and crimson cushions, and vases of marble and of silver filled with flowers. At the head of the vast apartment was a raised platform or dais, with a table for the evening meal of those early times, decked with massive silver vessels; a throne-like seat with crimson canopy for the emperor, and two lower chairs for the margrave and his daughter. In the centre of the hall was the table for the emperor's officers and chief attendants, and for the more privileged members of the margrave's household. Ranged in order, at each side of the hall, stood vassals and retainers; and on the dais the princess, with Gela and three other female attendants. Adelaide had arrayed herself in a stately robe of crimson silk, embroidered with gold; her beautiful arms and neck were adorned with gems, and a jewelled coronet sparkled from amid her luxuriant raven hair. Gela wore a simple dress of white lawn; on her neck a golden chain and cross, the gift of Adelaide, the green ivy wreath of her mysterious lover bound the braids of her fair and sunny hair. She was pale from repressed emotion; but she was simply, touchingly, exquisitely beautiful.

Without the drawbridge was heard to fall, and the portcullis to rise; the trumpets sounded a majestic salute; the trampling of many horses came nearer and nearer, then ceased; there was a rustling sound close at hand; the door flew open, and a crowd of persons entered. The first was the emperor, magnificently dressed; in his hand his small purple velvet cap, with its black plume fastened in by a diamond, and his sword suspended from a broad and rich belt. At his left, and a little behind him, came the venerable old margrave; and, in their rear, a number of nobles and officers. The emperor approached the dais; Gela, with a natural curiosity, glanced

at him; but she started, colored violently, glanced again, and involuntarily murmured half aloud, "Hermann!" Fortunately she was not overheard, for her mysterious lover was indeed the Emperor of Germany, the far-famed Frederic Barbarossa! And he—he saw his humble love half hidden behind the princess; and he gave her one quick, emphatic glance of recognition, and then withdrew his eyes. She saw nothing, distinguished nothing, for she had cast down her eyes the moment they met his. She heard nothing of his courteous greeting of the princess, nothing of the margrave's presentation of various nobles to his daughter, nothing of the animated conversation that ensued between Adelaide and her imperial guest. Poor Gela! the ivy-wreath on her head oppressed her like an iron crown of torture; she now knew that she had loved but to lose and suffer. There she stood, a part of the pageant prepared to do honor to her lover, unregarded by all, forgotten by her illustrious friend in the ecstasy of her own delight, unnoticed by her lover, who was devoting himself to her whom Gela felt *ought* to be her successful rival. She knew it was right that he should not expose *her* by his notice *there*, yet to be thus overlooked was a pang to woman's heart. She remained as in a disturbed and painful dream, till there was some movement taking place, some changes of position, as the assembly, according to their different degrees, were about to seat themselves at supper. Then the princess snatched the opportunity, turned round, and whispered hastily to Gela,—

"Is he in the imperial train?"

Happy was Gela that she could conscientiously answer,—

"No!"

"Poor Gela, I pity you! Ah, you look deadly pale! you are ill, and it is no marvel. I will not be so cruel as to detain you here. You have my permission to retire."

With a most grateful heart Gela availed herself of the welcome permission, and glided silently away from the gay scene. The emperor's eye watched her furtively; and it seemed to him that all of beauty, all of interest vanished with her from that stately hall.

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Once more alone, and Gela breathed more freely; yet she was suffering with many intense and mingled feelings. There was love hopeless, and for ever so; what time or chance could remove the obstacles of birth

between the emperor and the forester's daughter? Dread lest the censorious would discover the misplaced love, shame that she had been wooed with dishonorable views (for with what other could an emperor seek *her*?), a sense of ingratitude to the princess for intercepting the heart that should have been hers; yet amid all this there was the one honied drop that sweetens the cup, however bitter, that Sorrow holds to woman's lips—she knew herself beloved. She took off her only ornaments, the ivy garland and the gold cross, for they seemed to oppress her; they were the gifts of her lover and her friend, who ought, she felt, to have been united, but that she stood between them. She formed a noble resolution, and bound herself by a silent vow.

* * * *

The next evening Gela sat once more beside the fountain. She had resolved never to meet her *unknown* lover there; but she knew him now, and too well, and she went to meet him for the last time *there*. She was not mistaken in her conjecture that he would seek her. She soon heard the crashing step in the forest, but the usual song was silent. He emerged from the trees, and stood beside her again in his simple hunter garb—again as only Hermann. But now they met with an embarrassment such as they had never felt before.

"Gela!" said the emperor, at length, "Gela, you know me now, and, perhaps, too soon. Yet let it not be as I fear; why should we part because I am not some low-born hind? Why should we part because I am a sovereign, and can lay treasures and honors at your feet?"

"*Honors!*" said Gela, with a reproachful emphasis; "honors without honor! Hear me, sire!—"

"No, not *sire!*" interrupted the imperial lover; "call me Frederic—even Hermann, as you used, but not that cold title!"

"It is your due, sire, and it is right that I use it to remind us both of our duties. Sire, you must renounce me for ever! To love me is unworthy of *your* pride; to love *you* is unworthy *mine!*"

But it were long to tell the earnest colloquy that ensued between Gela and her exalted lover. Frederic besought her love with all the eloquence of passion; he addressed her affections, strove to awaken her ambition, promised wealth and rank for herself and her father, pledged an eternal secrecy to guard her name from

reproach, but all in vain. Gela was true to herself.

"Sire," she said, "I am but an humble maiden to you, but I am to myself a princess, and never will I consent to sully my own lineage, of whose honest fame I am duly proud. Speak not to me of concealment from the world: *my* world is in my own heart."

"If you loved me, Gela, you would not refuse to make some sacrifices for me, for that is the proof of love."

"I may not," she replied, "take of the offerings due to heaven to lay them on an idol's altar."

Frederic saw that he gained no ground, that Gela could never be more to him than she was then; but his love for her was so real, that its truth began to purify its warmth, and he loved her the better the more he saw her worthy of true love. He began to feel that he could be content and happy with her love shown to him as to a brother; if she would but consent to see him still sometimes, and let him live over a blameless, a peaceful hour in her company, to learn holy and soothing feelings from her sweet voice, and to store up treasures for future memory. Gela consented to see him again at times (for indeed such interviews were necessary to the determination she had formed), but she would never again meet him alone, or beside the fountain.

"Look yonder!" she said; "look at that little rustic church on the banks of the Kinzig. It is always open to invite the chance wayfarer to say a prayer before its humble altar. There will I meet you, because there, in that holy place—a holy though unseen presence—we are safe even from the ready sneer of the evil thinker."

Before they parted Frederic told her that he had been for a while with some train at Mühlberg, but loving the luxury of a solitary hour and release from state, he had often rode out with scarce any attendants to a small hunting-lodge within a few miles, and thence had loved to ramble out alone, and thus he had met. He had concealed his rank the better to gain her confidence; but when she forced him to discover himself, he chose to do it in a manner that he hoped would impress her imagination, and make her proud of her illustrious lover.

"But, Gela," said he, "I did you injustice; you are not to be dazzled, or bought, or flattered from the right path." He told her that it cost him some trouble that evening to steal from the margrave's castle and meet

her where his heart told him he would find her. That the next morning he would return to Mühlberg, and thence would come alone thrice in every week (while he *could* linger at Mühlberg) to meet her in the church.

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It was an humble place for an imperial visitor, that lowly church. On its plain oaken altar were a rudely sculptured crucifix and brazen candlesticks. The only ornaments of its grey stone walls were a few coarse pictures of saints, and some faded garlands hung up in fond remembrance of the dead, whose names and ages were inscribed on a parchment fastened to each garland. There were rough wooden benches and a few rush chairs, and the sun slanted in through long and narrow windows. And many an evening Gela and the young and glorious emperor met, and there sat down together on the steps of the altar, as it were under the protection of that cross; and near them sat Gela's young sister, as lovely and as gentle as Gela's self, but deaf and dumb; and, as she sat or knelt, telling her beads with a pious look, she seemed like a guardian angel watching and praying for their welfare. Gela's purpose in consenting ever again to meet him whom she loved too well for her own happiness, but not for her own peace (for peace is ever the ally of integrity), was to use all her innocent artifices to gain him as a suitor for her illustrious and beloved mistress; and, steady to her purpose, she always made Adelaide the principal theme of conversation. She eulogized her beauty and her virtues, the loftiness and grandeur of her sentiments, befitting her for the wife of a hero, whose mind she would understand, whose acts she could appreciate. In fine, Gela represented the princess as one who would shed a lustre on his public career, and insure happiness to his private life. By degrees she insinuated to him as much of Adelaide's sentiments for himself as stimulated his curiosity; and when he was prepared to be sufficiently interested in the discovery, then she acknowledged to him that the princess had centered upon him all her noble affections. Then, indeed, he began to listen, and to talk of her with interest and animation, for nothing is more interesting to our nature than that which gratifies our vanity and self-complacence.

Still Frederic loved Gela too well, though so hopelessly, to be yet able to play the suitor to another. Still he kept aloof from

the margrave's castle, and haunted incognito that lonely and lowly church.

* * * * *

But the destinies of Frederic would not long suffer him to remain inactive and obscure. The Milanese, his subjects in Italy, displayed a rebellious spirit; and the emperor was called to the seat of his empire, to meet his old and trusty counsellors.

The evening before his departure he met Gela in the church by the Kinzig; and now on the eve of absence, his love for her burned with redoubled strength. He would hear nothing of Adelaide: he declared that his love for Gela was so deep, so enduring, that while she lived he could never offer his hand to another; that since she never could be his, no other should occupy her place in his bosom; that he would live a life of celibacy, free to love her with a faithful though hopeless attachment. And Gela's heart leaped for a moment with a womanly joy to see how fondly she was beloved; but her innate purity in a moment after regretted the pertinacity of that very love. At length they parted; but Frederic's words, that while *she* lived he would never wed another, sunk deep into her heart; and she saw that she was called upon to a further and more important resolution.

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Time passed on; events allowed the emperor a moment's respite from state affairs. He hastened to the lonely church, and entered with an impatient step, and looked round: but Gela was not there. Her sister, the deaf and dumb, was in *her* accustomed place, bending over her beads; but where was Gela? His heart thrilled with some scarce defined dread. Was she dead? He hurried up to the dumb girl, and roused her from her devotions. The poor girl recognized him, sprang up and gazed upon him, but it was with a sorrowful look: she seemed like one who felt herself desolate. The emperor's alarm increased; he questioned her by signs. The dumb girl made gestures to him to follow her, and went rapidly forth. Frederic followed: the strong man trembled with apprehension; he dreaded lest she should lead him to her grave. But she guided him past the church-yard, on—on—till they reached a small convent of Benedictines near the river. She knocked; the porteress appeared at the wicket. At some signs from the dumb girl the door was opened, and Frederic, lost in wonder, was led into the parlour. There behind the grate stood Gela, his beloved Gela, in the

full habit and black veil of a professed nun. His senses seemed to reel, he gazed awhile with dazzled eyes; and at length cried with a voice of pain,—

"Oh, Gela! why have you done this?"

"To make you happy," she replied; "and to restore you to the path of your duty. Your empire demands of you to marry; a noble and suitable bride awaits you. But you have wasted your energies, and misplaced your affections. And you said, that while *I* lived you would remain unwedded. My emperor, I am as the dead. Gela is no more; my name in religion is Sister Agatha. When I was professed my dirge was sung, and I died to the world and to you. Gela is buried; you must forget her. You must marry for the sake of your own happiness, for your empire's interest, and in justice to your illustrious cousin, whose affections you have involuntarily won. Remember me only to think that I loved you well enough to nerve myself to this act. Remember me only to fulfil my anxious wish."

"Oh, my Gela! my Gela! this is too much. You have been cruel to yourself and me.

"Fear not for me," she said in her soft, low voice. "It is a woman's birthright, her privilege, her glory, to make sacrifices. What! think you all heroism is confined to men. Not so; our heroism is more frequent, is greater, for it is less regarded, less rewarded by the world. You men can sacrifice to the world, and demand its plaudits; we women sacrifice on the unseen shrine of our own hidden hearts. You sacrifice a part; but we our all. You think it a great trial when a sacrifice is required from you; but we women thank Heaven that we possess aught worthy to be accounted a sacrifice, and deem it a privilege to have such accepted from us. I could have lived in the world as happily as falls to the lot of most mortals, for I loved the fair face of nature, I loved my kindred and my friends; but I have relinquished all to seclude myself for ever within these narrow walls, for the sake of your welfare, your glory. My emperor, will you be so cruel as to let my sacrifice be in vain?"

* * * * *

Many a heart is caught at the rebound: so Adelaide gained the Emperor's when he saw himself cut off from Gela, wholly and for ever. He had had a long, sad, agitating interview with her; and when he left her he was a prey to a thousand emotions. Hope was extinct, love rejected, even friendly intercourse was interdicted. His heart felt

an aching void which he could not bear. The void must be filled,—who so worthy as Adelaide? She loved him. Their marriage was poor Gela's wish, the aim of her sacrifice. Could he be less generous than Gela in self-conquest? No! let him at least try to equal in nobleness of spirit his humble love.

* * * * *

Proudly and joyfully did Adelaide of Vohberg learn from the margrave that Frederic had made formal proposals for her hand. And after the first ecstasy of triumph had subsided, she flew to the Benedictine convent to share her joy with her never-forgotten friend, the cloistered Gela. Adelaide had never marvelled at Gela's sudden resolution of taking the veil; she thought it the natural result of her disappointment, for she believed that Gela's mysterious lover had never reappeared to fulfil his promise of discovering himself. And now, Gela, as Sister Agatha, received her joyous friend with an emotion *she* guessed. But she kept her secret, which could have but pained the princess. She could not tell that proud and exulting lady, that to the generosity of her humble attendant she owed her imperial suitor.

* * * * *

The Emperor Frederic espoused the Princess Adelaide. And while he gave to Gela this proof of his obedience to her will, he determined on erecting a memorial to her honor. The convent where she was professed stood in an isle of the Kinzig, in a charming valley, varied with wood, and hill, and water, and protected by a chain of hills uniting with the mountains of Franconia, and with the Vogelsberg of Wetteravia. In that isle, and beside that convent, he built a magnificent palace, of which the interesting ruins are still visited by travellers, who explore with admiration its façades, its pillared arcade, its chapel and towers, and hall of justice, the spacious court, with the statue of the emperor. In that valley, too, and round that convent, he built a city, and gave it the name of Gela-hausen, that is, Gela's town (now corrupted into Gelenhausen, or Gelnhausen), that the memory of Gela's blameless and noble sacrifice might live for ever in her native country. When Adelaide inquired with surprise why the new-built city was called after a lowly and humble nun, Frederic revealed to her the story of his love, and of Gela's purity. And Adelaide felt no jealous pang. Gela ac-

quired a lustre in her eyes for having been beloved by the emperor.

"Yes," she said, when he finished his recital, "a city is a befitting memorial of an emperor's esteem, and Gela well deserves that her memory should be preserved in the legends of the founding of Gelnhausen."

* * * * *

Time passed. Adelaide was blest. She had obtained the summit of her wishes; but human happiness is mutable, and wishes fulfilled do not always secure it. Adelaide was childless. Frederic's hereditary subjects were loud in their desire of an heir. His position became an anxious one. The Milanese rebelled against him. His interference became necessary between Roger, king of Sicily, and his oppressed subjects. He was obliged to resist the encroachments of the pope on his imperial prerogatives. He required fresh allies and powerful connexions. In brief, Adelaide, the quick-sighted, the noble, the unselfish, saw with a woman's penetration in the interests of the beloved, that if he were freed from her to make a more brilliant connexion, to gratify his subjects with an heir, to daunt his enemies by a new and powerful alliance, his star would gain the ascendant in Europe; and she nerved herself to relinquish him (as she once said she could) in the midst of gratified love, ambition, splendor, and enjoyment. She proposed the divorce between two hearts that understood and appreciated each other.

Adelaide reasoned with her reluctant husband, and obtained from him, not without great exertion, the fulfilment of her last desire—the wreck of all her own happiness, save the happiness of self-approval. Their consanguinity provided the pretext for their divorce, and Adelaide became once more only Frederic's cousin.

* * * * *

Again Adelaide visited Gela in the convent, now become spacious and splendid by Frederic's bounty, and a conspicuous object in the city of Gelnhausen. She had come there a happy bride, but now more desolate than a widow. She poured out her bleeding heart to Gela. She told her of the pang of parting for ever with her hero, her imperial husband. "You, Gela," she said, "you can feel for me, for you have known something of the pang of separation from him; but, oh, not so deeply, so keenly, as I have felt it, for he has never been to you what he has been to me. And truly I believe, that I never could have

brought myself to this mighty sacrifice but for your bright example, which guided me like a star in the paths of duty."

And now Adelaide's chief enjoyment in life was to repair to Gelnhausen (whenever Frederic was far away) to visit Gela, and walk with her in the convent-garden, and talk of the increasing fame of the emperor; and sometimes Adelaide would beg the gentle nun's indulgence while she sat down on a grassy bank, with her eyes upturned to the setting sun, and sang a little lay, dictated to her by her fond remembrance of her cousin, and some time lover:—

"Though Fortunes's gifts on others flow,
Though scenes of joy impart,
A glimpse of bliss I ne'er can know,
To mock my bankrupt heart;
Unenvied shall their pleasures be,
While thus I can remember thee.

Not all the glare of tinsel state,
Were worth one smile of thine;
But since, divided thus by Fate,
That smile can ne'er be mine,
One solace still remains for me
That thus I can remember thee."

* * * *

In 1156, when Frederic was thirty-five years of age, he married Beatrix the heiress of Burgundy, and annexed that important country to his dominions. Twice was his happiness founded on the sacrifices of women: he married Adelaide by the self-devotion of Gela, and Beatrix by that of Adelaide, inspired by Gela's example. But this is no uncommon case. Men are often far more indebted to the devotion of women than their pride or their justice will confess. Beatrix, the empress, became the mother of several children, and the partner of a brilliant destiny. She often visited with Frederic the palace at Gelnhausen; for he loved to breathe the same air as Gela, the still beloved, because ever honored Gela; and to perform some of his princely and munificent acts within the sphere of her own knowledge.

We have chosen to extract the tale of Gela's love, and the origin of Gelnhausen, from the obscurer parts of history, because it is so dissimilar from what chroniclers usually tell us of the Beloved of Monarchs. We read so much of women who have bartered female honor for titled honors;

* We fear the reader will not find the above song among the remains of the Minnesingers—not even in the copious collection made in the fourteenth century by Rudiger von Menasse, of Zurich, and since edited by Bodmer.

who have flaunted abroad decked in all jewels, save one; who have paraded their meretricious influence at court; who have deemed vice excused if well gilded; and whose names blot the record of their sovereigns' lives. History has so widely blazoned forth the Pompadours and the Castlemaines in its most noted chapters, that it is refreshing to reverse the picture, and to draw from the more neglected pages the memory of one woman, who, though the beloved of an emperor, young, handsome, and brilliant, still continued blameless, simple, modest, yet heroic, and whose name reflects a cloudless light on his that is associated with it.

M. E. M.

From the London Daily News.

TRAVELLING LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I.

THE JOURNEY.

It was on a fine Sunday morning in the Midsummer time and weather of eighteen hundred and forty-five, my good friend, when—don't be alarmed: not when two travellers might have been observed slowly making their way over that picturesque and broken ground by which the first chapter of a "Middle Aged" novel is usually attained; but when an English travelling carriage of considerable proportions, fresh from the shady halls of the Pantechnicon near Belgrave Square, London, was observed (by a very small French soldier; for I saw him look at it) to issue from the gate of the Hotel Meurice in the Rue Rivoli at Paris.

I am no more bound to explain why the English family travelling by this carriage, inside and out, should be starting for Italy on a Sunday morning, of all good days in the week, than I am to assign a reason for all the little men in France being soldiers, and all the big men postillions, which is the invariable rule. But, that they had some sort of reason for what they did, I have no doubt; and their reason for being there at all was, as you know, that they were going to live in fair Genoa for a year; and that the head of the family purposed, in that space of time, to stroll about, wherever his restless humor carried him.

And it would have been small comfort to

me to have explained to the population of Paris generally, that I was that Head and Chief; and not the radiant embodiment of good-humor who sat beside me in the person of a French Courier—best of servants, and most beaming of men! Truth to say, he looked a great deal more patriarchal than I, who, in the shadow of his portly presence, dwindled down to no account at all.

There was, of course, very little in the aspect of Paris—as we rattled near the dismal Morgue and over the Pont Neuf—to reproach us for our Sunday travelling. The wine shops (every second house) were driving a roaring trade; awnings were spreading, and chairs and tables arranging, outside the cafés, preparatory to the eating of ices, and drinking of cool liquids, later in the day; shoe-blacks were busy on the bridges; shops were open; carts and wagons clattered to and fro; the narrow, uphill, funnel-like streets across the river, were so many dense perspectives of crowd and bustle, parti-colored night caps, tobacco pipes, blouses, large boots, and shaggy heads of hair;—nothing at that hour denoted a day of rest, unless it were the appearance, here and there, of a family pleasure party, crammed into a bulky old lumbering cab; or of some contemplative holiday maker in the freest and easiest dishabille, leaning out of a low garret window, watching the drying of his newly polished shoes on the little parapet outside (if a gentleman), or the airing of her stockings in the sun (if a lady), with calm anticipation.

Once clear of the never-to-be-forgotten-or-forgiven pavement which surrounds Paris, the first three days of travelling towards Marseilles are quiet and monotonous enough. To Sens. To Avallon. To Chalons. A sketch of one day's proceedings is a sketch of all three; and here it is.

We have four horses and one postillion, who has a very long whip, and drives his team, something like the Courier of Saint Petersburg in the circle at Astley's or Franconi's: only he sits his own horse instead of standing on him. The immense jack-boots worn by these postillions, are sometimes a century or two old; and are so ludicrously disproportionate to the wearer's foot, that the spur, which is put where his own heel comes, is generally half-way up the leg of the boots. The man often comes out of the stable yard, with his whip in his hand and his shoes on, and brings out in both hands one boot at a time, which he

plants on the ground by the side of his horse, with great gravity, until every thing is ready. When it is—and oh heaven! the noise they make about it!—he gets into the boots, shoes and all, or is hoisted into them by a couple of friends; adjusts the rope harness, embossed by the labors of innumerable pigeons in the stables; makes all the horses kick and plunge; cracks his whip like a madman; shouts "En route—Hi!" and away we go. He is sure to have a contest with his horse before we have gone very far; and then he calls him a Thief, and a Brigand, and a Pig, and what not; and beats him about the head as if he were made of wood.

There is little more than one variety in the appearance of the country for the first two days. From a dreary plain to an interminable avenue; and from an interminable avenue to a dreary plain again. Plenty of vines there are, in the open fields, but of a short low kind, and not trained in festoons, but about straight sticks. So, one don't care much for them. Beggars innumerable there are, every where; but an extraordinarily scanty population, and fewer children than I ever encountered. I don't believe we saw a hundred children between Boulogne and Chalons. Queer old towns, drawbridged and walled, with odd little towers at the angles, like grotesque faces, as if the wall had put a mask on, and were staring down into the moat; other strange little towers, in gardens and fields, and down lanes, and in farm yards; all alone, and always round, with a peaked roof, and never used for any purpose at all; ruinous buildings of all sorts; sometimes a hotel de ville, sometimes a guard house, sometimes a dwelling house; sometimes a chateau with a rank garden, prolific in dandelion, and watched over by extinguisher-topped turrets, and blink-eyed little casements; are the standard objects, repeated over and over again. Sometimes we pass a village inn, with a crumbling wall belonging to it, and a perfect town of out-houses: and painted over the gateway. "Ecurie pour soixante chevaux;" as indeed there might be stabling for sixty score, were there any horses to be stabled there, or any body resting there; or any thing stirring about the place but a dangling bush, indicative of the wine inside: which flutters idly in the wind, in lazy keeping with every thing else, and certainly is never in a green old age, though always so old as to be dropping to pieces. And all day long, strange little

narrow wagons, in strings of six or eight, bringing cheese from Switzerland, and frequently in charge, the whole line, of one man, or even boy,—and he very often asleep in the foremost cart—come jingling past; the horses drowsily ringing the bells upon their harness, and looking as if they thought (no doubt they do) their great blue woolly furniture of immense weight and thickness, with a pair of grotesque horns growing out of the collar, very much too warm for the Midsummer weather.

Then, there is the Diligence twice or thrice a day; with the dusty outsides in blue frocks, like butchers; and the insides in white nightcaps; and its cabriolet head on the roof, nodding and shaking like an idiot's head; and its Young-France passengers staring out of window, with beards down to their waists, and blue spectacles awfully shading their warlike eyes, and very big sticks clenched in their National grasp. Also the Malle Post, with only a couple of passengers, tearing along at a real good dare-devil pace, and out of sight in no time. Steady old Curés come jolting past now and then, in such ramshackle, rusty, musty, clattering coaches as no Englishman would believe in; and bony women daudle about in solitary places, holding cows by ropes while they feed; or digging and hoeing, or doing field work of a more laborious kind; or representing real shepherdesses with their flocks—to obtain an adequate idea of which pursuit and its followers in any country, it is only necessary to take any pastoral poem, or picture, and imagine to yourself the thing most exquisitely and widely unlike what is therein described.

Well, you have been travelling along, stupidly enough, as you generally do in the last stage of the day; and the eight-and-forty bells upon the horses—twenty-one a-piece—have been ringing sleepily in your ears for half an hour or so; and it has become a very jog-trot, monotonous, tiresome sort of business; and you have been thinking deeply about the dinner you will have at the next stage; when down at the end of the long avenue of trees through which you are travelling, the first indication of a town appears, in the shape of some straggling cottages: and the carriage begins to rattle and roll over a horribly uneven pavement. As if the equipage were a great firework, and the mere sight of a smoking cottage chimney had lighted it, instantly it begins to crack and splutter, as if the very devil were in it. Crack, crack, crack, crack.

Crack-crack-crack. Crick-crack-crick-crack. Helo! Hola! Vite! Voleur! Brigand! Hi hi hi! En r-r-r-r-route! Whip, wheels, driver, stones, beggars, children; crack, crack, crack; helo! hola! charité, pour l'amour de Dieu! crick-crack-crick-crack; crick, crick, crick; bump, jolt, crack, bump, crick-crack; round the corner, up the narrow street, down the paved hill on the other side; in the gutter; bump, bump; jolt, jog; crick, crick, crick; crack, crack, crack; into the shop-windows on the left-hand side of the street, preliminary to a sweeping turn into the wooden archway on the right; rumble, rumble, rumble; clatter, clatter, clatter; crick, crick, crick; and here we are in the yard of the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or; used up, gone out, smoking, spent, exhausted; but sometimes making a false start unexpectedly, with nothing coming of it: like a firework to the last.

The landlady of the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and the landlord of the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and the femme de chambre of the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and a gentleman in a glazed cap, with a red beard like a bosom friend, who is staying at the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or, is here; and Monsieur le Curé is walking up and down in a corner of the yard by himself, with a shovel hat upon his head, and a black gown on his back, and a book in one hand, and an umbrella in the other; and every body, except Monsieur le Curé, is open-mouthed and open-eyed, for the opening of the carriage-door. The landlord of the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or dotes to that extent on the Courier, that he can hardly wait for his coming down from the box, but embraces his very legs and boot-heels as he descends. "My Courier! My brave Courier! My friend! My brother!" The landlady loves him, the femme de chambre blesses him, the garçon worships him. The Courier asks if his letter has been received? It has, it has. Are the rooms prepared? They are, they are. The best rooms for my noble Courier. The rooms of state for my gallant Courier; the whole house is at the service of my best of friends. He keeps his hand upon the carriage-door, and asks some other question to enhance the expectation. He carries a green leathern purse outside his coat, suspended by a belt. The idlers look at it; one touches it. It is full of five franc-pieces. Murmurs of admiration are heard among the boys. The landlord falls upon the Courier's neck, and folds him to his breast. He is so much fatter than he

was, he says! He looks so rosy and so well!

The door is opened. Breathless expectation. The lady of the family gets out. Ah sweet lady! Beautiful lady! The sister of the lady of the family gets out. Great Heaven, Ma'amselle is charming! First little boy gets out. Ah, what a beautiful little boy! First little girl gets out. Oh, but this is an enchanting child! Second little girl gets out. The landlady, yielding to the finest impulse of our common nature, catches her up in her arms! Second little boy gets out. Oh, the sweet boy. Oh, the tender little family! The baby is handed out. Angelic baby. The baby has topped every thing; all the rapture is expended on the baby! Then the two nurses tumble out; and the enthusiasm swelling into madness, the whole family are swept up stairs as on a cloud; while the idlers press about the carriage, and look into it, and walk round it, and touch it. For it is something to touch a carriage that has held so many people. It is a legacy to leave one's children.

The rooms are on the first floor; except the nursery for the night; which is a great rambling chamber, with four or five beds in it: through a dark passage, up two steps, down four, past a pump, across a balcony, and next door to the stable. The other sleeping apartments are large and lofty; each with two small bedsteads, tastefully hung, like the windows, with red and white drapery. The sitting room is famous. Dinner is already laid therein for three; and the napkins are folded in cocked-hat fashion. The floors are of red tile. There are no carpets, and not much furniture to speak of; but there is abundance of looking-glass, and there are large vases under glass shades, filled with artificial flowers; and there are plenty of clocks. The whole party are in motion; the brave Courier, in particular, is every where: looking after the beds; having wine poured down his throat by his dear brother the landlord; and picking up green cucumbers—always cucumbers; Heaven knows where he gets them—with which he walks about, one in each hand, like truncheons.

Dinner is announced. There is very thin soup; there are very large loaves—one apiece; a fish; four dishes afterwards; some poultry afterwards; a dessert afterwards; and no lack of wine. There is not much in the dishes; but they are very good, and always ready instantly. When

it is nearly dark, the brave Courier, having eaten the two cucumbers, sliced up in the contents of a pretty large decanter of oil, and another of vinegar, emerges from his retreat below, and proposes a visit to the Cathedral; whose massive tower frowns down upon the courtyard of the Inn. Off we go; and very solemn and grand it is, in the dim-light: so dim at last, that the polite, old, lanthorn-jawed Sacristan has a feeble little bit of candle in his hand, to grope among the tombs with—and looks among the grim columns, very like a lost ghost who is searching for his own.

Underneath the balcony, when we return, the inferior servants of the inn are supping in the open air, at a great table; the dish, a stew of meat and vegetables, smoking hot: and served in the iron cauldron it was boiled in. They have a pitcher of thin wine, and are very merry—merrier than the gentleman with the red beard, who is playing billiards in the light room on the left of the yard, where shadows, with cues in their hands, and cigars in their mouths, cross and re-cross the window, constantly. Still the thin Curé walks up and down alone, with his book and umbrella. And there he walks, and there the billiard-balls rattle, long after we are fast asleep.

We are astir at six next morning. It is a delightful day; shaming yesterday's mud upon the carriage, if any thing could shame a carriage, in a land where carriages are never cleaned. Every body is brisk; and as we finish breakfast, the horses come jingling into the yard from the Post-house. Every thing taken out of the carriage is put back again; the brave Courier announces that all is ready, after walking into every room, and looking all round it, to be certain that nothing is left behind; every body gets in; every body connected with the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or is again enchanted; the brave Courier runs into the house for a parcel containing cold fowl, sliced ham, bread and biscuits, for lunch; hands it into the coach; and runs back again.

What has he got in his hand now? More cucumbers? No. A long strip of paper. It's the bill.

The brave Courier has two belts on, this morning: one supporting the purse: another, a mighty good sort of leathern bottle, filled to the throat with the best light Bordeaux wine in the house. He never pays the bill till this bottle is full. Then he disputes it.

He disputes it now, violently. He is still

the landlord's brother, but by another father or mother. He is not so nearly related to him as he was last night. The landlord scratches his head. The brave Courier points to certain figures in the bill, and intimates that if they remain there, the Hotel de l'Ecu d'Or is thenceforth and for ever an Hotel de l'Ecu de cuivre. The landlord goes into a little counting-house. The brave Courier follows; forces the bill and a pen into his hand; and talks more rapidly than ever. The landlord takes the pen. The Courier smiles. The landlord makes an alteration. The Courier cuts a joke. The landlord is affectionate, but not weakly so. He bears it like a man. He shakes hands with his brave brother, but he don't hug him. Still he loves his brother; for he knows that he will be returning that way, one of these fine days, with another family; and he foresees that his heart will yearn towards him again. The brave Courier traverses all round the carriage once; looks at the drag, inspects the wheels, jumps up; gives the word, and away we go.

It is market morning. The market is held in the little square outside, in front of the Cathedral. It is crowded with men and women, in blue, in red, in green, in white; with canvassed stalls, and fluttering merchandise. The country people are grouped about, with their clean baskets before them. Here the lace-sellers; there, the butter and egg-sellers; there, the fruit-sellers; there, the shoe-makers. The whole place looks as if it were the stage of some great theatre, and the curtain had just run up, for a picturesque ballet. And there is the cathedral to boot; scene-like; all grim, and swarthy, and mouldering and cold; just splashing the pavement in one place with faint purple drops, as the morning sun, entering by a little window on the eastern side, struggles through some stained glass panes, on the western.

In five minutes we have passed the iron cross, with a little ragged kneeling-place of turf before it, in the outskirt of the town; and are again upon the road.

II.

LYONS, THE RHONE, AND THE GOBLIN OF AVIGNON.

CHALONS is a fair resting-place, in right of its good inn on the bank of the river,

and the little steamboats, gay with green and red paint, that come and go upon it; which makes up a pleasant and refreshing scene, after the dusty roads. But, unless you would like to dwell on an enormous plain, with jagged rows of irregular poplars on it, that look in the distance like so many combs with broken teeth: and unless you would like to pass your life without the possibility of going up-hill, or going up any thing but stairs, you would hardly approve of Chalons as a place of residence.

You would probably like it better, however, than Lyons: which you may reach, if you will, in one of the before-mentioned steamboats, in eight hours.

What a city Lyons is! Talk about people feeling, at certain unlucky times, as if they had tumbled from the clouds! Here is a whole town that has tumbled, anyhow, out of the sky; having been first caught up—like other stones that tumble down from that region—out of fens and barren places, dismal to behold! The two great streets through which the two great rivers dash, and all the little streets whose name is Legion, were scorching, blistering, sweltering, stinking, hideous. The houses high and vast, dirty to excess, rotten as old cheeses, and as thickly peopled. All up the hills that hem the city in, these houses swarm; and the mites inside were lolling out of the windows, and drying their ragged clothes on poles; and crawling in and out at the doors; and coming out to pant and gasp upon the pavement; and creeping in and out among huge piles and bales of fusty, musty, stifling goods; and living, or rather not dying till their time should come, in an exhausted receiver. Every manufacturing town, melted into one, would hardly convey an impression of Lyons, as it presented itself to me; for all the undrained, unscavengered, qualities of a foreign town, seemed grafted, there, upon the native miseries of a manufacturing one; and it bears such fruit as I would go many miles out of my way to avoid encountering again.

In the cool of the evening—or rather in the faded heat of the day—we went to see the Cathedral; where divers old women, and a few dogs, were engaged in contemplation. There was no difference, in point of cleanliness, between its stone pavement and that of the streets; and there was a wax saint in a little box like a berth aboard ship, with a glass front to it, whom Madame Tussaud would have nothing to say

to, on any terms: and which even Westminster Abbey might be ashamed of. If you would know all about the architecture of this church, or any other, its dates, dimensions, endowments, and history, is it not written in Mr. Murray's "Guide-Book," and may you not read it there, with thanks to him, as I did!

For this reason, I should abstain from mentioning the curious clock in Lyons Cathedral, if it were not for a small mistake I made, in connexion with that piece of mechanism. The keeper of the church was very anxious that it should be shown; partly for the honor of the establishment and the town; and partly, perhaps, because of his deriving a per centage from the additional consideration. However that may be, it was set in motion, and thereupon a host of little doors flew open, and innumerable little figures staggered out of them, and jerked themselves back again, with that special unsteadiness of purpose, and hitching in the gait, which usually attaches to figures that are moved by clock-work. Meanwhile, the Sacristan stood explaining these wonders, and pointing them out, severally, with a wand. There was a centre puppet of the Virgin Mary; and close to her, a small pigeon-hole, out of which another and a very ill-looking puppet made one of the most sudden plunges I ever saw accomplished; instantly flopping back again at sight of her, and banging his little door violently after him. Taking this to be emblematic of the victory over Sin and Death: and not at all unwilling to show that I perfectly understood the substance in anticipation of the showman: I rashly said, "Aha! The Evil Spirit. To be sure. He is very soon disposed of." "Pardon, Monsieur," said the Sacristan, with a polite motion of his hand towards the little door, as if he were introducing somebody—"The Angel Gabriel!"

Soon after day-break next morning, we were steaming down the arrowy Rhone, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, in a very dirty vessel, full of merchandise, and with only three or four other passengers for our companions: among whom the most remarkable was a silly, old, meek-faced, garlic-eating, immeasurably-polite Chevalier, with a dirty scrap of red ribbon hanging at his button-hole, as if he had tied it there, to remind himself of something: as Tom Noddy in the farce ties knots in his pocket-handkerchief.

For the last two days, we had seen great

sullen hills: the first indications of the Alps: lowering in the distance. Now, we were rushing on beside them: sometimes close beside them: sometimes with an intervening slope, covered with vineyards. Villages and small towns hanging in mid-air, with great woods of olives seen through the light open towers of their churches; and clouds moving slowly on, upon the steep acclivity behind them; ruined castles perched on every eminence, and scattered houses in the clefts and gullies of the hills, made it very beautiful. The great height of these, too, making the buildings look so tiny, that they had all the charm of elegant models; their excessive whiteness, as contrasted with the brown rocks, or the sombre, deep, dull, heavy green of the olive-trees; and the puny size, and little slow walk of the Lilliputian men and women on the bank, made a charming picture. There were ferries out of number, too; bridges; the famous Pont d'Esprit, with I don't know how many arches; towns where memorable wines are made; Vallence, where Napoleon studied; and the noble river, bringing at every winding turn new beauties into view.

There lay before us, that same afternoon, the broken bridge of Avignon, and all the city baking in the sun; yet with an underdone pie-crust battlemented wall, that never will be brown, though it bake for centuries.

The grapes were hanging in clusters in the streets, and the brilliant Oleander was in full bloom every where. The streets are old and very narrow, but tolerably clean, and shaded by awnings stretched from house to house. Bright stuffs, and handkerchiefs: curiosities, ancient frames of carved wood, old chairs, ghostly tables, saints, virgins, angels, and staring daubs of portraits, being exposed for sale beneath, it was very quaint and lively. All this was much set off, too, by the glimpses one caught, through rusty gates standing ajar, of quiet, sleepy courtyards, having stately old houses within, as silent as tombs. It was all very like one of the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights." The three one-eyed Calendars might have knocked at any one of those doors till the street rang again, and that porter who *would* ask questions—the man who had the delicious purchases put into his basket in the morning—might have opened it quite naturally.

After breakfast next morning, we sallied forth to see the lions. Such a delicious breeze was blowing in, from the north, as

made the walk delightful, though the pavement-stones, and stones of the walls and houses, were far too hot to have a hand laid on them comfortably.

We went, first of all, up a rocky height, to the cathedral; where mass was performing to an auditory very like that of Lyons; namely, several old women, a baby, and a very self-possessed dog, who had marked out for himself a little course or platform for exercise; beginning at the altar-rails and ending at the door; up and down which constitutional walk, he trotted, during the service, as methodically and calmly, as any old gentleman out of doors. It is a bare old church, and the paintings in the roof are sadly defaced by time and damp weather; but the sun was shining in, splendidly, through the red curtains of the windows, and glittering on the altar furniture; and it looked as bright and cheerful as need be.

Hard by the cathedral stands the ancient Palace of the Popes, of which one portion is now a common jail: and another, a noisy barrack; while gloomy suites of state apartments, shut up and deserted, mock their own old state and glory, like the embalmed bodies of kings. But we neither went there to see state-rooms, nor soldiers' quarters, nor a common jail—though we dropped some money into a prisoner's box outside, whilst the prisoners themselves looked through the iron bars, high up, and watched us eagerly. We went to see the ruins of the dreadful rooms in which the Inquisition used to sit.

A little, old, swarthy woman, with a pair of flashing black eyes,—proof that the world hadn't conjured down the devil within her, though it had between sixty and seventy years to do it in,—came out of the Barrack Cabaret, of which she was the keeper, with some large keys in her hands, and marshalled us the way that we should go. How she told us, on the way, that she was a Government Officer (*concierge du palais apostolique*), and had been, for I don't know how many years; and how she had shown these dungeons to princes; and how she was the best of dungeon demonstrators; and how she had resided in the palace from an infant,—had been born there, if I recollect right,—I needn't relate. But such a fierce, little, rapid, sparkling, energetic, she-devil I never beheld. She was alight and flaming, all the time. Her action was violent in the extreme. She never spoke, without stopping expressly for

the purpose. She stamped her feet, clutched us by the arms, flung herself into attitudes, hammered against walls with her keys, for mere emphasis: now whispered as if the Inquisition were there still: now shrieked as if she were on the rack herself; and had a mysterious, hag-like way with her fore-finger, when approaching the remains of some new horror; looking back and walking stealthily, and making horrible grimaces—that might alone have qualified her to walk up and down a sick man's counterpane, to the exclusion of all other figures, through a whole fever.

Passing through the court-yard, among groups of idle soldiers, we turned off by a gate, which this She-Goblin unlocked for our admission, and locked again behind us: and entered a narrow court, rendered narrower by fallen stones and heaps of rubbish; part of it choking up the mouth of a ruined subterranean passage, that once communicated (or is said to have done so) with another castle on the opposite bank of the river. Close to this court-yard is a dungeon—we stood within it, in another minute—in the dismal tower *des oubliettes*, where Rienzi was imprisoned, fastened by an iron chain to the very wall that stands there now, but shut out from the sky which now looks down into it. A few steps brought us to the Cachots, in which the prisoners of the Inquisition were confined for forty-eight hours after their capture, without food or drink, that their constancy might be shaken, even before they were confronted with their gloomy judges. The day has not got in there yet. They are still small cells, shut in by four unyielding, close, hard walls; still profoundly dark; still massively doored and fastened, as of old.

Goblin, looking back as I have described, went softly on, into a vaulted chamber, now used as a store-room: once the chapel of the holy office. The place where the tribunal sat, was plain. The platform might have been removed but yesterday. Conceive the parable of the Good Samaritan upon the wall! But it was painted there, and may be traced yet.

High up in the jealous wall, are niches where the faltering replies of the accused were heard and noted down. Many of them had been brought out of the very cell we had just looked into, so awfully—along the same stone passage. We had trodden in their very footsteps.

I am gazing round me, with the horror

that the place inspires, when Goblin clutches me by the wrist, and lays: not her skinny finger, but the handle of a key, upon her lip. She invites me, with a jerk, to follow her. I do so. She leads me out into a room adjoining—a rugged room, with a funnel-shaped, contracting roof, open at the top, to the bright day. I ask her what it is. She folds her arms, leers hideously, and stares. I ask again. She glances round, to see that all the little company are there; sits down upon a mound of stones; throws up her arms, and yells out, like a fiend, “La Salle de la Question!”

The Chamber of Torture! And the roof was made of that shape to stifle the victim’s cries! Oh Goblin, Goblin, let us think of this awhile, in silence. Peace, Goblin! Sit with your short arms crossed on your short legs, upon that heap of stones, for only five minutes, and then flame out again.

Minutes! Seconds are not marked upon the Palace clock, when, with her eyes flashing fire, Goblin is up, in the middle of the chamber; describing, with her sunburnt arms, a wheel of heavy blows. Thus it ran round! cries Goblin. Mash, mash, mash! An endless routine of heavy hammers. Mash, mash, mash! upon the sufferer’s limbs. See the stone trough! says Goblin. For the water torture! Gurgle, gurgles! swell, bloat, burst for the Redeemer’s honor! Suck the bloody rag, deep down into your unbelieving body, Heretic, at every breath you draw; and when the executioner plucks it out, reeking with the smaller mysteries of God’s own Image, know us for his chosen servants; true believers in the Sermon on the Mount; elect disciples of Him who never did a miracle but to heal, who never struck a man with palsy, blindness, deafness, dumbness, madness; any one affliction of mankind; and never stretched his hand out, but to give relief and ease!

See! cries Goblin. There the furnace was; there they made the irons red-hot. Those holes supported the sharp stake, on which the tortured persons hung poised: dangling with their whole weight from the roof. “But;” and Goblin whispers this; “Monsieur has heard of this tower? Yes! Let Monsieur look down, then!”

A cold air, laden with an earthy smell, falls upon the face of Monsieur; for she has opened, while speaking, a trap door in the wall. Monsieur looks in. Downward to the bottom, upward to the top, of a steep,

dark, lofty tower; very dismal, very dark, very cold. The executioner of the Inquisition, says Goblin, edging in her head to look down also, flung those who were past all further torturing, down here. “But look! does Monsieur see the black stains on the wall?” A glance, over his shoulders, at Goblin’s keen eye, shows Monsieur—and would without the aid of the directing-key—where they are. “What are they?” “Blood!”

In October, 1791, when the Revolution was at its height here, sixty persons: men and women (“and priests,” says Goblin, “priests”): were murdered here, and hurled, the dying and the dead, into this dreadful pit, where a quantity of quick-lime was tumbled down upon their bodies. Those ghastly tokens of the massacre were soon no more; but while one stone of the strong building in which the deed was done, remains upon another, there they will lie in the memories of men, as plain to see as the splashing of their gore upon the wall is now.

Was it a portion of the great scheme of Retribution, that the cruel deed should be committed in this place? That a part of the atrocities and monstrous institutions, which had been, for scores of years, at work to change men’s nature, should, in its last service, tempt them with the ready means of gratifying their furious and beastly rage? Should enable them to show themselves, in the light of their frenzy, no worse than a great, solemn, legal establishment, in the height of its power? No worse! Much better! They used the Tower of the Forgotten, in the name of Liberty—their liberty; an earth-born creature, nursed in the black mud of the Bastille moats and dungeons, and necessarily betraying many evidences of its unwholesome bringing up. But the Inquisition used it in the name of Heaven.

Goblin’s finger is lifted; and she steals out again, into the chapel of the Holy Office. She stops at a certain part of the flooring. Her great effect is at hand. She waits for the rest. She darts at the brave Courier, who is explaining something; hits him a sounding rap on the hat with the largest key; and bids him be silent. She assembles us all round a little trap-door in the floor, as round a grave. “Voilà!” she darts down at the ring, and flings the door open with a crash, in her goblin energy, though it is no light weight. “Voilà les oubliettes! Voilà les oubliettes! Subter-

raneean ! Frightful ! Black ! Terrible ! Deadly ! *Les oubliettes de l'Inquisition.*"

My blood ran cold, as I looked from Goblin down into the vaults, where these forgotten creatures, with recollections of the world outside—of wives, friends, children, brothers—starved to death, and made the stones ring with their unavailing groans. But, the thrill I felt on seeing the accursed wall below, decayed and broken through, and the sun shining in through its gaping wounds, was like a sense of victory and triumph. I felt exalted with the proud delight of living, in these degenerate times, to see it. As if I were the hero of some high achievement ! The light in the doleful vaults was typical of the light that has streamed in, on all persecution in God's name, but which is not yet at its noon ! It cannot look more lovely to a blind man newly restored to sight, than to a visitor who sees it, calmly and majestically, treading down the darkness of that Infernal Well.

III.

AVIGNON TO GENOA.

GOBLIN, having shown *les oubliettes*, felt that her great *coup* was struck. She let the door fall with a crash, and stood upon it with her arms a-kimbo, sniffing prodigiously.

When we left the place, I accompanied her into her house, under the outer gateway of the fortress, to buy a little history of the building. Her cabaret, a dark low room, lighted by small windows, sunk in the thick wall; in the softened light, and with its forge-like chimney; its little counter by the door, with bottles, jars, and glasses on it; its household implements and scraps of dress against the walls; and a sober-looking woman (she must have a congenial life of it, with Goblin,) knitting at the door—looked exactly like a picture by OSTADE.

I walked round the building on the outside, in a sort of dream, and yet with the delightful sense of having awakened from it, of which the light, down in the vaults, had given me the assurance. The immense thickness and giddy height of the walls; the enormous strength of the massive towers; the great extent of the building; its gigantic proportions frowning aspect, and barbarous irregularity, awaken awe and wonder. The recollection of its opposite old uses—an impregnable fortress, a luxurious palace, a horrible prison, a place of torture, the

court of the Inquisition—at one and the same time, a house of feasting, fighting, religion and blood—gives to every stone in its huge form a fearful interest, and imparts new meaning to its incongruities. I could think of little, however, then, or long afterwards, but the sun in the dungeons. The palace coming down to be the lounging place of noisy soldiers, and being forced to echo their rough talk and common oaths, and to have their garments fluttering from its dirty windows, was some reduction of its state, and something to rejoice at; but the day in its cells, and the sky for the roof of its chambers of cruelty—that was its desolation and defeat. If I had seen it in a blaze from ditch to rampart, I should have felt that not that light, nor all the light in all the fire that burns, could waste it, like the sunbeams in its secret council-chamber, and its prisons.

Before I quit this Palace of the Popes, let me translate from the little history I mentioned just now, a short anecdote, quite appropriate to itself, connected with its adventures.

"An ancient tradition relates, that in 1441, a nephew of Pierre de Lude, the Pope's legate, seriously insulted some distinguished ladies of Avignon, whose relations, in revenge, seized the young man, and horribly mutilated him. For several years the legate kept *his* revenge within his own breast, but he was not less resolved upon its gratification at last. He even made, in the fullness of time, advances towards a perfect reconciliation; and when their apparent sincerity had prevailed, he invited to a splendid banquet, in this palace, certain families, whole families, whom he sought to exterminate. The utmost gaiety animated the repast; but the measures of the legate were well taken. When the desert was on the board, a Swiss presented himself, with the announcement that a strange ambassador solicited an extraordinary audience. The legate excusing himself, for the moment, to his guests, retired, followed by his officers. Within a few moments afterwards, five hundred persons were reduced to ashes: the whole of that wing of the building having been blown into the air with a terrible explosion!"

After seeing the churches (I shall not trouble you with churches just now), we left Avignon that afternoon. The heat being very great, the roads outside the walls were strewn with people fast asleep in every little slip of shade, and with lazy groups, half

asleep and half awake, who were waiting until the sun should be low enough to admit of their playing bowls among the burnt-up trees, and on the dusty road. The harvest here, was already gathered in, and mules and horses were treading out the corn in the fields. We came, at dusk, upon a wild and hilly country, once famous for brigands : and travelled slowly up a steep ascent. So we went on, until eleven at night, when we halted at the town of Aix (within two stage miles of Marseilles) to sleep.

The hotel, with all the blinds and shutters closed to keep the light and heat out, was comfortable and airy next morning, and the town was very clean ; but so hot, and so intensely light, that when I walked out at noon it was like coming suddenly from a darkened room into crisp blue fire. The air was so very clear, that distant hills and rocky points appeared within an hour's walk ; while the town immediately at hand—with a kind of blue wind between me and it—seemed to be white hot, and to be throwing off a fiery air from its surface.

We left this town towards evening, and took the road for Marseilles. A dusty road it was ; the houses shut up close ; and the vines powdered white. At nearly all the cottage doors, women were peeling and slicing onions into earthen bowls for supper. So they had been doing last night all the way from Avignon. We passed one or two shady châteaux, surrounded by trees, and embellished with cool basins of water : which were the more refreshing to behold, from the great scarcity of such residences on the road we had travelled. As we approached Marseilles, the road began to be covered with holiday people ; and outside the public houses were parties smoking, drinking, playing draughts and cards, and (once) dancing. But dust, dust, dust, every where. We went on through a long, straggling, dirty suburb, thronged with people ; having on our left a dreary slope of land, on which the country houses of the Marseilles merchants, always staring white, are jumbled and heaped without the slightest order ; backs, fronts, sides and gables, towards all points of the compass ; until, at last, we entered the town.

I was there twice or thrice afterwards, in fair weather and foul ; and I am afraid there is no doubt that it is as dirty and disagreeable a place as need be. But the prospect, from the fortified heights, of the beautiful Mediterranean, with its lovely rocks and islands, is most delightful. These heights are a desirable retreat for less pictu-

resque reasons—as an escape from a compound of vile smells perpetually arising from a great harbor full of stagnant water, and befouled by the refuse of innumerable ships with all sorts of cargoes, which, in hot weather, is dreadful in the last degree.

There were foreign sailors of all nations in the streets ; with red shirts, blue shirts, buff shirts, tawny shirts, and shirts of orange color ; with red caps, blue caps, green caps, great beards, and no beards ; in Turkish turbans, glazed English hats, and Neapolitan head-dresses. There were the townspeople sitting in clusters on the pavement, or airing themselves on the tops of their houses, or walking up and down the closest and least airy of Boulevards ; and there were crowds of fierce-looking people of the lower sort, blocking up the way constantly. In the very heart of all this stir and uproar was the common madhouse ; a low, contracted, miserable building : looking straight upon the street, without the smallest screen or court-yard ; where chattering madmen and madwomen were peeping out, through rusty bars, at the staring faces below, while the sun, starting fiercely aslant into their little cells, seemed to dry up their very brains, and worry them as if they were baited by a pack of dogs.

We were pretty well accommodated at the Hotel de Paradis, situated in a narrow street of very high houses, with a hairdresser's shop opposite, exhibiting in one of its windows two full-length waxen ladies, twirling round and round ; which so enchanted the hairdresser himself, that he and his family sat in arm-chairs, and in cool undresses, on the pavement outside, enjoying the gratification of the passers-by, with lazy dignity. The family had retired to rest when we went to bed, at midnight ; but the hairdresser (a corpulent man, in drab slippers) was still sitting there, with his legs stretched out before him ; and evidently couldn't bear to have the shutters put up.

Next day we went down to the harbor, where the sailors of all nations were discharging and taking in cargoes of all kinds : fruits, wines, oils, silks, stuffs, velvets, and every manner of merchandise. Taking one of a great number of lively little boats, with gay striped awnings, we rowed away ; under the sterns of great ships ; under tow-ropes and cables ; against and among other boats ; and very much too near the sides of vessels which were faint with oranges ; to the Marie Antoinette, a handsome steamer, bound for Genoa, lying near the mouth of

the harbor. By-and-by, the carriage, that unwieldy "trifle from the Pantechnicon," on a flat barge, bumping against every thing, and giving occasion for a prodigious quantity of oaths and grimaces, came stupidly alongside; and by five o'clock we were steaming out in the open sea. The vessel was beautifully clean; the meals were served under an awning on deck; the night was calm and clear; the quiet beauty of the sea and sky, unspeakable.

We were off Nice, early next morning, and coasted along, within a few miles of the Cornice road (of which, more in its place), nearly all day. We could see Genoa before three; and watching it as it gradually developed its splendid amphitheatre, terrace rising above terrace, garden above garden, palace above palace, height upon height, was ample occupation for us, till we ran into the stately harbor. Having been duly astonished, here, by the sight of a few Cappuccini monks, who were watching the fair weighing of some wood upon the wharf, we drove off to Albaro, two miles distant, where we had engaged a house.

The way lay through the main streets, but not through the Strada Nuova, or the Strada Balbi, which are the famous streets of palaces. I never, in my life, was so dismayed! The wonderful novelty of every thing; the unusual smells; the unaccountable filth (though it is reckoned the cleanest of Italian towns); the disorderly jumbling of dirty houses, one upon the roof of another; the passages more squalid and more close than any in St. Giles's, or old Paris; in and out of which, not vagabonds, but well-dressed women, with white veils and great fans, were passing and repassing; the perfect absence of resemblance in any dwelling-house, or shop, or wall, or post, or pillar, to any thing one had ever seen before; and the disheartening dirt, discomfort, and decay, perfectly confounded me. I fell into a dismal reverie. I am conscious of a feverish and bewildered vision of saints and virgins' shrines at the street corners—of great numbers of friars, monks, and soldiers—of vast red curtains, waving in the door-ways of the churches—of always going up hill, and yet seeing every other street and passage going higher up—of fruitstalls, with fresh lemons and oranges hanging in garlands made of vine leaves—of a guard-house, and a draw-bridge—and some gateways—and venders of iced water, sitting with little trays upon the margin of the kennel—and his all the consciousness I

had, until I was set down in a rank, dull, weedy courtyard, attached to a kind of pink jail; and was told I lived there.

I little thought, that day, that I should ever come to have an attachment for the very stones in the streets of Genoa, and to look back upon the city with affection as connected with so many hours of happiness and quiet! But these are first impressions honestly set down; and how they changed with me, I will set down, also, in good time. At present, let us breathe after this long-winded journey.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LORD PALMERSTON.

IN a debate some years ago in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel excited considerable merriment by calling Lord Palmerston "a pure old Whig." The expression was felt to be an equivocal one. It might be taken as an ironical allusion to the obstination with which the noble lord then paraded what he termed "Whig principles" before the House,—principles which he, at that time, adhered to with the tenacity, and propounded with the zeal, proverbial in recent converts; or still, in the same spirit of quizzing, the right honorable baronet might have meant to allude to the weight of authority which the noble lord added to any intrinsic truth there might be in the political views referred to; because, from the opportunities he has had of testing the opinions of other political parties of which he has, during his long life, been a member, his preference for "Whig principles" might be held to be the result of settled conviction. There was still another sense in which the sly humor which dictated the phrase might have designed it to apply to the noble lord.

The sexagenarian juvenility of Lord Palmerston has been the subject of much good-humored raillery. The public are sufficiently familiar with the somewhat stale jokes which the newspapers have for some time applied to the noble lord, because they have chosen to assume that he, more than most men, sacrifices to the Graces. Lord Palmerston is too respectable, both in talents and character, to be affected by such harmless nonsense; more especially as it is, in point of fact, founded on error. Nor should we here so particularly refer to the

subject, but that not only in his outward man, but also in his mind, the noble lord certainly does reverse the usual laws of Nature. Although from early youth he has been, in some capacity or other, before the public, and, during the greater part of the time, in the service of the state, it is only of late years that he has "come out" either as a statesman or as an orator. Perhaps this may have arisen from constitutional indolence, yet the restless activity of his subsequent ministerial career almost forbids the assumption. It may have been because he did not desire to thrust himself prominently before the public while he still occupied a position in the senate, or filled situations in the government comparatively subordinate; but a reference to Hansard will show that at no time was the noble lord deficient in a characteristic propensity for self-display, although his efforts in parliament for many years scarcely distinguished him from the ordinary herd of level speakers. Like the blossoming of the aloe, the parliamentary fruition of his genius, though long delayed, is marvellous. Few, indeed, are the men who, after passing through a youth and manhood of indifference, apathy, or, at the utmost, of persevering mediocrity, could, long after the middle age has passed, after the fire of life might be supposed to be almost exhausted, blaze out, like the sacred flame on the altar of the fire-worshipper, at the very moment of decay. In this respect, as in many others, Lord Palmerston is a puzzle. He has begun where most men end. Long passed over and forgotten by Fame, he suddenly recalls her, and arrests her in her flight, compelling her to trumpet forth his name. Not even recognized as a statesman, but classed among the Red Tapists; as a speaker ranked with the steady-paced humdrums; he was almost the very last man in the House of Commons, on whom one would have fixed as being likely ever to rival Lord John Russell in the leadership of the Whig party. Suddenly, without apparent cause, without its being discovered that he had become possessed of the elixir of life, he astonished his contemporaries by the display of a vigor which neither his youth nor middle-age had shown; he entered the lists alike with the veterans and the young, ardent spirits of the House of Commons, proving himself a very master of the art which he had thus with so tardy a haste essayed, and raising himself to a level with the very best speakers, nay, ultimately rival-

ing Lord Lyndhurst himself in the ability and power with which he used the ordinary weapons of party for the annoyance of his foes. Like the sleepy prince in the fairy tale, although by the influence of the spell half an age had passed over his bodily frame, the fire and energy of his early days remained. The heat, the vigor, even the rashness of youth, were in him most strangely combined with the authority and experience of more advanced years. The hero of Godwin's romance did not more secretly or more instantaneously discard the crust of time. It is told of Mathews, that one of his most pleasing pastimes was—suddenly, chance-wise—to mingle with any group of boys, asking to join in their play; when he would, by the force of his rare genius for imitation, throw himself completely into the childish character, romp with them, laugh with them, cheat with them, quarrel with them; till, although they could not at first quite fraternize with the very tall stranger, they gradually began to look on him as less unlike themselves, and, at last, admitted him to full rights of companionship. Similar, one may suppose, were the feelings of the leading men of the House of Commons, when Lord Palmerston, after having wilfully hid his powers so long, burst out upon them as a first-rate speaker. It took them some time to believe it possible, but gradually their incredulity gave way under the proofs of his ability and vigor, and they now acknowledge to the utmost of their admiration the mistake which they, in common with the noble lord himself, had made during so many years. Like some diseases, Lord Palmerston's oratorical and political talent was chronic; it required time for its development.

All things taken into account, Lord Palmerston is, perhaps, the best debater among the Whig leaders of the House of Commons. In the different qualities which, when combined, go to render a man an orator, he is excelled by many individuals among his contemporaries. Lord John Russell shows more tact, more intimate acquaintance with party history (not with parties, for in that knowledge, Lord Palmerston beats all men living, having been a member of almost every government within the memory of man), greater skill in pointing allusions to the political errors of opponents, and altogether more refinement in the management of his parliamentary case. In eloquence of conception and in

delivery, Lord Palmerston is, of course, excelled by Mr. Shiel or Mr. Macauley, and even by men holding a far inferior rank as speakers. In soundness and vigor of argument he cannot stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Cobden or with Earl Gray (when that nobleman does justice to his own powers), or even with Mr. Charles Buller. Each speaker on his own side, in fact, is in advance of him in some particular quality of the orator. Yet no one would for a moment hesitate to place Lord Palmerston amongst the first speakers in the House of Commons, or would deny that he had derived from hearing one of that nobleman's speeches as much pleasure, of its kind, as if he had listened to the most brilliant efforts of Macauley, the most spirit-stirring of Shiel, or the most skilful and satisfying of Lord John Russell. The peculiarity in Lord Palmerston which gives him this singular power of charming with an oration as a whole, the several parts of which are not calculated to please, if critically analyzed, is the thorough and hearty spirit of partisanship, not malignant, or angry, or mean, as is that of most zealous advocates of embodied opinion or interests, but frank, manly, open-hearted, and undisguised, so much so as to assume almost a sporting character, as if parliamentary politics were a mere pastime, a kind of relaxation from the heavier cares of labors of administration or of ordinary political life, in which all men are bound by a sort of mutual compact, answering to the laws of a game, to exert their utmost powers to excel or to overcome each other, for the sake of the distinction and applause which are the reward of success.

This peculiarity must always be borne in mind in forming our opinion of the noble lord. He takes up political questions in parliament in the true forensic spirit, but also with much of that interest which an advocate feels, not so much in the fate of his client as in the success of his own efforts. Lord Palmerston appears to feel in a less degree the importance of "Whig principles" than the advantage of a triumph for the Whig party. In this he differs from Lord John Russell, who ministers to party feeling only so far as it is identified with the principles which he considers ought to regulate him. Lord Palmerston, if he is one of the most ready, facile, clever, adroit, among the leaders of the Whigs in either house, appears also to be one of the least earnest. His politics are as a gar-

ment, worn because it is thought to be the most becoming. As far as it is possible to divine the motives of public men, hidden as they sometimes are for years under accumulations of almost necessary deceit, this appears to be the ruling tendency of Lord Palmerston's public character. On one subject alone is he always terribly, inconveniently in earnest—the praise of his own foreign policy. However artificial may be his advocacy on other questions, however he may, when he is determined to make a good party speech, spur himself out of the languor which seems to be his habit of body if not of mind, no such aids to his energy are required when the doings of Viscount Palmerston, sometime her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, are concerned. But of this more hereafter.

Lord Palmerston, in a very good speech—a sort of summary of the session, *à la* Lord Lyndhurst, which he made at the close of the parliamentary campaign of 1842—said of Lord Stanley, "No man is a better off-hand debater, but off-hand debaters often say whatever comes in their heads on the spur of the moment, without considering whether it is the fact." Had the noble ex-secretary been engaged in painting his own portrait instead of Lord Stanley's, he could not more successfully have hit on a leading trait. It is chiefly on this very account that Lord Palmerston is so useful to his party as a debater. A more thoroughly sincere politician would be more cautious. He would have more reverence for truth, more respect for political character. Resting his faith on principles, he would be more chary of trifling with the facts on which they are founded. But Lord Palmerston is a debater, not a statesman. He is a first-rate gladiator in the great political arena, and usually a successful one; but gladiator-like, he inquires little whether the cause he fights in be the cause of truth, being only anxious to show his own skill and overcome his rival. The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home-thrust, is only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. In these qualities, Sir James Graham ap-

proaches the nearest to him. But Lord Palmerston, besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, can work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles (just as Sir James used, in former days, to give a high coloring to his Conservatism), and can do it so well that it really requires considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and the reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open by even the most practised debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score, but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds the argument of an opponent either unanswerable, or that it could only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion. He very well understands the temper of the House of Commons, and especially of his own party. He knows exactly what will win a cheer and what ought to be avoided as calculated to provoke laughter in an assembly where appreciation of what is elevated in sentiment is by no means common. He is good at parliamentary clap-traps, and an invaluable coadjutor in the leadership of a party, which, for want of some common bond of cohesion, and distracted as the Whig-Radical party was by conflicting opinion and interest, required to be kept in good-humor by the meaningless yet inspiring generalities of Liberalism. Of the sort of quasi-philosophical language—the slang of undefined but developing democracy—which pleases the crude, unformed minds of those who are self-chosen to decide on public affairs, and on the conduct of trained statesmen and practised politicians, Lord Palmerston is a master. He is clever at setting traps for such vain and voluntary dupes. Vague and vapid generalities become, under the magical influence of his congenial intellect, high-sounding and inspiring principles. His process of development, unlike that ascribed to the material world by a recent

theorist, stops short at the nebulous stage. To resolve these seductive immaterialities into their elements, so that they might form more natural combinations—to allow the misty mass to become concrete; to let relaxed Whiggism consolidate itself into Chartism, or even into more congenial and more despised Radicalism, would be most inconvenient and disagreeable to one who, like Lord Palmerston, is a thorough aristocrat in all his real, self-confessed thoughts and prejudices, and who is disposed to treat all parvenues in politics with the genuine heart-felt contempt, the hereditary hauteur, of a “pure old Whig.”

It partly follows from these things that Lord Palmerston is a good political tactician. He scents keenly and quickly the changing wind. He probably thinks little, but he observes much. A superficial glance is sufficient to decide him on his line of conduct, because the popular feeling of the hour is what he seeks to captivate. He is clever in the arithmetic of party. He counts heads, and with the increase of numbers correspond his swelling periods. This sort of time-serving policy is not usually favorable to political foresight, nor would any one be disposed to accord that quality in any remarkable degree to Lord Palmerston.

Yet we are going to exhibit the noble lord in the character of a prophet. We would much rather attribute to his sagacity what we are, however, compelled to ascribe to some unlucky accident,—the fact that he foretold not only the freetrade policy of Sir Robert Peel, but also the period of its adoption.

Speaking in September 1841, Lord Palmerston said, “That the right honorable baronet had said that he was not prepared to declare that he would never propose a change in the Corn-laws; but he certainly should not do so unless at the head of an united cabinet. Why, looking at the persons who form his administration, *he must wait something near five years* before he can do it.” It is a remarkable coincidence, that in *four years and eight months* from the date of this prediction, Sir Robert Peel introduced his measure for the repeal of the Corn-laws. So well did the Whigs understand their man.

To securing success as a debater, Lord Palmerston sacrifices the hope of becoming a first-rate orator. It is the province of the orator, while he is appealing to the passions or developing the policy of the hour, also to

shape and polish his discourse and to interweave in it what will render it interesting for all time. Such qualities and such objects are not to be distinguished in the excellent party speeches of Lord Palmerston. They are made for the House of Commons, not for posterity. Except in the clap-traps we have mentioned, there is no ambitious language, no pretence of that higher eloquence which will stir the hearts of men after the particular voice is dumb and the particular man dead. You cannot pick extracts out of his speeches which will bear reading, and will excite interest, apart from the context. There are no maxims or aphorisms, nor any poetical illustrations or passages of declamatory vehemence; but, on the other hand, the language is choice, the style pure and simple, the construction of the sentences correct, even elegant, and the general arrangement of the topics skilful in the extreme. The speeches seem not to be prepared with art, yet they are artful in the extreme; and there is a general harmony in the effect, such as might be expected from the spontaneous outpouring in argument of a highly cultivated and well-regulated mind. And although, as has been said, he is chargeable with inordinate garrulity on the subject of his foreign administration, yet you will sometimes find him speaking on topics personal to himself in a high and gentlemanly tone, quite unaffected, and which is extremely impressive. It is because his party speeches are a sort of serious pastime that he can at will throw aside all party feeling, and speak in a manly and elevated tone on great public questions. One of his amusing peculiarities is to identify himself with his party in all their great proceedings. "We" acceded to power; "We" brought in such a measure; "We" felt this or that; a sort of "I-and-my-king" style, which, in the somewhat self-important tones of the noble lord, and associated with his reputation for dictatorship in his own official department, sometimes borders on the ludicrous.

However much Lord Palmerston may fall into the sham patriotic vein in his usual party speeches, there is one subject on which, as we have said, he is inconveniently in earnest. Touch his foreign policy, and on the instant his soul is in arms. Nay, he does not wait till it is touched, aspenlike though his vanity be on that theme. So intimately possessed is he of the absolute excellence of his foreign administration, and of its importance to mankind, that he is unceasing-

ly, and without being asked, expounding and explaining it. He defends himself spontaneously, without having been attacked; and he never defends himself without gratuitously attacking some one else. Sir Robert Peel once charged him, in well-sugared parliamentary phrase, with assurance. The imputation was well aimed; every one instantly responded to it; for, indeed, the noble lord has no unnecessary modesty in speaking of himself or his services. He is assiduous, and altogether unrestrained by delicacy, in trumpeting his own exploits as foreign minister. All the wars he didn't and all the wars he did bring about; all his dexterous manœuvres by which, while proclaiming peace, he was countenancing a kind of war in disguise; these have been paraded session after session, upon all imaginable pretexts, before the House of Commons, till Lord Palmerston's pertinacity has become proverbial. His *amour propre*, in fact, on the subject of his foreign policy almost takes the shape of a mania. His constant references to it, and the extent to which he has trespassed on the patience of the house, have detracted, to a considerable extent, from the influence which his undeniable talents as a speaker, and even his admitted abilities as a foreign minister, have long since entitled him to and secured for him. He is so easily excited on this topic, that whatever subject he may be talking on, however much his speech may necessarily be confined to subjects of a domestic nature, his mind seems, by a natural affinity, to glide into the one great theme which occupies his thoughts. At a guess, it might be hazarded that, taking the average of his speeches during the last ten or twelve years, four-fifths of them, at least, have consisted of self-defence, in connexion with his foreign policy.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lord Palmerston is, therefore, held in any contempt by the house. Quite the reverse. They may think that he shows a want of taste and tact in thus yielding so constantly to the ruling influence of his mind; but they are not the less prepared to award him the full amount of praise, and, what he more values, of attentive listening, to which his position, whether officially or legislatively, entitles him. They are willing to admit that, as the foreign minister of England, he has shown himself animated by something of the spirit of the great Earl of Chat-ham, in his magnanimous determination to

uphold, at all hazards, the national honor. His task was to make a peace-at-any-price party pursue a war-at-any-price policy. It was his duty, as well as his ardent desire, to make the English name respected throughout the world. He took a high tone with foreign nations; and they felt that, while Lord Palmerston was at the head of our foreign affairs, they could not insult us with impunity. The House of Commons were fully aware of these things, and were disposed to respect him accordingly; but while listening to his perpetual explanations and justifications, they could not help feeling that a minister who was thus paltering between peace and war was very likely to illustrate the old adage, concerning the ultimate fate of him who tries to sit on two stools. They saw that his manly policy, instead of showing itself in quiet dignity, was detracted from by a restless spirit of intermeddling, a habit of provoking the irritability of foreign nations, as if for the mere purpose of showing our strength to disregard it. An opponent characterized his proceedings by the terms, "restless activity and incessant meddling." Lord Palmerston seems conscious that such is the opinion entertained of his conduct; for he has himself quoted the terms and deprecated such an application of them.

But the verdict seems to have been pronounced by the House of Commons, that the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston has been more spirited, vigorous, expert, than politic, dignified, or wise. It is confessed that he has enlarged views, which, perhaps, he has scarcely had a fair opportunity of developing; but, at the same time, it appears to be felt that the steps he took to carry out those views acted as so many obstructions. He was for universal peace and free commercial intercourse, but he thought to obtain them by bellicose demonstrations. He had peace in his mouth, but war in his right hand.

Out-of-doors, Lord Palmerston is very much misunderstood. The popular idea of him represents him as an antiquated dandy. He is really nothing of the sort, but a man of unusual vigor, both of mind and body, upon whom time has made less impression than usual. He is not more particular in his dress than are most men of his station in society; and if he is charged with sacrificing to the Graces, all we can say on the subject is, that we could point out a hundred members of the House of Commons, of all ages, who are more open to ri-

dicule on this score than Lord Palmerston. Any pretension he may have is, in fact, not personal but mental. His bearing is eminently that of the gentleman, quiet and unassuming, but manly. As a speaker, his physical powers are scarcely equal to what his mind prompts him to achieve. There is a kind of faded air which he cannot help observing; but this impression may, after all, only arise from a constitutional languor of manner, and from the peculiar intonation of his voice, which has a hollow and fluty sound. With all his talents as a debater, he wants that special combination of personal dignity with popular qualities, which alone could qualify him to be the sole leader of his party, should any cause bring about the secession of Lord John Russell.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A DAY WITH RONGÉ.

IN the year 1815, the king of Prussia promised a constitution to his people, by way of reward for their successful struggles against the power of Napoleon—a promise which, as our readers are doubtless aware, he has never thought it necessary to fulfil. He has given them, however, in its stead, a United Evangelical Church, founded upon the basis of a junction between the Lutheran and the other Reformed churches; and to this circumstance—to the fact of his giving his subjects a church which they did not require, and his not giving them a constitution for which they eagerly pined—much of the popularity which the present great reformer of Germany enjoys is to be attributed. The success of Rongé's movement has, in a great measure, been caused by a species of reaction which was produced by the establishment of a church, created by an exercise of despotic power, and consequently to a universal principle of resistance to all established authority in religion which at present pervades Germany, and which gladly avails itself of any channel by which it can find vent for its aspirations after liberty.

It chanced to the writer to be a resident, during the late summer, in Heidelberg, where this movement was at the time going on, and having acquired some knowledge of the language, his attention was naturally attracted towards the subject as discussed

in the current literature of the day. Magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers, all teemed with the one absorbing subject; if you joined a party of grave professors chatting in the street, their topic of conversation was sure to be the great Catholic movement; if you looked in at the Cassino, the subject of discourse was the same; at the lady's tea-table and in the professor's study, in the shop of the artisan and on the promenade of fashion, you heard of nothing else: and this excitement, which had been going on so long, at length reached its acme, when it was announced by placards upon the walls, and in the leading journals, that the great reformer himself was about to pay the town a visit, and that a new church, upon a certain day, was to be opened by him in person. Having duly provided myself with a ticket, I repaired at an early hour to the cathedral of the "Heiliges Gheist," which had been lent by the Lutheran Church for the occasion; service had, however, already commenced when I arrived. I shall not easily forget the scene which met my eye upon entering the gallery of this cathedral; it was filled to overflowing—the very aisles were crowded, and the eager and devoted looks of the congregation, as they bent forward to gaze upon the simple and unpretending figure of the priest, who, clothed in a black robe, and with his hands meekly folded before him, stood in front of the altar, was most impressive. Wreathed from pillar to pillar, and around the pulpit and altar, were garlands of beautiful flowers, to which the morning sun, struggling through the thick painted windows, imparted a tinge of gold; and when the vast congregation rising, began to chant a hymn, the full and solemn strain of music pealing from the organ, the magnificent chorus swelled by a thousand voices—all were calculated to inspire the casual spectator with feelings not easily described. But when the music ceased, when the prayer was over, and when, amid breathless silence, the man whose fame had already filled Europe, in clear and silver tones, and with language full of fervid energy, began to detail, in a short discourse, the principles of his religion, the air of wrapt attention which pervaded the assembly was as remarkable as the scene was impressive.

The service was performed in strict accordance with the rules which I have subjoined; and as I remained until its conclusion, I had an opportunity of observing the

administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was performed in a manner almost similar to that in our own church.

In principle Rongé appears to be a rationalist of the lowest school, professing principles widely different from Czerski, who is at the head of another section of the movement party, professing an orthodox Christian creed.

The religious principle is much more strongly developed in the latter than in the former of these two great leaders. While Rongé complains in nervous strains of the load which Rome has laid upon his spirit, of the weariness he feels under her yoke, Czerski dwells entirely upon the degradation which falls upon him as a Christian, and the absolute incompatibility of the maxims enjoined by the Romish Church, with the pure and unadulterated Word of God.

The tendency of all the pamphlets I have read upon this subject, seems decidedly in favor of the Presbyterian form of church government, as will at once be apparent from a perusal of the document I annex, and I fear the creed professed by the party is very nearly similar to the Arian schism as it exists in this country; so that although any remove from downright popery is an alteration for the better, much remains yet to be accomplished before the new Catholic Church in Germany can prove permanently useful. In a very able article upon this subject, in a former number of this magazine, the writer expresses his conviction that the introduction of our liturgy, or some similar form of worship, would prove of most material benefit to the permanence of the new German Church; and this writer is happy to state, that in the town where he was a resident, the clergyman of our establishment, who was the chaplain there, had procured, from the Society in London for the Promotion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, an abundant supply of Common Prayer books, translated into German, and was actively engaged in distributing them among the new congregation, the leading members of which professed their extreme gratification at our simple and beautiful forms of prayer, and appeared most anxious to obtain the introduction of them into the course of the new service.

A couple of days after the opening of the new church, Rongé was entertained at a banquet given by the citizens, to which I received an invitation, through the kind in-

tervention of the Herr Kéchler, the principal lawyer of the place, who was one of the leading men connected with the party. I went to the hotel about half an hour before the appointed time, and found the apartment already quite full. Two immense tables were ranged down the principal room, at which upwards of three hundred guests were seated, in anxious expectation of the arrival of Rongé. I obtained a place very near the head of the table, and just opposite the seat of honor which the guest was to occupy. After various arrivals of different personages, each of whom the assembly had confident expectation was the great man, and after as many disappointments, the door was at length opened, and in he came; the whole company rising to receive him with the most rapturous enthusiasm. I was seated very nearly opposite M. Rongé, and had, consequently, a fair opportunity, of making my observations upon his outward man. In person he is of the middle stature, with handsome countenance, dark piercing eyes, and a fine head of long black hair; but I searched his face in vain for any of those lines of thought produced by severe study and reflection. The expression was intelligent, but certainly not characterized by that earnest seriousness which might have been expected. The chairman, rising, proposed to the company, the health of their guest, and at the conclusion of his speech, placed upon his head a garland of flowers. Rongé then replied. He returned thanks for the enthusiastic reception he had met with, gave a detailed account of his progress through the various towns he had recently visited, complimented the company assembled upon its respectability and numbers, and said a good deal, the purport of which I could not at the moment catch, as he spoke with great rapidity, and considerable gesticulation. When he had concluded, dinner was served up, of which he seemed to partake with great avidity, the crown of flowers remaining all the time upon his head. When the soup had been served, and the banquet was approaching its middle stage, I saw his next neighbor directing the attention of M. Rongé to me, and I heard him whisper the name of my country. I could instantly observe a sharp, quick glance of the eye directed towards me; but no farther observation was made until towards the conclusion of the repast; when, after the greater portion of the assembly had dispersed, M. Rongé directed his conversation to me, and made many in-

quiries as to the exact condition of the Roman Catholics in this country, which I answered according to the best of my information. He carried on the conversation exclusively in French, which he spoke with the same facility as German; and before we parted he presented me with a small volume of songs, composed by himself, one or two of which I have endeavored to render into English, and also with a copy of the rules of his church, of which a literal translation is here given. This collection of songs has little or no poetical merit, but the preface is an important document, establishing as it does, that this movement, as far as Rongé has been engaged in it, has been the result of long deliberation and mature reflection. But it will, perhaps, be the better plan to let the reader have it in the author's own words.

PREFACE TO CATHOLIC POEMS BY JOHANNES RONGÉ. 1845.

The following poems were, for the most part, ready for the press in the beginning of the year 1843; but a friend kept them back, contrary to my inclination, from an anxiety lest at that juncture they should prove more mischievous than useful.

"Many of these poems will perhaps appear too late; but they will nevertheless serve for this purpose—to convince my opponents, who, for the purpose of lessening my influence with my fellow-citizens, seek to insinuate that I attempted what I have done without consideration and without time for reflection, or that I have followed a blind impulse. I have undertaken it with due consideration, and as far back as the beginning of the year 1842 my determination was adopted. I knew the reform must begin—I knew also that Rome could not last much longer—I knew that she must fall."

"A CONFESSION.

"Wand'ring upon the mountain side
My heart beats free and brave,
But Rome's yoke soon pursued me there,
And I became—a slave.

"A coat of sorrow I must wear,
All feeble is my tread—
Thou knowest, oh God, what load of care
Bows down my weary head!

"For daily they have tortured me
With many an artful wile;
Cruelty lurks in their heart,
Concealed by holy smile.

"Fearless alike in word and deed
When once their crimes begin,
For while God's name is in their mouth,
They are the slaves of sin.

"Deprived alike of worth and shame,
On in their darkened road
They go, beneath a slavish yoke,
And have no fear of God.

"I must not love my fatherland,
But still a slave remain;
So base a thought my heart repelled,
And I was free again.

"At length, aroused from thralldom vile,
My spirit spurned the yoke so blind,
And love has gained the victory—
Love which prizes all mankind."

"UPON COMPLETING MY THIRTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

"My life has reached its mid career,
But still an anchor binds me down,
And though the wish within me burns,
The fight must yet be fought, and won.

"My glowing soul, with ardor fired,
Her wonted rest can no where find;
Away! away! she goads me on,
And leaves the slum'ring earth behind.

"Amid high heaven a beacon flames—
I see its golden light afar—
It cheers my sinking spirit on,
I hail it as fair Freedom's star."

"EMBASSY TO THE POPE.

"With the speed of winged horses,
I hastened to thy throne,
In dust lies thy proud castle,
And, Pope! thy power is gone.

"O'er the high Alpine mountains,
From a clime beyond the sea,
Germania sends her messenger,
And thus he speaks to thee:

"Thou hast trafficked in salvation
For gold these thousand years;
The Fratricide has called to thee—
His curse is in our ears.

"Down to the earth, our honor
Under foot thou'st trampled; still
On our neck the slave-yoke placing,
While our wealth thy coffers fill.

"And to the sinner dying
No mercy hast thou shown—
In vain the orphan wailing,
To thee sends forth his groan.

"From the poor man in his sorrow
Who cries to thee forlorn,
Comfort still withholding,
Thou givest naught but scorn.

"To the widow left forsaken
Beside the fresh-raised mound,
A word you utter, falling
On her ear with fearful sound.

"Then to the message hearken—
Through me my nation saith,
Because thou thus hast sinned
She refuses thee her faith.

"Alone on heaven relying,
To God her prayers will send,
If you oppose her, ponder
'On Hohenstaufen's end.' " *

Definitions concerning the doctrines of Faith.

November, 1845.

"1. The Holy Scriptures shall be our *one* and *only* foundation of Christian faith; the conception and exposition of which is freely given to reason, penetrated and influenced by Christian idea.

"2. As general tenets of our faith, we give the following symbol:—

"I believe in God the Father, who by his almighty word created the world, and rules it in wisdom, justice, and love. I believe in Jesus Christ, our Saviour. I believe in the Holy Ghost, a holy universal Church, forgiveness of sins, and eternal life.—Amen.

"3. We reject the supremacy of the pope, release ourselves from hierarchy, and determine, above all, to reject all concessions which might be made by the hierarchy, and in any possible manner tend to bring the free church again under its yoke.

"4. We reject auricular confession.

"5. We reject celibacy (obligatory celibacy).

"6. We reject the invocation of saints, the reverencing of relics and images.

"7. We reject indulgences, prescribed fasts, pilgrimages, and all such heretofore standing church regulations, which can only lead to a senseless religion of works.

"8. We give to the church and to individuals, the task of vivifying the substance of our doctrines; and to the spirit of the times, to produce a corresponding acknowledgment.

"9. But we allow full liberty of conscience, free inquiry and exposition of the Holy Scriptures, restricted by no external authority; we rather abhor all compulsion, hypocrisy, and falsehood—therefore, in the variety of apprehension and explanation of the doctrines of our faith, we find no grounds for separation or condemnation.

"10. We acknowledge only two sacraments, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord, without, at the same time, wishing to limit other congregations in the continuance of Christian usages.

"11. Baptism shall be administered to children, with the proviso of the confirmation of

* Conradin, son of Conrad the Fifth of Germany, the last of the family of Hohenstaufen, was beheaded in the market-place at Naples, after the battle of Tagliacozza, by Charles of Anjou, it is supposed at the instigation of Clement IV., of which pontiff it is related, that, seeing from the walls of *Viterba* the array of Conradin defile before him, he exclaimed—"Ay, there they go like victims to the sacrifice."—*Sigismondi Italianes Republics*, Vol. II. p. 380.

their faith when they shall attain mature understanding.

"12. The Lord's Supper shall be received by the congregation, according to Christ's institution, in both kinds.

"13. We recognise matrimony as an institution to be considered sacred, and require the blessing of the church on it; but recognise no other conditions or restrictions than those prescribed by the state.

"14. We believe and confess that it is the first duty of a Christian to confirm his faith by works of Christian love.

Definitions on the outward form of divine service and the cure of souls.

"15. Divine service consists essentially in instruction and edification; the outward form shall be constituted according to the requirements of time and place.

"16. The liturgy in particular, or the part of divine service which shall serve for edification, shall be ordered according to the institutions of the apostles and early Christians, suitable to the necessities of the present times; the participation of the members of the congregation, and the alternate response between them and the minister, shall be regarded as essential requirements.

"17. The use of the Latin tongue shall be abolished in divine service.

N. B.—There is a poem in the collection upon this express point.

"18. The church service consists in the following parts:—

"a. Beginning: In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"b. Introductory hymn.

"c. Confession of sins. (Confiteor).

"d. Lord have mercy upon us. (Kyrie).

"e. Glory to God in the highest. (Gloria.)

"f. Collects.

"g. Epistle.

"h. Gospel.

"i. The sermon, together with the usual prayers. Before and after the sermon, a verse of a hymn.

"k. Creed. (Credo.)

"l. Hymn, Holy, holy, holy. (Sanctus).

N. B.—Those persons of the congregation who intend to receive the holy communion, approach the altar during the singing of the hymn.

"m. Instead of the canon, a piece selected from the passion, with the consecration words of the holy communion, shall be spoken by the minister.

"n. During the communion of the congregation, 'O Lamb of God.' (Agnus Dei.)

"o. The Lord's prayer.

"p. Concluding hymn.

"q. The blessing.

"Vocal and instrumental music shall not be excluded, but restricted, and only used as far as they shall promote devotion, and elevate the mind.

"19. The celebration of divine service shall take place in the afternoon.

"Catechising, or edifying lecturing, the latter may be held by a clergyman, after previous approval by the proper ecclesiastical authorities of the congregation.

"20. No festivals shall be celebrated, excepting those ordered by the law of the land.

"21. All ecclesiastical acts, such as baptism, marriages, burials, &c. shall be performed by the minister without surplice-dues, for all members of the congregation alike.

"22. Posture, and external deportment in general, in church, as the expression of inward religious views and feelings, shall be left to each individual; that which tends to superstition shall alone be interdicted.

"23. No individual shall have a claim on any particular place in the church—hence, no particular seats can be appropriated to the use of individuals, at any particular divine service, either for interest or money.

Definitions as to the government and constitution of the parish or congregation.

"24. The congregation conceive it to be the principal object of Christianity.

"25. The constitution of the congregation adheres to the institutions of the apostles and primitive Christians, (Presbyterian form,) nevertheless it may be altered according to the necessities of the times.

"26. Admission to become a member of the congregation takes place after a voluntary declaration of their adhesion to, and repetition of, the confession of faith as held by the congregation.

"27. Whoever wishes to join the congregation from a society not confessing the Christian faith, must receive the necessary religious instruction, previously to his making a confession of faith, and receiving baptism.

"28. The congregation uses its ancient right of electing its own ecclesiastics and authorities. Such divines as can produce certificates of their learning and manner of life, are alone eligible for the office of minister.

"29. Every ecclesiastic shall be inducted into the congregation and his office, by a solemn act.

"30. The appointment of an ecclesiastic to a congregation is irrevocable, and his removal can only be considered valid in accordance with the legal definitions existing in any particular country. Grounds of removal which do not come within the compass of the laws, can only be decided by the provincial synod hereafter to be formed.

"31. The congregation is to be represented by the ecclesiastics and chosen elders; the election of the latter takes place annually, at Whitsuntide.

"32. The ecclesiastic, or ecclesiastics, are to have the administration of ecclesiastical offices; the elders, together with the authorities, annually chosen from amongst themselves, are to direct and govern all other parochial

affairs — nevertheless, the ecclesiastic is a member of the board of elders.

"33. At the assemblies of the congregation, the place of honor is due to the pastor or pastors, by the side of the lay authorities of the congregation, which is the authority chosen from the body of the elders. (*Vide*, chap. 32). This authority of the congregation opens, conducts, and closes the transactions of the congregation in all its affairs, even those which concern the confession of faith, public service, and the cure of souls; and every ecclesiastic shall have the last vote; but in all spiritual affairs he has the right of speaking first and last.

"34. The congregation shall decide upon the laws and duties in the constitution to be appointed, which it confers on ecclesiastics and authorities, as well as those which they reserve for themselves.

"35. The congregation consider themselves justified and authorized independently and alone, ever according to the necessities of the times, and the advance of knowledge in the holy Scriptures, to alter all these regulations; but the congregation voluntarily binds itself, for the sake of unity, to give notice of these at the next general council, and make propositions as to the decision.

Definitions upon the General Council.

"36. General assemblies or councils shall have for their object, the maintenance of unity in ecclesiastical existence, so far as this unity does not restrict the freedom of conscience of individuals in the congregation, and of the congregation itself.

"37. The general council shall consist of deputies from the individual German Catholic congregations, in the choice of whom the congregation shall not be restricted.

"38. It shall be open to each congregation to send as many deputies as they think fit; but the united deputies of one congregation shall have but one vote in the resolutions.

"39. Those councils only shall be considered general, in which the majority of the constituted congregations in Germany are represented; but one deputy may represent several congregations.

"40. The number of voting deputies at a council shall consist of, at least, two-thirds laymen, and only one-third ecclesiastical.

"41. The resolutions of the general council are to be considered as propositions, and only attain their full validity when they shall have been laid before each assembled congregation of Germany for consideration and approval, and when the majority of these parishes shall have adopted them.

"42. The declaration to be given by each individual congregation concerning the adoption or non-adoption of the resolutions of a general council, must be always sent in to the authorities of the local congregation, named in definition 48, within the space of three months, in the non-compliance of which such declara-

tion on the definitions with regard to the subsequent reception or rejection of a determination of a general council cannot be considered.

"43. According to rule, a general council shall be held every five years, nevertheless at the present time, and until all arrangements of the German Catholic congregations shall be made, more frequent assemblies shall take place.

"44. The duration of each general council shall be directed according to the number and importance of subjects under consideration.

"45. The place of holding general councils shall vary, and equal regard be shown (as far as circumstances will admit) to North, South, East, and West Germany.

"46. Each general council shall, at one of its earliest sittings, decide at what place the next council shall be held.

"47. For external unity the authorities of the congregation of that place where the last has been held, and the authorities of that place where the next is to be held, shall effect the meeting in the following manner:—

"48. The authority of the congregation of that place, where the next council is to be held, sends the same an invitation in the public papers, and according to pleasure, by especial circulars to individual congregations, opens the general council, after the constituting of which, he gives over the documents and other objects to the chosen authority, (*vide* def. 49,) and receives all the acts and objects again from his hands after the conclusion of the council. Hereupon he has to receive the declaration to be sent to him by the individual congregations, (*vide* defs. 41, 42,) and to make their result publicly known after the expiration of the appointed space of time, specifying the affirmative or negative (*vide* def. 42) decision of each congregation, and of those who have neglected to send in that declaration, after which his office expires. Then he sends all the documents, writings, and other objects, having reference to the general councils, to the authorities of the congregation of that place where the next council is to be held. The latter now act in a similar manner, as has been prescribed.

"49. The first act after the opening of every council must be the choice of an authority, (president,) by means of a poll.

"50. The sittings of general councils are public; and their transactions shall be printed as fully as possible.

"51. All these definitions are not, however, and shall not be appointed definitively for all times; but can, and must be altered, according to the consciousness of the times, of the congregation of the church."

Such is a literal translation of the articles of faith, and the points of practice proposed and followed by the members of the new German Catholic Church; and in

presenting them to the public, I have adhered most exactly to the original, giving, as far as I could, the peculiar force of each German word. The original is of considerable difficulty, most of the expressions being very different from those in familiar use in the country.

Upon the day following the banquet, there was to have been a still larger assembly—in fact, a sort of “aggregate meeting” of all the members of the new Catholic Church, held at Heidelberg. But a message from the Grand Duke of Baden to M. Rongé, politely conveyed by the lieutenant of police, put an end to the affair; and a second message, conveyed in the course of the same day, obliged the great reformer to quit the town in a very expeditious manner. Upon that very day, the Grand Duke, who generally resides either at Carlsruhe or Manheim, happened to be in the town, on his way home from a grand “Lands-wirtschaft,” or festival of the farming society, held at Mosbach, on the Neckar; and the contrast between the reception of him—the potentate—the grand monarch—the sovereign of the land—the man whose hands held the issues of life and death—who had soldiers under him, and ministers to do his will—and that of the reformer, was most startling. From the windows of the “Hotel Ernst,” I witnessed the duke’s departure; and a couple of carriages, with a few soldiers for an escort, formed the whole *cortège*. Few turned their heads as he passed by; and none bade “God speed him!” An hour or two afterwards, the great reformer went on his way, and every house and every street poured forth its inhabitants. Men and women—youth and age—the professor and the student—the matron and the girl—burghers, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers—men of all ranks and classes, streamed forth in a mighty tide, to hail him ere he went. It was more like the triumphal procession of a conqueror than any thing else. Wreaths were flung down from the windows as he passed; acclamations rent the air: while the Grand Duke of Baden, in his own dominion, passed unregarded by, the whole city rose like one man, to thunder forth their applause, and to bid farewell to the “schlechte falsche priester” of Germany. The scenes which he has attempted to describe passed under the author’s own eye; and as he is well aware what interest is attached to the minutest particulars connected with a great popular movement in a dis-

tant country, he has ventured to describe what passed around him. And having done so, he trusts he will be excused for venturing to offer his own very humble opinion upon so stupendous a subject. This great movement has been hailed by some as the dawn of a new reformation; others regard it but as a violent outburst of popular feeling, produced by a temporary excitement, and likely to die away when the exciting cause has been removed. In most of the articles which I have read in this country upon the subject, much stress has been laid upon the exhibition of the holy coat at Treves, as the immediate producing cause. And that it was the proximate cause, there can be little doubt; but the mine had been laid for many, many years; and that celebrated missive of the Bishop Arnoldi was merely the torch by means of which it was sprung. After much conversation with intelligent men in Germany, who are well acquainted with the present condition and feelings of their countrymen; and after a careful perusal of most of the German pamphlets and newspapers of the day—a class of literature which, by the way, does not often reach this country, but from which the most accurate information of what is going on must, after all, be derived—the writer can have but little doubt that the cause of this movement has long been in silent operation, and may be ascribed to those events which he hinted at in the commencement of this paper. There is, he is inclined to fear, more of a revolutionary than of a religious spirit pervading “the masses;” and the incessant and active vigilance which all the states of the German confederacy keep up, does not augur well for its accession or continuance. As the autumn advanced, most of the newspapers, which in Germany are altogether under the control of censors of the press appointed by government, began to preserve an ominous silence upon what there is but too good reason to fear was a forbidden subject; and from many other towns besides that in which he was a resident, Rongé was obliged to make an abrupt departure. The fact of its being confined to the lower and middle ranks of society, has often been urged as an objection fatal to the spread of this movement. But few who have been attentive observers of the events of history, will venture to advance such an argument. Such a movement always begins among the lower classes. It prevails; and at last its influence extends to those above

"The mist that over the marsh glides."

A light cloud at first spreads and expands, until it envelopes the heights above it. That this may be the result of the present movement, the writer does not venture to predicate; but it is not the more unlikely to prove successful, from the fact of its first adherents, like those of the Christian dispensation, being found among the humble ranks of life.

From the Literary Gazette.

COLLEGE JOKES AND ANECDOTES.

Four Lectures on the Advantages of a Classical Education, as an Auxiliary to a Commercial Education, &c. By A. Amos, Esq., &c. 8vo. pp. 281. London, R. Bentley.

WHEN narrow utilitarian opinions have been and are apt to run into the extreme of undervaluing all classical endowment, these Lectures are peculiarly valuable in recalling the public to a right estimate of the subject. Perhaps for centuries the system of learned, or, as it was called, liberal education, was pursued with far too much exclusiveness of the practical and useful. But that is no reason why we should lapse into the opposite antipodes, and run a-muck at all that is so elevating to the soul of man, and delightful to his being, as is found in the treasuries of ancient learning. Mr. Amos has pointed this out with great force, and demonstrated that the merchant is not the worse for being the scholar, the tradesman for being able to understand a little of the means of intellectual enjoyment, nor the commercial classes generally for having a resort from the toils of business in the refinements and solace of literary relaxation. But having stated the principle and character of his work, we must leave it to be perused by those who take an interest in the discussion; for it offers no opportunity for synopsis nor analysis within the moderate compass we could allow to it. There is, however, an Appendix, consisting of notes of the table-talk of a combination-room in the last century; from which we trust the subjoined extracts will be acceptable.

FACETIE.

"Paley, having been out fishing for a whole

day, was asked on his return if he had met with good sport. 'Oh yes,' said he; 'I have caught no fish, to be sure; but I have made a sermon.'

"Lord Abercorn used to call frequently upon Pemberton, who kept in Meredith's staircase, and took great pleasure in making as much noise as possible in coming down stairs. Meredith one day ran out and seized him, declaring that he was the most troublesome fellow in the world, and that he believed that he ran ten times down the stairs for once going up.

"Jones asked one of his pupils why the rainbow was round. He answered, because the sun was round. Jones then asked him what the figure of the bow would be if the sun were square; and he immediately replied, 'Square, to be sure, sir.'

"A person at Tavel's lectures was desired to construct the figure in the second proposition of Euclid, where the point was upon the line. After hesitating for some time, he cried out, 'Oh, I understand it now—the point will vanish when the line and it are together.' He was a soph.

"Drs. Hoadley and Sherlock were educated together at Catherine Hall, and were great rivals even at that time. Having been at lectures one morning in Tully's Offices, Sherlock says to Hoadley, 'You made a great figure this morning, Hoadley, with the assistance of Cockman.' 'Nay,' says Hoadley, 'I could not procure one; there is only a single copy in Cambridge, which I found that you had got.'

"Jones observing to a minor canon, as he supposed it was, whom he met with in the cathedral at Winchester, that it had every appearance of great antiquity. 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'it is upwards of two thousand years old.'

"Farish went, by the vice-chancellor's directions, during Friend's trial, into the gallery to Tommy Fox of Catherine Hall, whom he charged positively with having clapped in a furious manner. Fox, putting out his wooden hand replied, 'I wish it were in my power, sir.'

"F. G., in his way to Hauxton Mills church, caught a young partridge, which he put into his pocket. In the middle of the service he had occasion to pull out his handkerchief, and out flew the partridge. 'Never mind, master,' said his clerk, 'I have marked him down in the bellry.'

"Mr. G. of Norwich prayed for rain in the spring, and his parishioners expressing their astonishment, 'I see,' he said, 'you are no fox-hunters.'

"Dr. S., Prebendary of Rochester, upon a complaint made by Bishop Pierse that he did not reside long enough, replied that he 'resided the best part of the year' (the time of audit).

"A frivolous objection having been made to a gentleman's name, Pegus, it was observed, that if it had been Pejus, it would have been worse. This was repeated by another, ignorant of Latin, on occasion of hearing the like objection made at another time, who said,

that if the name had been Pejus, it would have been no better.

"A tenant of Lord Frederick Campbell, being out hunting with him, plied him so thick with 'My lord,' and 'Your lordship,' that in order to get rid of him, Lord Frederick leaped over an immense high gate; but the man followed him and exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, my lord, your lordship took a desperate leap!'"

"In the address published by the Spanish minister Alcadia, to the people, in October, 1794, was this passage: 'I have given directions for a general fast throughout the kingdom, in order to implore the assistance of Almighty God. But, notwithstanding this, do not despair, or think your affairs irretrievable.'"

"Coulthurst, preaching upon original sin, at St. Mary's, said, 'But perhaps it will be objected, that we did not choose Adam for our representative in sinning, and we are not therefore answerable for his offences. I answer, that God chose for us; and we must allow that He was capable of making as proper an election as we ourselves.'"

"Coulthurst had attended a person at the place of execution, and, by his consolatory conversation, had made the man die with much apparent satisfaction. Akehurst of King's, meeting him at the Drum, said, 'Well, Mr. Coulthurst, you sent your friend to the other world quite comfortable; it was, indeed, extremely kind of you.' Coulthurst replied, 'I should be happy to do a similar favor for you, Mr. Akehurst, without fee or reward.'"

"An examinee defined faith to be 'a ready and easy acquiescence in the truth of any thing proposed.'"

"*'Si foret in terris ridēret Democritus, seu.'*—A boy at St. Paul's school read this line, making the false quantity indicated. Dr. Roberts observed, that 'Democritus would have had good reason to laugh indeed.'"

"Tom Atkins told Billy Moor that he had printed the initial letters of paragraphs in his book so very large, in order to make a volume of tolerable size, that one might turn a buggy in every O, and brush a coat upon every T."

"Senate-house questions and answers:—What is matter? Answer: 'Any thing combustible.' Whether does the earth move round the sun, or the sun round the earth? Answer: 'That, sir, depends upon circumstances, I should apprehend—sometimes the one, sometimes the other.'"

"The Rev. Mr. M. and the Rev. Mr. B. were prosecuted by Lord Harcourt for shooting upon his manor. The cause was tried at the Oxford assizes; Mr. Bearcroft, counsel for the prosecution, said to the jury, 'I will call evidence to prove that the Rev. Mr. M. said to the Rev. Mr. B., G—d d—n your blood, why do you walk so fast? and that the Rev. Mr. B. replied to the Rev. Mr. M., G—d d—n your blood, why do you walk so slow?'"

"J. P. of S— told some of the farmers who had offended him 'that they would be

wanting justice soon, but they should have little enough of it for money.'"

"Dr. M. was a remarkably dirty man, and having come into Hall one day very late for dinner, he made several apologies for it to the President, alleging, among the reasons, that he had been turning a great many things. 'I wish,' said Anti-Sejanus Scot, 'you had turned your shirt.'"

"X., Bishop of London, examined Waddington's father for Deacon's orders; and, at the same time, there was another candidate, who was asked by the Bishop, 'Who was the primus diaconus?' He answered, 'Stephānus.' The bishop corrected him, 'Stephānus, mi fili.' 'Non, dignissime pater, Stephānus fuit primus diaconus, sed Stephānus fuit primus diaconus.'"

The following epitaph is in Trinity churchyard, Cambridge:—

'Here lies John Dunn, likewise Richard Dunn, They were no relations at all Except that one lived in Trinity parish, the other in Trinity Hall.'

"'The joys of heaven,' said a preacher at Pocklington, 'can not be conceived, nor can I describe them from this pulpit.'"

"The Rev. Mr. R., of Pocklington, was going to serve his church one very bad morning, and turned round with much exultation to ask his servant 'whether he thought Mr. B. would go to his?' The servant replied, 'He's none sich a fool!'"

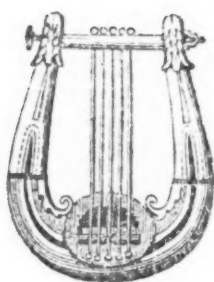
"Neville, when at Scarborough, having spoken of two persons at Duffield who had killed one hundred and thirty-eight brace of snipe in two days, Smallpage put him out of countenance by relating a story of the captain of an Indiaman having fired one of his great guns, loaded with small shot, and killed fifty-six dozen of pigeons, at the mouth of the Ganges—the shot striking the gravel, which did more execution than the shot itself."

"A Johnian, who was at Burlington in the capacity of tutor to the Hon. Mr. Bagot, gave for a toast, 'All people that on earth do dwell.'"

"Lord S. was persuaded by some of his school-fellows to pound a whetstone, and eat part of it, in order to sharpen his appetite."

"A person asked Chapman if the tolling of a bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. He replied, 'No, sir; but the rope puts me in mind of yours.'"

"Dr. Gregory, chaplain of the Bishop of Llandaff, writes: 'I must confess, there are scarcely any productions which I find so uninteresting as the Greek tragedies: the uniformity, the nothingness of their plots, their tedious declamations, and their snip-snap dialogues, are poorly compensated for by a few elegant odes, and a few beautiful and striking sentiments.'"



MY OLD HOME.

It was a vision of my home that rose before my gaze,
As, midst the watches of the night, I dreamt of other days;
A vision of my early home—how beautiful and bright!
But yet a sadness mingled with the image of delight.

I thought I stood within its walls; the sunshine shone as gay
As on that morn I look'd my last, then tore myself away;
The sheltering trees, the grassy plat which stretch'd before the door,
Were still as freshly green and bright as they had been of yore.

I saw the spots where once we play'd, the walks where once we ranged,
And still they look'd the same to me, my heart alone was changed;
The churchyard walls stood gray and cold beneath the noonday sun,
And shadows rested on the graves, as they of old had done.

And 'midst these graves I noted one, though it was not alone;
The mellow sunshine softly play'd upon the sculptured stone,
My mother's voice was in mine ears, as in my childhood's day,
She told me of a Saviour's love, and taught my lips to pray.

I saw each dear familiar spot, each old familiar thing;
I felt once more upon my cheek my native breeze of Spring;
And glad some murmurs reach'd mine ear of many an ancient strain,
And kindred voices welcomed me unto my home again.

My father, with his snowy hair, sat in his wonted place,
And smiles of fondest greeting shone on that beloved face;
And sister forms came crowding round, in happiness and tears,
To bid me welcome, with the looks I loved in other years.

For many days had pass'd away since I had last been there,
And I had left my father's hearth to seek another's care;
Had left my childhood's sunny spots, in other scenes to roam,
And for another's love gave up my loved ones and my home.

There was no change in aught I saw; no envious shade had pass'd
Above those fair and open brows, since I had seen them last.
The laughing eye, the sunny smile, did still with them remain;
But though they look'd the same to me, I *did not* feel the same.

For life to me had oped its page, and though no grief had shed
Its dark and chilling bitterness on my devoted head,
I felt this world had other scenes than those I once had known,
And I must share in others' cares, if I would shun my own.

And such is life: its changing scenes, its sunshine and its gloom,
Must chequer still the veiled path which leads us to the tomb.
Ah! happy still that unto us the cheering hope is given,
To find, secure from earthly change, a lasting home in Heaven.

C. A. W.

THE ROSE'S FUNERAL.

From the German of Friedrich Von Sallet.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

With shady branches o'er me,
On a bed of flowers I lay,
And there I saw before me
A wanton boy at play.

He pluck'd a rose, but weary
Of its scent, he cast it down,
Then skipp'd off, blithe and merry,
The little heedless clown!

The chafers black came creeping,
They pull'd the green cord right well,
To waken all the sleeping,
With the sound of the fun'ral bell.

The may-bells lightly flinging
A soft, yet piercing sound,
Told the news, by their solemn ringing,
To all the country round.

From every side then hurried
Magic forms—a motley throng,
The rose was to be buried
Mid organ play and song.

The branches arching proudly,
A fine cathedral made,
And through the silence, loudly
The brook its organ play'd.

The flow'rs came, sad clothes wearing,
Their sister's loss to deplore,
At the altar, as priest, appearing,
The lily, her white robes wore.

She pray'd to Heaven turning,—
I heard not that she pray'd;
But like sighs her fragrance burning,
Her depth of grief betray'd.

I saw the butterflies haste them;
At the altar their place they took,
Their bright choir-vestments grac'd them,
Their wings with anguish shook.

The bees were swiftly coming,
Across the fields they flew;
The flow'rs, while these were humming,
Shed silent tears of dew.

The chafers were digging featly,
A grave, the moss beneath,
The bees began most sweetly,
Their song on the rose's death.

“She who was once our pleasure,
To all deep pain has giv'n,
Let the bells ring a fun'ral measure,
Let songs ascend to Heav'n.

“Let her lovely form, reposing
By the moss-grown earth be press'd,
There hue and fragrance losing,
It peacefully can rest.

“When the worms about it creeping,
Gnaw that fair form greedily—
Oh, still abstain from weeping,
For her soul—her soul is free.

“Ye know the scent she bore once,
The immortal part is this,
And through the air 'twill soar once,
To realms of endless bliss.

“Where angels their hymns are singing
To the Great One, in the skies,
Will the soul, her bright way winging,
On spirit-pinions rise.

“She pass'd her life so purely,
She will roam through Heav'n above,
At last th' Almighty surely
Will absorb her in His love.

“Thus closely with Him united,
She a part of Him will be,
We sing to her glory delighted,
We weep not, rose, for thee.”

The song on the ear was dying,
They let down the rose at last,
The flow'rs with fragrance sighing,
On her grave bright dew-drops cast.

Then the vi'let gently trembled,
“I have lov'd thee long,” it said,
“In thy lifetime, my love I dissembled,
Of thy glorious pomp afraid.

“If my sighs ne'er reach'd thee, burning,
But the breeze dispers'd them all.
I stand by thy grave freely mourning,
There tears of grief let fall.”

How long did the vi'let languish,
Was it *soon* of life bereft?
I know not; fill'd with anguish,
The lonely wood I left.

THE OTHER DAY.

It seems, love, but the other day
Since thou and I were young together;
And yet we've trod a toilsome way,
And wrestled oft with stormy weather.
I see thee in thy spring of years,
Ere cheek or curl had known decay;
And there's a music in mine ears,
As sweet as heard the other day!

Affection like a rainbow bends
Above the past, to glad my gaze,
And something still of beauty lends
To memory's dream of other days;
Within my heart there seems to beat
That lighter, happier heart of youth,
When looks were kind, and lips were sweet,
And love's world seemed a world of truth

Within this inner heart of mine
A thousand golden fancies throng,
And whispers of a tune divine
Appeal with half-forgotten tongue:
I know, I feel, 'tis but a dream,
That thou art old and I am gray,
And that, however brief it seem,
We are not as the other day.

Not as the other day—when flowers
Shook fragrance on our joyous track,
When Love could never count the hours,
And Hope ne'er dreamt of looking back

When, if the world had been our own,
We thought how chang'd should be its state—
Then every cot should be a throne,
The poor as happy as the great !—

When we'd that scheme which Love imparts,
That chain all interest to bind—
The fellowship of human hearts,
The federation of mankind !
And though with us time travels on,
Still relics of our youth remain,
As some flowers, when their spring is gone,
Yet late in autumn bloom again.

Alas ! 'mid worldly things and men,
Love's hard to caution or convince ;
And hopes, which were but fables then,
Have left with us their moral since ;
The twilight of the memory cheers
The soul with many a star sublime,
And still the mists of other years
Hang dew-drops on the leaves of Time.

For what was then obscure and far
Hath grown more radiant to our eyes,
Although the promised, hoped-for star
Of social love hath yet to rise.
Still foot by foot the world is crost—
Still onward, though it slow appear :
Who knows how small a balance lost
Might cast the bright sun from its sphere !

All time is lost in littleness !
All time, alas ! if rightly shown,
Is but a shadow, more or less,
Upon life's lowly dial thrown.
The greatest pleasures, greatest grief,
Can never bear the test of years :
The pleasures vanish leaf by leaf,
The sorrow wastes away in tears.

Then, though it seem a trifling space
Since youth, and love, and hope were ours,
Yet those who love us most may trace
The hand of age amid our flowers.
Thus day by day life's ages grow ;
The sands which hourly fall and climb
Mark centuries in their ceaseless flow,
And cast the destinies of Time.

CHARLES SWAIN.

INVOCATION OF DEATH.

COME to the grave's quiet slumber,—
Passionate heart !
At the dread sound of thy dooming,
Why dost thou start ?
Oft didst thou sorrow and languish,
Willing to go ;
Wearily weeping—lamenting—
Heavy with woe ;
Now is the time of thy calling,
Why dost thou shrink ?
Why dost thou turn with such loathing
From the grave's brink ?

Soft is the depth of its shadow,
See thou, and mark ;
Peaceful the bed now preparing
In the chill dark !
Here the wild Sea of Life's tumult
Ceaseth to roar ;
Here the vain fever of loving
Vexeth no more ;
Here, shall no sound of reproaches
Bitterly said,
Filling the heart with hot aching,
Trouble the Dead !

Here are no partings—no leaving
Friends dearly joined ;
Here is no sobbing and moaning
Borne on the wind ;
Here shall no hope, fondly cherished,
Crumble away ;—
Calm in its white shroud, and painless
Lies the still clay,
Though all the schemes it was planning
On the high earth,
Wrecked, ere the hour of fulfilment,
Die in their birth !

Come ! with what thought dost thou linger ?
Hast thou not tried
All the world's promising pleasures ?
Which doth abide ?
Which of them blest thy attainment ?
Water on sand !
Wild flowers, whose stalks have been broken
By a child's hand !
Which of them failed thee not always
When most desired ;
Mocking with unsought fruition,
When the heart tired !

Hath not the friend of thy bosom
Broken his trust ?
Were not the loved of thy kindred
Laid in the dust ?
Did not thy foes and oppressors
Rise and grow proud ?
While the heads sank of thy kind ones,
Humbled and bowed ?
Why wouldst thou mournfully linger
In a bad world ?
Bark, which the storm-blast hath beaten,
Get thy sail furled !

Come ! thou shalt know the deep quiet
Yearned for in vain,
When thou wert maddened with striving,
Weary of pain.
Come ! thou shalt meet all thy dear ones,
Lost long ago,
In the old days, when their dying
Wrung thee with woe !
Earth—for thy burial, lorn one—
Opens her breast ;
Deeply thy bed hath been hollowed,
Come to thy rest !

AT LAST.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[Suggested by having heard of a lady who died murmuring the words, "At last! at last!"]

"At last! at last!" words oft and lightly spoken,
What solemn import from thy lips they bore;
Were they the record of a spirit broken—
Of a tried heart o'erwearied to the core?
A sad rejoicing that earth's waste was travell'd,
Its idol fanes all pass'd or dimly seen;
That thy fate's thickening mystery was unravell'd,
That rest was near thee with no gulf between,
"At last! at last?"

Or did some glimpses of a brighter morning
Break through the dense cloud of thy mortal
night,
Whose steadfast radiance all the view adorning.
Shuts earth's receding shadows from thy sight?
Did the dim vision of a better portion,
That stay'd thy soul through many a mournful
hour,
Freed from life's clinging dreams, from doubt's
distortion,
Visit thee in the fulness of its power,
"At last! at last?"

"At last!" how many of earth's wasting passions,
Its loves, its hates, its wild ambitions, keep
A watchful vigil till that sentence fashions
The lot, and leaves them—to rejoice or weep!
How many a heart has mark'd its own slow wast-
ing,
As the one life-boon held its light afar,
The bitterness of hope deferr'd still tasting,
Till the prize vanish'd like a falling star,
"At last! at last!"

"At last!" why haunt'st thou us when sunny
childhood
Sports 'mid the flowers of its own glorious day?
The ring of its sweet laughter in the wild wood
Brings to the heart no token of thy sway;
Sorrow and sin to its fresh thought are strangers,
And as a halo gladness girds it round;
Yet who shall say, amid the world's rude dan-
gers,
What wreck of peace, of beauty shall be found
"At last! at last!"

"At last!" who has not watch'd beside the pil-
low
Where some frail human idol fading lay;
The fair head drooping as a graceful willow
O'er the dark waters that bear all away;
How the lip blanches and the pulses quicken
As fear and hope alternate find a tone,
Till on the shrinking spirit of the stricken
The dread truth breaks—the heart is left alone
"At last! at last!"

"At last!" O pilgrim, as a magic finger
Points it not often to each thought of thine,
So proud amid earth's passing bowers to linger,
And bound so consciously for one great shrine.

Love may grow cold, hope cheat, and friends for-
sake thee,
Or joy make bright the brief path thou hast
trod;
Yet must the one great promis'd day o'ertake
thee,
And thy soul yield its reckoning up to God
"At last! at last!"

THE MOTHER'S FAITH.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"Hark how the wind is whistling, Mother,
List to the driving rain;
And, alas! to think that my gentle brother
Is tossed on the stormy main."
The mother raised her meek blue eye
From the holy book to the stormy sky,
And a moment's blush went o'er her brow
As she thought of the boiling flood below.
But she checked her human weakness well,
And sighed for the heart that would rebel;
And then she meekly spoke—"My love,
I will not fear, there's a God above."

"But I have been to the garden, mother,
And the vine is trailed and torn,
One rose-tree crushed, and pale the other
Droops like a thing forlorn;
And oh! all night how the tall trees creaked,
As if some fearful woe they shrieked."
Again the mother's pale cheek burned,
As she thought of him for whom she yearned;
But she spoke again in holy trust,
"The God I worship is good and just."

"But look at the tossing waves, mother,
How they dash, and foam, and roar,
And the wild winds howling almost smother
Their echoings ashore."
The mother looked to the ocean wild,
And her heart grew sick for her absent child,
And the strong prayer rose from that swelling
heart—
"My God, thy help and aid impart."

"Look, look to the path from the beach, mother,
Some neighbor that must be—
Oh, should he say mine only brother
Is wrecked in that stormy sea."
But the mother's brow grew deeper flushed,
And her very breath at her heart was hushed,
And the light in her meek and trustful eye
Grew bright as a star in a frosty sky;
Then over the cottage floor she sprung,
And back the door on its hinges flung,
And round her wet and weary boy
She flung her arms in feverish joy.
The gallant ship is all a wreck,
But she hath fallen upon his neck;
His hard-earned wealth is lost and gone,
But the God of mercy hath spared her son.



MISCELLANIES.

COMPRESSED AIR RAILWAY.—"The medium of the motive power is an apparatus of iron, having grooves along the sides, which are formed with extreme accuracy. A section of this apparatus will show a curve on either side, which curves are segments of a circle of like diameter. Along the sides of the grooved iron beam pieces of cloth, prepared with 'gutta percha,' are laid, and bolted securely down at the top and bottom edges. This cloth is not tightly strained across the grooves, but is partially loose, so that it may be adapted to the curve or hollow, and so that the condensed air may be blown in between the cloth and the iron groove, to inflate the cloth, and cause it forcibly to project at the sides of the beam, thus converted, as it were, into a flexible or elastic tube. Fixed to the carriage, and descending so as to work with exactness on either side of the beam, are two thick wooden wheels, or friction rollers, the peripheries of which are turned exactly to correspond with curves in the sides of the iron beam. These rollers are tightened, laterally, by means of a cross bar and nuts, until they bind tightly against the cloths with grooves. When the condensed air is admitted behind the carriage, it rushes towards these wheels, and inflates the tubes in its progress, and presses forcibly against the wooden wheels, which, binding tightly upon the curves, present a barrier to the passage of the air until its pressure overcomes its resistance; the wheels, with their carriage, yield to the power, and, with the train, are propelled along the line. It is not intended, in practice, that the whole column of condensed air shall be set in motion, but that the centre beam shall be hollow, and serve as a receptacle or store for condensation, so that the air shall be let out in puffs, as it were (within the cloths), at intervals, in the length of tubing, by means of a system of valves, which may or may not be opened, at the will of the engineer, during the passing of the train."

This is effected by an arrangement in the form of a skate, pressing on elastic upright valves at intervals in the beam, but which may be screwed up

at will, to run clear of them. The carriage, with two persons on it, is propelled with great speed the whole length of the gallery; the length of the tube for the inflating moving power being only about twelve feet.—*Lit. Gaz.*

"ON THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA," BY MR. E. J. EYRE.—Mr. Eyre is of opinion that the natives of Australia present a striking resemblance to each other in physical appearance and structure, and general character, habits, and pursuits. The man is well built and muscular, and from five to six feet in height. His skull is thick and flattened; his forehead bold; his eyes—which are large, black, and expressive—sunk; his nose flattened, and his mouth wide; his lips rather thick; his teeth perfect and beautiful, though in the dental arrangement in many, a difference exists between the incisor and canine teeth; his chest is broad and deep; his carriage erect, and there is considerable natural grace and dignity of demeanor. A single garment only is worn, made in the form of an oblong cloak or coverlet of the skins of the opossum, the kangaroo, or the wallaby, and, where animals are scarce, of an ingeniously manufactured article of seaweed or rushes, and is very becoming. It has the fur outwards, and is thrown over the back and left shoulder, and pinned on in front with a little wooden peg. The open part is opposite the right side, so as to leave, in the man, the right arm and shoulder bare. The character of the Australian is frank, open, and confiding; and when once on terms of friendship, has a freedom and fearlessness that would give little countenance to the impression so generally entertained of his treachery. Having no vessels capable of resisting the action of fire, they are unacquainted with the simple process of boiling; their culinary operations are, therefore, confined to broiling, baking, and steaming. Cannibalism does not appear to prevail extensively through the continent, though it exists in a few tribes. The following account was given to Mr. Eyre, by the natives of the Murray, of

their idea of the creation:—That there are four individuals living up among the clouds, called Nooreele, consisting of a father and his three male children, but there is no mother. The father is all-powerful, and of a benevolent character. He made the trees, seas, waters, &c.; gave names to every thing and place; settled the natives in their different districts, telling each tribe they were to inhabit such and such localities, and were to speak such and such languages. The Nooreele never die, and the souls (*ludko*, literally a shadow) of dead natives will go up and join them in the skies, and will never die again. Other tribes give an account of a serpent of immense size, and inhabiting high rocky mountains, which, they say, produced creation by a blow of his tail. The Australian believes in sorcery and witchcraft. The ceremonies and superstitions of the natives are numerous, and involved in much obscurity. The modes of disposing of the dead vary greatly, according to the usage of the district and the age of the deceased—simple burial, the burning of the body, the drying of the body in the sun until it is mummied, are all had recourse to. The lamentations for the dead do not terminate with the burial; frequently they are renewed at intervals by the women, during late hours of the night, or some hours before daybreak; and piercingly as these cries strike upon the traveller in the lonely woods, if raised suddenly, or very near him, yet, mellowed by distance, they are soothing and pleasing.—*Lit. Gaz.*

LITERARY ANTIQUITIES OF ALGERIA.—The libraries of Algeria have just been the subject of a report to M. le Ministre l'Instruction Publique, by M. Slane, on a scientific mission in Africa. We are indebted to *L'Epoque* for the following particulars:—The library at Algiers contains nearly seven hundred Arabic manuscripts, collected for the most part from the remains of the public libraries attached to the mosques at Constantine; and chiefly, therefore, treatises on the religion and laws of the Mussulman. In fact, M. Slane found there the principal commentaries on the Koran, several works on the traditions of Mahomet, one of the four bases of Mussulman jurisprudence, and many essays on the laws *hancfite* and *malikite*. He noticed, above all, several copies of the *Mokhtasir* of Sidi Khalil, an abridgment of the jurisprudence which prevailed in all Southern Africa; the great and little commentary of el-Kharchion, the same compilation; the commentary of Abd-el-Baki, &c. Historical, scientific, and literary works were rare, but they were in general of high importance. Such are the fragment of the Annals of Taberi, the anonymous History of the Abbassides, the Life of the Soufis by el-Menani, the three incomplete historical volumes entitled *Kitab-el-Aghani*. M. Slane mentions further, a collection of treatises on the works of the Greek mathematicians; the explanation of the terms of Mussulmanic law; a dictionary of the meaning of obscure words and expressions met with in translations; another dictionary by the celebrated Zamakhcheri, containing the definition of obsolete Arabic words; and an excellent work of Soyouti, in which this polygraphist gives biographical notices of the principal Arab philosophers and grammarians. Two beautiful collections of manuscripts have happily escaped the general destruction: one belongs to the Cid Hammouda,

and the other to Mohammed-el-Bacheterzi—an old man respected for his piety and his position as chief of the religious fraternities of the province. It was with extreme curiosity that M. Slane ran through the three following works: the *Icd* of Ibn-Abd-Rabbih, the *Modjem-el-Boldan* of El-Bekri, and the History of the Beni-Zian, the sovereigns of Tilimcen, by Ibn-Abd-el-Djelil, native of Tenez. The first *Icd* (necklace of precious stones) is only known in Europe by an extract relating to the wars of the Arab tribes before Islamism. The second disappointed M. Slane; instead of a geographical treatise, he found it was only a dictionary of the names of places mentioned in old Arabic poems, giving the orthography of these names, and the verses in which they are found. The third was a large folio volume, divided into five sections: 1st, the genealogy of el-Motewekkil, a Zianite prince, proclaimed sovereign of Tilimcen in 866 of the hejira; 2d, the necessary qualities of a sovereign; 3d, amusing anecdotes; 4th, bons-mots; 5th, advice and exhortation. The library of Bacheterzi contains, besides about five hundred volumes on religion and law, two works very rare: the *Maarif* of Ibn-Coteiba, and the Commentary of Ibn-Nobata on the Epistle of Ibn-Zeidoun. There are other libraries, but in them nothing of interest. Hearing that on the old pyramidal monument about twenty leagues to the south of Constantine—known in Europe as the tomb of Syphax, and to the native Medrhacen as the tomb of the Numidian kings—inscriptions in unknown characters had been lately discovered, M. Slane visited it with a view to copy them. In spite of all his investigations, he has not been able to find any Punic inscription; Roman civilization and rule for seven ages having destroyed all monuments of Carthaginian power.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE LATE A. W. SCHLEGEL.—A letter from Bonn states, that all the manuscripts and the most valuable printed books of the late A. W. Schlegel, including his works in Asiatic languages, or concerning those tongues, edited for the most part in British India, the rare books, and those containing his marginal notes, have been presented by his heirs to the Prussian government, which has divided them between the royal library of Berlin and those of the universities of that city and of Bonn. The remaining portion of his library, consisting of about 1600 volumes chiefly pamphlets, has just been publicly sold at Bonn, producing about 8000 dollars, as all fetched very high prices. A great many of the purchasers were English.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PHOTOGRAPHY AND PAINTING.—Some months ago we mentioned the union of photography and painting, the production of a finished miniature, retaining the accuracy and tint of the Talbotype, the tone and shadows being greatly improved. M. Mansion, the artist associated with M. Claudet, has recently made farther progress in the application of the solar picture to aid the more ancient art. The metallic hue of the Daguerreo-type, and the not much more agreeable brown color of the Talbotype, have been and are the principal objections to these wonderful works of nature. The miniature-painting above referred to, on the photography itself, was intended to remove this objection, and with great success;

but the color is still brown. By the new method the truthfulness of the Talbotype is maintained, and the color of life given to the portrait. The outlines are most accurately traced on a material invented by M. Mansion, and upon it he then paints a likeness. The specimens shown to us—copies of landscapes, and of men and horses—were most minute resemblances. With a similar view, M. Claudet has been experimenting on Fizeau's process of etching Daguerreotypes, and we were greatly pleased with his advancement. Some of the impressions were exceedingly distinct, and the lights and shades as marked as in the ordinary engraving. In the fainter prints, however,—and the fainter the better for this purpose,—the likeness was sufficiently clear for M. Mansion to paint it to the life. So now any one may have a painted fac-simile of a Talbotype, or a colored impression of a Daguerreotype.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MOSCHELES.—The *Athenæum* remarks that the musical world is to be deprived of one of its most valued members at the close of the coming season—Mr. Moscheles having accepted a professorship in the *Conservatoire* at Leipsic. The association of such artists as M. Moscheles, Dr. Mendelssohn, and Prof. Hauptmann, can hardly fail to render the Saxon establishment the most distinguished school of instrumental music in Europe. It is impossible for us not to look forward with regret to the loss of Moscheles; one of the few thoroughly educated professors (as distinct from executants) remaining in Europe—one, too, in whom a minute and reverential acquaintance with the stores of ancient music, is united with a cordial readiness to entertain all that is worthy and new in the modern schools. Then, again, in the present dearth of original composers, the departure of one so individual in his own special branch of Art, takes away a distinction from the artistic circles of London, which will not be readily replaced. Previous to his departure, M. Moscheles will conduct the Birmingham Festival in conjunction with Dr. Mendelssohn, who is expected over with a new Oratorio. It has been rumored for some time, that the composer is at work on the story of 'Elijah';—but we observe, also, in the Belgian papers, the promise of a 'Lauda Sion,' written by him, for the Church of St. Martin at Liège; and which, we are now told, he will conduct in person. We hope the end will be, that we shall find ourselves two compositions the richer. The Birmingham Festival will be held on the last days of August.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—What are called national melodies have ever possessed with us an interest and an importance hardly conceded by the generality of critics and historians. Abiding by the theory that there is no disconnecting of Art from social progress, we have found, throughout a range of instances too wide for enumeration here, traces in the early music of every country of primitive "manners, modes, attire,"—peculiarities as clearly referable to the forms of Nature as to the fashions of Man—which Civilization and Science may have systematized, but the presence of which has kept, and will to the end keep the music of Italy as distinct from that of England, France, or Germany, as each is distinct from the others. Viewed in this aspect, the music which is popular

in America—yet more that which the New Country sends out as its own—is worth considering. We are, perhaps, looking on while the foundations of a new school of Art are laid—watching, as some one or other has poetically said, "the process of world-making." Of all the importations from the New World we have yet had, the Hutchinson Family is the most peculiar. The singers are three brothers and a sister:—all young, and with a sort of homely high breeding in appearance and manner which is prepossessing. They belong to New Hampshire, a state, we are told, rich in part-singers, and especially fertile in *contralto* voices. By part-singers, however, let no one imagine the existence of more schooling than "obtains" among the Tyrolese. The music of this primitive band is instinctive rather than taught. Their songs are airs or scraps of airs from every country—Old World and New World,—so put together, however, and harmonized as to have an individual character. Nor do their serious part-songs fall the less pleasantly on the ears for the touch of psalmody distinguishable in most of them, which carries the fancy far away to the rude meeting-house on the edge of some clearing, or to the camp-meeting in the open air. There is, in short, a colour of nationality over the performance; which is gone through with a steady modesty, and with a conscious enjoyment that enhances the hearer's pleasure. Their choice of songs, too, is peculiar; Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' Tennyson's 'May Queen,' Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs,'—argue a fine taste for poetry among their audiences. Perhaps too large a proportion of their *programme* is devoted to painful subjects to be acceptable in this careworn land of ours; at least one or two catches sung with great neatness and an Ohio boatman's Glee, (a far-off cousin to 'The Canadian Boat Song,') fell upon the ear very cheerily after the graver ditties. The whole is wound up by a piece of family history, "embracing the names and general history of the twelve sons and daughters composing the Hutchinson Family," to a "never-ending still beginning" tune, which goes straight from the hearts of the singers to the hearts of the audience. We cannot believe in the catholicity of any one, whether he be a mere aimless hunter after amusement or a thoughtful musician, who would repent having given these interesting persons an evening. But we wish that in their future performances they would dispense with any accompaniment. Whenever introduced it was detrimental, because decidedly inferior; which their singing and delivery are not.—*Athenæum*.

FOREIGN ARTISTS.—The following is a list of the names elected by the Fine Art section of the Royal Academy of Brussels, as Foreign Associates, on the first organization of the latter as a Belgian Institute. In the division of Painting,—Landseer, of London; Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer and Paul Deloroche, at Paris; Cornelius, at Berlin; and Kaulbach, at Munich. In Sculpture—Macdonald, in London; Schadow and Rauch, at Berlin; Pradier, Rude and Ramey, at Paris. In Architecture,—besides Prof Donaldson, our countryman, whose election we announced last week, Fontaine, at Paris; Von Klentze, at Munich. In Engraving,—Wyon, of London; the Baron Desnoyers, MM. Forster and Barre the elder, in Paris. In Music,—Rossini, at Bologna:

Meyerbeer, at Berlin; Auber and Spontini, in Paris; Dausssoigne-Méhul, director of the Conservatory, at Liège. For the departments of the Sciences and Letters in their relation to the Fine Arts,—Bock, at Brussels; Passavant and Dr. David, at Frankfort.

Among the recent appointments at Rome, we may mention that of Professor Cav. Giovanni Silvagni as President of the Academy of St. Luke for 1846. The sculptors Tenerani (of European reputation) and Tenioyne have been elected members of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg. The King of Wirttemberg has rewarded Herr Zanth for the design and construction of the Casino called the Wilhelma, by creating him a knight of the Royal Order of the Crown.—*Athenæum*.

LADY HOLLAND'S WILL: INTERESTING TO LITERATURE—We occasionally hear in society of the bequests in the will of the late lady; with the monetary parts of which we have no vocation to meddle. But it is a subject of general literary interest to learn, that (besides some 1500*l.* per annum, and a considerable sum in money—7000*l.*) she left to Lord John Russel the *Memoir of Mr. Fox*, so long in preparation by the late Lord Holland, with the expression of a hope that it should be published as early as possible. Her ladyship also bequeathed to the British Museum the celebrated *Totentino Box*, on which, the lovers of art are aware, is sculptured the noble antique of the *Goat browsing*. This precious relic, it may be remembered by our readers, was presented by the Pope to Buonaparte after his Italian campaigns, as the richest gift he could offer him. Napoleon sent it to Lady Holland from St. Helena, with a grateful autograph note, for the attentions paid to him by her ladyship in his captivity. Both box and autograph are now, we believe, in the British Museum.—*Lit. Gaz.*

POPULATION AND NEWSPAPERS OF PARIS.—The population of Paris is 912,635 persons; 34,396,800 square *metres* are occupied by the capital, which possesses 42,000 houses, 1922 public ways, 59 barriers, 46 roads called *de ronde*, 37 quays, 20 boulevards, 37 avenues, 133 places, 37 bridges, 105 courts or "cities," cloisters, &c., 9 palaces, 23 remarkable edifices, 6 public gardens, 4 triumphal arches, 5 columns, 1 obelisk, 35 libraries, 13 museums, 28 monumental fountains, 38 churches, 23 convents, 26 hospitals, 4 equestrian statues, 24 theatres, and 39 barracks.

There are 26 daily Newspapers published in this city, possessing altogether about 140,000 subscribers. In this number the *Journal des Débats*, *Le Constitutionnel*, *La Presse*, and *Le Siècle*, figure for 100,000 and *L'Époque* for 20,000. Consequently the remaining 21 have only 20,000 subscribers among them, or about 950 each.—*Lit. Gaz.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—Some days since, a chest was dispatched to London, bearing the Royal arms of France.—This chest contained a complete trousseau of toilettes—morning toilette, evening toilette, and two ball toilettes. This present was addressed to the doll of the Princess Royal. King Louis Philippe gave a *carte blanche* to one of the most eminent modistes of Paris, who executed her commission

with the utmost good taste. Each gown is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*, especially the ball dresses, which would excite the envy of our most fashionable duchesses. One is of gros de Naples, the second of pink gauze, with velvet flowers exquisitely made. The small embroidered and trimmed pocket-handkerchiefs, the small silk-stockings, shoes, slippers, Indian cashmere shawls, bonnets, muffs, a black lace scarf, &c. &c., have all been made purposely, and with incredible care. There is also a jewel-case with diamonds of the purest water, bracelets, ear-rings, and fillet for the forehead; and all these minute curiosities are carefully arranged in the drawers and cases of a beautifully constructed little wardrobe.

A NOBLE MISER.—Shortly after the death, a few months ago, of the Marquis de Saint Leger, at Limoges, there was found concealed in various parts of his house a sum of £120,000 in silver.—The heirs, ten in number, resolved therefore not to sell the house, but to pull it down, in the expectation of finding more concealed treasure. The demolition is now going on, in presence of one or more of the heirs. £60,000 in gold have already been found concealed in various parts of the building, under beams, &c.—*Galignani*.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—On Wednesday, as one of the workmen who are engaged in the operations connected with the Royal drive in Holyrood Park, was removing a portion of the *débris* from the cutting of the hill opposite the Windygowl, he discovered two sword-blades about four feet from the surface. The swords are of bronze, and are in the highest state of preservation. During their entombment in the bowels of the earth, the handles have disappeared, being of a substance less able to withstand decomposition than the bronze of the blades. The blades are evidently of Roman origin, and belong to the class known by the name of the short sword, one being twenty-five inches in length, and the other twenty-six inches, and both having the sharp, lance-like point common to the sword of the Roman soldier. On Saturday a pair of large antlers were found imbedded in the earth at about the same place where the sword-blades were found. The largest and most perfect of these was nine inches in circumference at the root, and two feet from the root it was seven inches in circumference. From their appearance they are supposed to have belonged to the elk, which at some remote period probably ranged over Arthur's Seat, when it was a royal hunting ground. To whatever period these relics are to be ascribed, they will afford a fruitful theme of conjecture to the antiquary and the naturalist; and as the operations connected with the carriage-drive are prosecuted, we should not be surprised if many other unlooked-for discoveries of relics are made. The sword-blades are in the possession of Mr. Henderson of the Queen's Remembrance Office, and the antlers lie with Mr. Nixon, of the Office of Works, both of whom, we have no doubt, will be happy to show these curiosities to those who may take an interest in such relics.

THE PORTLAND VASE.—The repair of the Portland Vase is now completely finished. The work has been so well managed by Mr. Doubleday, that scarcely a blemish can be detected on the closest scrutiny.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft. (The Constitution of the Church of the Future.) By C. C. J. BUNSEN.

The reputation of the writer, and the influence which he is supposed to possess with the King of Prussia in ecclesiastical matters, may probably induce us on a future occasion to give a fuller account of this work. It originates in a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on certain questions arising from the foundation of the Anglican bishopric at Jerusalem, and suggested by Abeken's semi-official account of the negotiations on the subject between the Prussian Court and the English Church. In this correspondence, which is printed both in the original English and in German, Mr. Gladstone, as might be expected, protests against the recognition of a communion between English churchmen and the German Protestants; and incidentally he expresses his conviction that episcopal succession is an essential and indispensable part of the Christian Church. The Chevalier Bunsen, on the other hand, while he professes to admit the fitness of an episcopal form of Church government to certain countries, maintains that the adoption or rejection of the system is a matter of mere discretion and convenience; and passing in his book, into wider considerations, he endeavours to show that all reformed churches are bound to maintain the universal priestly character of Christians, and the consequent equality in all spiritual rights of clergy and laity. When Mr. Gladstone argues, that the essential forms of the English Church are universally binding, few foreigners would, perhaps, agree with him. When Mr. Bunsen however, declares, that they are simply national, he forgets, that his opinion, even if true, can never be adopted by his opponents; for no church can be national without claiming to be universal in all its vital principles.

A NEW COMMENTARY.—There has been recently published at Paris a, *Commentary on the Scriptures*, by M. F. Lamennais. The celebrated author of *Indifference in Matters of Religion*, faithful to the democratic principles of which he has for fifteen years constituted himself the champion and the assiduous propagator, translates into lessons of emancipation the principles of evangelical morals. His commentaries, eloquent and passionate paraphrase, and striking expressions to this effect, "I will spare nothing and nobody"—may be thus condensed:—"The people have rights, but those rights will never, *if themselves*, prevail against the oppression to which they are victims. Let the people, then, prosecute with ardor the attainment of liberty, that first of blessings; let them purchase it by assiduous labor; let them deserve it by their exertions, their devotion, and sacrifices. The day must shine, the day already glimmers, when success will crown those efforts." The text of St. Mark, St. Matthew, St. Luke, and St. John is somewhat stubborn against this interpretation: but as it is presented eloquently and cleverly, nobody is tempted to expose the discrepancies. Besides, "is not every thing in every thing?" as Jacotot would say, the famous author here of a new method of teaching. And

certainly we may endeavor to extract the leveling principles always to be found in all pure doctrines.—*Lit Gaz.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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